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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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LONDON :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

PARIS: LIBRAIRIE GALIGNANI, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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Art. 1.—THE CHARACTER OF KING EDWARD VII.*

1. *Private Papers in the Royal Archives of Windsor Castle.*
By permission of His Majesty the King.
2. *Letters from Sarah Lady Lyttelton, 1797–1870.* Privately printed. London, 1873.

‘NEVER was British Prince baptised under happier circumstances than Edward, Prince of Wales, the son of Queen Victoria. At a period of all but universal peace throughout the world, such as can scarcely be paralleled since the great epoch from which our religion takes its date, a peace cemented not merely by mutual interests and the bonds of a common civilisation, but by the growing recognition of deeper principles of duty, at this period our new Edward takes upon him the vows of a soldier in what is pre-eminently the kingdom of peace. Our hopes of the era which will be known to posterity by his name may rise, in this respect, to a far higher flight than the half-inspired prophecy of the Roman poet, who wrote that, in the golden age of his Pollio,

“Erunt etiam altera bella,

Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.”

‘Our First Edward ravaged Scotland and Wales; our Third Edward, and his son, the gallant Black Prince, carried desolation into France. But Scotland and Wales belong to *this* Edward, and he to Scotland and Wales; and France is the nearest and most honoured ally of his Mother’s Crown. May it be his office to consolidate goodwill and unity throughout the world, and may war never be heard of in his time.’

This passage appeared in the leading article of the ‘Times’ on January 24, 1842, the morning after the day when King Edward was received into the Church of Christ

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within the walls of the Garter Chapel of St George, where on May 20 sixty-eight years later he was solemnly laid to rest amid the lamentations of his people.

The newspaper paragraph was cut from the 'Times' and pasted into her journal by Queen Victoria. Above it is written :—

'Bells were ringing and guns firing. I offered up again an anxious prayer that the Almighty would grant a blessing to the ceremony, and we prayed that our little boy might become a true and virtuous Christian in every respect, and I pray that he may become the image of his beloved father.'

The prophetic insight of the anonymous writer and the prayers of the young mother have had a curious and wonderful fulfilment. In those days to have thought of the boy Prince as King by other than his father's name was a forecast sufficiently remarkable, without a further anticipation, almost in words, of the noble panegyric of the parliamentary leaders which closed the reign of King Edward. When Queen Victoria prayed for her little boy to grow up in the likeness of Prince Albert, she little dreamed that the son would live to appeal to the hearts of the British people at home and scattered over an Empire then unimagined in a fashion and degree quite beyond the range of his illustrious father.

It has been noticed that Whig writers sixty years ago used to say that when the memories of the nineteenth century began to see the light, people in this country would realise what a debt of gratitude they owed to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. These writers had in mind the indefatigable zeal shown by the Queen in transacting the business of State, her impartiality in dealing with contending factions, the sleepless watch which she kept over the actions of her Ministers, and her single-minded regard for the interests of her people abroad and at home.

There was, however, another and unforeseen debt of gratitude which we owe to the Queen and the Prince. It is the character and kingly equipment of King Edward.

Who can determine the precise influence, upon any man, of inheritance and environment?

Less than three months before Queen Victoria's eldest son was born, Lord Melbourne—then about to bid farewell

as Prime Minister to her whom he had served so faithfully—said, speaking of the Prince, ‘You told me when you were going to be married that he was perfection, which I thought a little exaggerated then, but really I think now that it is in some degree realised.’

King Edward was the child of a love marriage, but the passionate ties which bound his parents together were tempered by serious views of life and its higher duties, rare in people so young and so high-placed.

On the day of his birth the Queen enters in her journal that at twelve minutes to eleven a fine large boy was born. ‘Oh how happy, how grateful did I feel to that Almighty Providence who has really blessed me so peculiarly.’

On his christening morn, in that room, which was King Edward’s own in after years, his young parents went down on their knees and prayed for the child who some day was to be King in the words already quoted, and thence they passed, arrayed in their robes of the Garter, into St George’s Chapel.

The child’s official governess, Sarah Lady Lyttelton, describes the scene.

‘Just out of the very agitating, magnificent, impressive business of the day. Such floods of sunshine, through the painted windows, on the fierce, stout features of the royal baby; and such a burst of the Hallelujah chorus, as soon as the service closed! All was overpowering.’

‘Ah, que Dieu bénisse l’enfant,’ the King of Prussia said with glistening eyes and much feeling.

‘When the Duchess of Buccleugh set off to do her arduous part, taking the Prince of Wales and giving him up to, and then taking him from, the Archbishop, she made a little room and I forced my way into it, so as to see the child perfectly, and also how well she did it, and also how neatly she picked H.R.H., mantle, lace, and all, out of the voluminous folds of the Primate’s lawn sleeves, and the dangers of his wig, which it was feared the Prince might have laid hold of, and brought awry at least, on quitting his arms. I did not even see, what I heard admired, the Queen’s very devout and affecting manner of kneeling quite down, in spite of her cumbrous robes of the Garter, on first entering the Chapel.’

It was on this very spot, where Queen Victoria knelt then, and amid a like pageantry, that a few weeks ago

another Queen was kneeling, while another Primate of All England pronounced the final blessing over the open grave of the King whose reign had more than fulfilled the hopes and answered the prayers of those who knelt there on his christening day.

Here are glimpses of the little Prince before he was a year old.

'The Prince of Wales, to judge by his noble countenance and calm manner, will be a fine creature. He is very intelligent, and looks through his large, clear blue eyes full at one with a frequent very sweet smile.'

And some months later :

'The Prince of Wales is turning out passionate and determined enough for an autocrat. But he has still his lovely mildness of expression and calm temper in the intervals.'

These words were written in October 1842, and how vividly they recall the King who was ours, and among us only a few weeks ago !

When he was three and a half years old, Lady Lyttelton speaks of him thus :

'The Prince of Wales talks much more English than he did, though he is not articulate like his sister, but rather babyish in accent. He understands a little French and says a few words, but is altogether backward in language, very intelligent, and generous, and good-tempered, with a few passions and *stampings* occasionally. Most exemplary in politeness and manner, bows and offers his hand beautifully, besides saluting *à la militaire*, all unbidden.'

As for the Prince's 'backwardness,' he may well have appeared so to his governess, used as she was to a little Princess, who, when she was only six years old, and when in the glowing pages of 'Little Arthur's History' an ancient poet, Wace by name, was mentioned, a poet whose name was utterly unremembered by her embarrassed teacher, retorted :

'Oh yes, I dare say you did know all about him, only you have forgotten it. *Réfléchissez*. Go back to your *youngness*, and you will soon remember.'

No wonder her governess adds :

'I certainly never remember in all my *youngness*, such a young lady as she is, at her age.'

And here is a final touch of the King's childhood. It was October 11, 1847, and he was six years old.

'WINDSOR CASTLE,
'October 13, 1847.

'I suppose you will see something in the newspapers of the great escape for which we all, beginning at the top of the tree, have to thank God. The day before yesterday it was, that the elder children being just setting out on their pony-ride, the odious little Japanese pony, Dwarf, frightened the others; and all set off, being most unluckily, but by no fault of anyone, at the actual moment not held by bridles. The Princess Royal was gently thrown, after a few yards of canter, by her very quiet pony, and not at all hurt: the Prince of Wales was run away with, at the fleetest gallop his pony could go at, all round the lawns. He was strapped into his Spanish seat saddle. But, had the pony gone against a tree, under a bough, or down the slopes, had the groom not, just before, girthed the saddle on, which was found loose, or had the dear child not been so brave as to keep hold of as tight a rein as he could pull, and neither to cry out nor move, we should be now thinking of him in happiness such as—I trust in mercy he may live to inherit some more distant day! The danger was so great, and the sight of his progress so awful, that poor Miss Hildyard, so calm and unnervous, shrieked and ran about distracted; the groom says he never shall forget her cry: "Oh, for God's sake save the child!" I am thankful that I did not see the horrid sight. The Prince of Wales did not cry, and showed no signs of fear, after one loud call for help at first. Princess Royal was like herself; not frightened, and said nothing on falling off herself; but looking round and seeing her brother she screamed out: "Oh! can't they stop him? *Dear Bertie!*" and burst into tears.

'Oh! it was an awful thing.

'Princey's pony is called Arthur, and is often thought slow.

'Yesterday on the Prince taking his writing lesson, Miss Hildyard said: "Hold your thumb in the right place, Prince of Wales—so—you *can* do it right if you try, I'm sure." "Oh yes!" he answered with a sly smile at her, "*I can*. Arthur *can* gallop, we know now!" It was the only allusion he made to it—rather a clever one.'

Was not the child father of the man? 'A noble countenance, 'a calm manner,' 'the large blue eyes looking full

at one, a frequent very sweet smile,' 'a temper which could be passionate and determined with *stampings* occasionally, but habitually was calm and generous,' 'most exemplary in politeness and manner.' And finally a brave strong heart knowing no fear, and a sly humour to crown all!

How vain appear the attempts of man to shape character, and how inscrutable are the ways of God!

The King was born in that eventful year when Sir Robert Peel succeeded Lord Melbourne as Prime Minister; and during that period when the child's governess was recording her impressions of his baby character, amid the wildest political conflicts, the influence of the Crown, silently and unnoticed, began to assume a shape which altered drastically the relation between the Monarchy and the people, and which culminated in the position occupied by King Edward in the hearts of his subjects and in the counsels of the Empire. It was a combative and critical epoch, in which the Throne itself and those nearest it were not spared.

'Every imaginable calumny' (wrote the Prince Consort) 'is heaped upon us, especially upon me; and although a pure nature, conscious of its own high purposes, is, and ought to be, lifted above attacks, still it is painful to be misrepresented by people of whom one believed better things.'

Patience and self-restraint under attack are the only weapons which can with dignity be used by the occupant of a throne. The Queen never thought of, nor would she have tolerated, any vindication or reply. The bitterness and folly of his calumniators served to draw closer together the Prince's friends. Their numbers grew, and as the circle widened, not only did calumny die down, but the high merit of the Prince, his assiduity, his disinterestedness, and his devotion to the country of his adoption, began to be understood and appreciated by every section of the people. It came to be realised after the Exhibition of 1851, when the Prince of Wales was ten years old, that the husband of the Queen was something more than a Royal Consort, that he was a statesman of steady vision and high principle, whose outlook upon life and its duties was bravely faced from a bastion flanked by the deepest sense of religious belief and the

keenest conception of the moral responsibilities of the Sovereign.

This was the atmosphere in which King Edward's boyhood passed. His father's German blood and upbringing lent to his character and activities a thoroughness which in most Englishmen is lacking. This thoroughness was never more manifest than in his watchful care over the education of the Prince of Wales. It is almost painful to look back upon the days and nights of worry and anxiety spent by the Queen and the Prince over the minutest details of the physical, intellectual and moral training of their children, and especially of their eldest son. Nothing—not the smallest thing—was left to chance. The Prince of Wales was not only a part, but in some respects the most significant part of that great trust which had been committed to these two young Sovereigns by the Almighty. Some day he would be the King. It was a terrible, a haunting thought, and it was never through long years absent from the minds of his father and mother. Not a week, not a day, not an hour of the time of this precious youth could safely or properly be wasted. Other lads might occasionally run loose in the spring time, and for other boys it might be legitimate to plunge into the region of romance. But for this boy the pages even of Sir Walter Scott were closed, and he must concentrate, ever concentrate upon 'modern languages,' upon 'history,' upon 'the sciences,' in short, upon laying solidly the intellectual and moral foundations which, in the eyes of his conscientious and high-minded father, alone could safely bear the mighty superstructure of the Throne. Daily, almost hourly, the Queen and the Prince kept watch and ward over those entrusted with the care of their son. Within the walls of Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle letters and notes constantly passed, and have been carefully and elaborately preserved. They record the Queen's anxious solicitude that no boyish longing for excitement should interfere with the Prince's 'adherence to and perseverance in the plan both of studies and life' laid down by his father, and the untiring efforts of his tutors to maintain the strict regimen imposed upon them and their charge.

When the Prince of Wales was fifteen he was given

a moderate allowance—a sum which would probably be thought mean by many an Eton boy in these plutocratic days—out of which he found his own hats and ties and the small trifles indispensable to a boy's toilet, and for which he accounted to the Queen. It was the first step along the road to independence. The next step was the 'privilege' to choose his own dress (but not to pay for it), a freedom accorded by the Queen with some misgiving.

'Dress' (she writes) 'is a trifling matter which ought not to be raised to too much importance in our own eyes. But it gives also the *one outward sign* from which people in general can and often do judge upon the internal state of mind and feeling of a person, for this they all see, whilst the other they cannot see. On that account it is of some importance, particularly in persons of high rank. I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop, but we do *expect* that you will never wear anything *extravagant* or *slang*, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offence against decency, leading—as it has often done before in others—to an indifference to what is morally wrong. It would do you much harm by giving the impression to others that you belonged to the *foolish* and *worthless* persons who are distinguished and known by such dresses. Don't believe that I say this because we do not trust your doing what is right in this respect, but to show you at the outset where the *right* and *wrong* lies, in order that you may clearly see it and never be in doubt about your choice.

'We have such confidence in your good and right and dutiful feelings that we feel certain that you will never abuse the confidence which we place in you by giving you this power—and that you will ever understand that, to receive and seek the advice of those one loves and respects in no way lessens one's independence.'

At no time in his life did King Edward in reality require this excellent counsel. His instincts were always true. As a child he disliked brilliant colours, and detested a certain 'poplin' frock in which he was painted by Winterhalter.

Those who knew him in later years were always conscious of his strong liking for neatness and order. These qualities were in his view kingly attributes as

essential as punctuality. His rooms were a model of tidiness. If anything was out of place he put it straight, and neither books, papers, nor any things of his were ever left in disorder. Nothing was more noticeable in him, and sometimes the fact has been lightly spoken of, than his careful and quick eye for irregularity in dress. Superficial and priggish minds have thought it a failing, indicative of a narrow intelligence, which it sometimes accompanies, although no detail ever escaped the eyes of Napoleon or Frederick the Great. In point of fact, the King's own dress throughout his life was a pattern of neatness, and he exacted similar care from others. Subconsciously he carried out the precepts of the Queen and the Prince, and though he can hardly have remembered his father's definite and well-reasoned ideas upon this, as upon all matters which concerned the character and demeanour of his children, yet they bore fruit in later years, and no one lived up to or demanded from others a higher standard of decorum than King Edward. To him it was the external token denoting the inner man, orderliness of mind, observation and carefulness, without vulgarity and without display.

On his birthday in 1858, among the gifts which the Prince of Wales received was the following memorandum signed by the Queen and by the Prince. He was just seventeen, he had been appointed a colonel in the Army, and the Order of the Garter had been bestowed on him by his mother and Sovereign.

Memorandum.

(The Queen and Prince, for the Prince of Wales.)

'The period at which you have arrived will make an important change in your position. Mr Gibbs, who has watched your childhood, will leave you, you receive rank in that most honourable profession, the British Army—enter into the confraternity of the selected few who wear St George's Cross on their shoulder as members of the Order of the Garter in token "of the Christian fight which they mean to sustain with the temptations and difficulties of this transient life"—and you are placed under the supervision and guidance of a Governor selected from among the members of the aristocracy and the superior officers of the Army.

‘What has been asked hitherto from you to be done for your education by the tutor to whom you were responsible will be demanded henceforth as a duty, for the due performance of which you will be answerable to yourself and to your parents, whose express wishes will be indicated and interpreted to you by the Governor.

‘Life is composed of duties, and in the due, punctual and cheerful performance of them the true Christian, true soldier, and true gentleman is recognised.

‘You will in future have rooms allotted to your sole use, in order to give you an opportunity of learning how to occupy yourself unaided by others and to utilise your time in the best manner, viz.: such time as may not be otherwise occupied by lessons, by the different tasks which will be given to you by your director of studies, or reserved for exercise and recreation. A new sphere of life will open for you, in which you will have to be taught what to do and what not to do, a subject requiring study more important than any in which you have hitherto been engaged. For it is a subject of *study* and the most difficult one of your life, how to become a good man and a thorough gentleman.

‘The Equerries will take and receive their orders from the Governor. You will never leave the house without reporting yourself to him, and he will settle who is to accompany you, and will give general directions as to the disposition of the day.

‘Your personal allowance will be increased; but it is expected that you will carefully order your expenditure so as to remain strictly within the bounds of the sum allowed to you, which will be amply sufficient for your general requirements.

‘To the servants and those below you, you will always be courteous and kind, remembering that by having engaged to serve you in return for certain money payments, they have not surrendered their dignity which belongs to them as brother men and brother Christians. You will try to emancipate yourself as much as possible from the thralldom of abject dependence for your daily wants of life on your servants. The more you can do for yourself and the less you need their help, the greater will be your independence and real comfort.

‘The Church Catechism has enumerated the duties which you owe to God and your neighbour—let your rule of conduct be always in strict conformity with these precepts, and remember that the first and principal one of all, given us by our Lord and Saviour Himself is this: “that you should love

your neighbour as yourself, and do unto men as you would they should do unto you."

' (Signed) V. R.

' (Signed) A.

' WINDSOR CASTLE,
' November 9, 1858.'

Care for their son's guidance at this critical period of his life was not confined by his parents to personal direction. His companions were selected after endless trouble and consultation with men in the higher spheres of education and of social life. The Prime Minister was not excluded from these deliberations, and indeed there was no important occasion during the Prince of Wales's minority when the most capable of her Ministers was not consulted by the Queen before any decision was finally taken affecting the career of the future King.

This was the ever-present idea, the haunting refrain, the dominant consideration, in everything relating to the Prince of Wales. He was not primarily in their view only the eldest son of the Queen. He was the eldest of the Children of England—*les enfants d'Angleterre*—as their old governess called them; and consequently his education was no private matter. It was a State question of first-rate importance, and merited grave consideration, in the gravest style, by grave statesmen. If boy companions were to be selected for the holidays or for a tour in the Highlands, emissaries were sent to the public schools, and head-masters were taken into counsel. If 'gentlemen' were to be appointed to wait on the Heir to the Crown, endless trouble was taken to see that the best possible choice was made, and that the persons chosen were adequately seized of their responsibility and duties. It is worth while to quote at length one of these 'papers of instruction' in order to show once more the care bestowed upon this precious charge.

Memorandum.

(Confidential: for the guidance of the gentlemen appointed to attend on the Prince of Wales.)

' It appears to be desirable upon the first appointment of the gentlemen to attend upon the Prince of Wales, that their attention should be called to certain points, in which the sphere of their usefulness may be extended beyond the usual

limits of an Equerry's duties, and her Majesty the Queen has therefore authorized the communication to them, in confidence, of this memorandum, not as a code of instructions as to the services they will have to perform, but with a view to establish certain principles by which their own conduct and demeanour may be regulated, and which it is thought may conduce to the benefit of the Prince of Wales.

'The Prince of Wales has arrived at that period in his life when the state of transition commences from the habits, the dependence, and the subjection to control of a boy to the manners and the conduct and ultimately to the self-reliance and responsibility of a man. The most critical, the most important, and the most difficult period of a life-time; that which all parents watch with the greatest anxiety.

'The usual and the most efficient means adopted for ensuring a happy result to this state of transition is to take care that upon entering into contact with the world, the young may be placed in what is commonly called "a good set."

'If he falls into such a one at College, is placed in a Regiment distinguished for the gentleman-like conduct of its officers, or enters a public office most in request from the tone of the young men employed in it, the result of such association is usually to be traced in the character of the young man, and in the estimation in which he is generally held.

'The Prince, however, has no opportunity of mixing upon the same terms with young people of his own age, and of obtaining the same advantages of association, and yet more is expected from him than perhaps from any other young man.

'In selecting, therefore, the gentlemen to attend upon the Prince of Wales, the Royal Parents have chosen them, with great care, with a view to their supplying, in some degree, this want, and becoming themselves the representatives, as it were, of that "good set," by association with whom the Prince of Wales may acquire such a tone, and learn such manners and conduct, as may make him socially what his parents wish, and what the country will expect.

'The Prince of Wales must not only be a gentleman, but his rank and position point him out as the first gentleman in the country; he can hold no intermediate position; if not the first gentleman in England, he sinks at once to a level incompatible with his title of Prince of Wales.

'It is not intended in this memorandum to enter into the question of the higher attributes of mind and feeling of a gentleman, but merely to speak of the outward social deportment and manners.

'The qualities which distinguish a gentleman in society are:—

- '1st. His appearance, his deportment and dress.
- '2nd. The character of his relations with, and treatment of others.
- '3rd. His desire and power to acquit himself creditably in conversation or whatever is the occupation of the society with which he mixes.

'1st. Appearance, deportment and dress.

'The appearance, deportment and dress of a gentleman consist perhaps more in the absence of certain offences against good taste, and in a careful avoidance of vulgarities and exaggerations of any kind, however generally they may be the fashion of the day, than in the adherence to any rules which can be exactly laid down. A gentleman does not indulge in careless, self-indulgent, lounging ways, such as lolling in arm-chairs, or on sofas, slouching in his gait, or placing himself in unbecoming attitudes, with his hands in his pockets, or in any position in which he appears to consult more the idle ease of the moment than the maintenance of the decorum which is characteristic of a polished gentleman. In dress, with scrupulous attention to neatness, and good taste, he will never give in to the unfortunately loose and slang style which predominates at the present day. He will borrow nothing from the fashions of the groom or the game-keeper, and whilst avoiding the frivolity and foolish vanity of dandyism, will take care that his clothes are of the best quality, well made and suitable to his rank and position.

'The gentlemen will see how much of the examples upon which the young Prince will found his views of carrying out these principles, will naturally depend upon what he daily sees in them; and the Queen will hope that they will pay constant attention to what may appear trifles, but the aggregate of which go far to mark the outward characteristics of a gentleman.

'To all these particulars the Prince of Wales must necessarily pay more attention than any one else. His deportment will be more watched, his dress more criticised.

'There are many habits and practices and much in dress which might be quite natural and unobjectionable for these gentlemen at their own homes and in their ordinary life, which would form dangerous examples for the Prince of Wales to copy, and her Majesty and his Royal Highness would wish them in all their habits to have regard to these consequences, and without any formality, or stiffness of manner, to remem-

ber both in deportment and in dress that they are in attendance on the eldest son of the Queen.

'2nd. Manners and conduct towards others.

'The manners and conduct of a gentleman towards others are founded on the basis of kindness, consideration, and the absence of selfishness. There can be no good manners when any one of these principles is sacrificed.

'A prince, particularly, should treat all around him with the most scrupulous good manners, civility and attention.

'He should return every mark of respect, not only with the most punctilious exactitude, but with an appearance of goodwill and cordiality. A salute returned with the air of its being a bore is rather an affront than a civility.

'A prince should never say a harsh or a rude word to anybody, nor indulge in satirical or bantering expressions, by which the person to whom it is addressed may be lowered. As soon as the conversation of a prince makes his companion feel uncomfortable he is sure to have offended against some of the laws of good breeding.

'Punctuality is another of the duties of a well-bred gentleman; no person should ever be kept waiting, but should circumstances render this unavoidable, an apology should always be made, and regret expressed at any inconvenience that may have been incurred.

'The gentlemen will hardly require to have it pointed out to them how much of these habits, so important to the Prince of Wales, may be inculcated and strengthened by association.

'Not only is it desirable that they should be most courteous and kind to all around, but they should quietly, yet steadily, mark in their manner any approach to want of civility or rudeness towards themselves; with every readiness to oblige the young Prince in what is for his benefit, they should always let him see that they maintain their self-respect, can be firm, and do not approve of any liberty being attempted with them. They should be themselves very exact in punctuality. They should never encourage, or themselves indulge in, ridicule of personal peculiarities or natural defects, children being very prone to laugh at others, and even supposing that they thereby establish for themselves a certain superiority.

'There are many habits and follies that may well be subjected to satire and even quizzing, but these should be as much as possible remarked upon, apart from individuals of whom nothing should be said hurtful or degrading. The fact becoming known that the Prince of Wales had laughed

at this or that person would give great offence and create for him many enemies.

'These remarks apply, of course, in a still stronger degree to anything approaching to a *practical joke*, which should never be permitted.

'3rd. The power to acquit himself creditably in conversation or whatever may be the occupation of society.

'A gentleman having gained the prestige in society of good dress and appearance, and courteous manners, must maintain the good opinion of his companions by showing intelligence in his conversation, and some knowledge of those studies and pursuits which adorn society and make it interesting. Mere games of cards and billiards, and idle gossiping talk, will never teach this; and to a Prince, who has usually to take the lead in conversation, the habit of finding something to say beyond mere questions as to health and remarks upon the weather is most desirable.

'Although, therefore, the Prince of Wales is to have all relaxation and recreation which is desirable (and which, indeed, is quite necessary), the gentlemen in attendance may be of great use if they can succeed by persevering example in inducing the Prince to devote some of his leisure time to music, to the fine arts, either drawing, or looking over drawings, engravings, etc., to hearing poetry, amusing books, or good plays read aloud; in short, to anything that whilst it amuses may gently exercise the mind. They must give this up if the Prince seems at first disinclined to such pursuits. It will not be within their province to direct what his Royal Highness is to do; but by persevering in such employments themselves, and encouraging and assisting the Prince when he shows the disposition to join them, they may do much to lead him to what is at present so desirable, and will through life conduce so much to his happiness.

'In detailing all these minute points to be attended to, the Royal Parents wish that these gentlemen should be made aware that her Majesty and his Royal Highness have entrusted to them a charge involving something beyond the mere attendance of an Equerry and the making themselves agreeable to his Royal Highness. If they will duly appreciate the responsibility of their position, and taking the points above laid down as the outline, will exercise their own good sense in acting *upon all occasions* upon these principles, thinking no point of detail too minute to be important, but maintaining one steady, consistent line of conduct, they may render essential service to the young Prince and justify the flattering selection made by the Royal Parents.'

It must not be supposed that less care was bestowed upon the intellectual training of the Prince of Wales than upon his manners and deportment. The Prince Consort would indeed have been faithless to his own traditions, and to King Leopold and Baron Stockmar, those watchful advisers who so jealously guarded his youth, had he failed to lay down in precise detail the daily tasks of his son.

It is no exaggeration to say that every hour of the Prince of Wales's time, from his earliest boyhood until the death of his father, was mapped out by his governors and preceptors, and submitted for approval. It is no mere phrase, but a sober fact, to say that every day of the boy's life a report of his progress was sent up to his parents. And this was no perfunctory service on the part of his teachers, for hardly a week passed without some criticism of their methods, some word of commendation, or some expression of regret at their failure to come up to the lofty standard which was always before the mind of the Prince Consort.

It would be profitless to go at length into the daily routine of the young Prince's studies. The elaborately-prepared tabular statements of his work show no marked originality on the part of his professors, but a somewhat soaring ambition.

Without the stimulus of competition, surrounded by the disturbing influences of regal state, deprived of the free companionship of boys of his own age, it is not surprising that the Prince of Wales, although he never rebelled, passively resisted the high pressure of his father's system of education. It was undoubtedly the case, and King Edward, in referring to those days, regretted the decision which isolated him during the crucial years of his later boyhood from contact with his equals in age and intellectual attainments.

It would not have been surprising if he had acquired no taste for books, because, as he often himself complained, he was never given any liberty of choice, and every book came before him as a task. History, for instance, as he in later life explained, was presented to him in its driest and most tabulated form. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, King Edward thoroughly enjoyed biography, and his memory, so largely dependent

upon visual keenness, was prodigious, but he often said that of the groundwork of history he had been deprived by reaction from the insistent boredom of his historical teaching in boyhood.

The tutor to whom the Prince of Wales was most warmly attached realised quite early the truth. He saw that the method of high tension was failing to produce the results hoped for by the boy's anxious parents, and that his pupil's too-alert intelligence, his exuberant sense of life, his moral restlessness under restraint, and his budding manhood, were deadly influences entirely subversive of the scholastic ideas of the Prince Consort.

To some not unfrequent expressions of disappointment from the Prince at his son's want of studious reflection this teacher replied :

'At any rate, he is storing up materials for future thought, and is learning almost unconsciously from objective teaching much which, I think, could never have been taught him subjectively.'

This accurate and discerning analysis of his capacity was true of King Edward then and throughout his life, and the failing or quality, whichever it may be held to be, was one of the causes which largely contributed to his successful management of public affairs during his reign. A great reader the King never was, but he was a great observer.

From his German University he brought away no smattering of German metaphysics, but a complete mastery of German speech. His experience of Edinburgh student life, although he found time at Holyrood hang rather heavily, was of permanent value to him. He often spoke in later years with sly amusement of the rather solemn dinners in the old Palace, where the companions of this lad of eighteen were men so distinguished, but so unjoyous, as the Lord Advocate, Lord Melville, the Provost, the Sheriff, and Lord Playfair. But he never altogether forgot Lord Playfair's lectures, which he regularly attended, on the composition and working of iron ore. They imparted to him a certain liking for practical science and its votaries which he never wholly lost. His literary relaxation at this time was confined to

an abridgment of Gibbon and Schmitz's 'History of the Middle Ages.'

The King often used to say that his University life at Oxford and Cambridge had been a mistake. He imputed no blame to the Prince Consort for deciding that for the Prince of Wales to live the life of an ordinary undergraduate was impossible. He realised perfectly the immense difficulties of the problem which confronted his parents of wishing to give him the benefit of that higher education—in its widest sense—which a University opens to her worthier sons, and at the same time to protect the Heir to the Throne from the familiarities—with their inevitable consequences—of undergraduate life.

The view of the Prince Consort cannot be better expressed than in his own words.

THE PRINCE TO THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.

'Private and Confidential.'

'MY DEAR DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH,—Sir Charles Phipps has sent me on your letter. Before settling in my mind whether we could properly send the Prince of Wales to Oxford or Cambridge, it became necessary to know that he could be so placed there as to remain entirely master (or for his governor to remain so for him) of the choice of society which he might encounter or the young men he might wish or ought to associate with.

'*In college* this appeared to me almost impossible, and it was upon your suggesting that he need not live *in college*, and perhaps ought not to do so, and your pointing out the precedent of the Prince of Orange, that I thought the whole plan of a visit to the Universities feasible.

'I should be very sorry if plans were now proposed which would endanger the foundation upon which I built, and the more I think of it, the more I see the difficulties of the Prince of Wales being thrown together with the other young men, and having to make his selection of acquaintances when so thrown together with them; an entirely separate establishment would alone enable him to do so with safety.

(Signed) ALBERT.

'October 21, 1858.'

King Edward, however, clearly as he realised the difficulty, used to say in later years that the real choice lay between a regular collegiate life and not going to the

University at all. His preference would have been for the former alternative. One may, perhaps, be pardoned for adding that this opinion was delivered from a station so exalted, and a position so secure, that the dangers and risks which possibly were magnified by the Prince were possibly minimised by the King.

The anxieties of the Queen and Prince were very poignant, and their sense of the gravity of the moral and intellectual training of him who was to be King was so overwhelming that it undoubtedly added a heavy burden to the cares of State which their correspondence and diaries reveal.

The following letter was written to Colonel Bruce—then acting as Governor to the Prince of Wales—by the Prince Consort after his first visit to his son at Oxford:

THE PRINCE TO COLONEL BRUCE.

‘MY DEAR COLONEL BRUCE,—I was much pleased with my visit yesterday and glad to find the Prince so assiduous in his work and giving his willing and best attention to Mr Fisher.

‘I must not conceal my disappointment, however, to find that, whilst we had hoped that the Prince would be able thoroughly to study the Law and Constitution with Mr Fisher, and attend two lectures, one in History, the other in Chemistry, merely to enable him to follow a part of the public instruction of Oxford *besides*, the time and work required to make these two lectures understood and profitable should swallow up the whole of the Prince’s time. I do not blame him, for he is doing his best and deserves praise for that; but it makes me terribly anxious for the future, and anxious that not a moment be lost of the few precious weeks which the Prince has for his studies.

‘We cannot afford to lose whole days out of the week for amusements, or to trench upon the hours of study by social calls, which have always had and naturally will always have hereafter the greatest share of the Prince’s attention and time. The only use of Oxford is that it is a place for *study*, a refuge from the world and its claims. It does not require, I am sure, my setting this forth particularly either to you or the Prince himself; but I have thought it my duty to refer once more to this topic, as you will have to make your decisions with regard to various invitations and expectations as to what social amusements the Prince might join in.

'The Prince will have to see his sister one day when she comes, will have his birthday and afterwards hers to celebrate with us ; here are already four or five days broken into and three quite lost.

'With regard to the Prince's choice of society, you will have to use the greatest circumspection. You are aware of the principles which we have laid down after anxious reflection and much communication with the different Ministers of the day, who look, as we do, upon the Prince's life as a *public matter* not unconnected with the present and prospective welfare of the nation and the State. In whatever decisions you may communicate to the Prince, he will recognise therefore the result of these determinations, and he will easily comprehend that his position and life *must* be different from that of the other undergraduates, that his belonging to a particular college even, which could not be avoided, has another significance from what it bears in other young men's lives. He belongs to the whole University and not to Christ Church in particular, as the Prince of Wales will always belong to the whole nation and not to the Peerage, the Army, etc., etc., although he may form part of them ; that he can and ought never to belong to party, or faction, or coterie, or closed society, etc.

'Private individuals have a right to form associations and cast in their lot with them as a mode of gaining a position in life. The Prince of Wales has his position ready made for him by the nation and the constitution, and the nation has a clear and indisputable right to demand of him, that he will make *that* use of this position for which it was given him, viz., for the general good and welfare of the *whole*. I think it not superfluous to mark this strongly, as it requires reflection beyond the Prince's years to apprehend the difference in the claims upon him and upon others.

'I trust you will give the Prince an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the distinguished men of the place and give them in return the means of seeing the Prince. Your convivial meetings at dinner will give the best means for this ; mixing them with some of the young students will give variety and interest to the conversation and do a favour to the young men, who have otherwise no means of meeting familiarly those from whom they expect to derive the benefit of education, and between whom and themselves habit and circumstances have placed unnecessary and hurtful barriers.

'I was very poorly yesterday evening after my return here, but am better this evening.

'This letter is for the Prince as well as for yourself, for he

is now old enough to enter into the spirit and reasons for his guidance and not to remain satisfied merely with conforming to the wishes of his parents.

‘(Signed) ALBERT.

‘Windsor Castle, 27/10/59.’

King Edward was at a difficult age—the age when in men, as in young nations, the spirit of rebellion is hard to check, and when the hand of the parent in the one case, or the statesman in the other, requires to be both firm and light.

The boy of seventeen was passing through a phase quite unlike what the King afterwards became. Looking over some old letters, quite recently, from one of his tutors, the King found himself accused, when in his eighteenth year, of a ‘want of enthusiasm and imagination, and the absence or torpor of the poetical element,’ which he, not altogether justly, believed to have been always a correct diagnosis of his temperament. There was, however, a further passage in which complaint is made of his

‘want of generosity, not simply generosity in giving, but generosity of sentiment and judgment, a want of toleration of difference of opinion and of imputation of honourable motives, a want of unsuspicion of mean ones, and of a readiness to give rather than to take advantage, his position enabling him to do the former with grace and dignity whilst he may yet do the latter with impunity.’

The King said of this passage, quite gravely, that it was perfectly true.

We have seen in the letters of his old governess curious traits of the boy Prince which were very characteristic of King Edward, but nothing could resemble less the most generous-hearted and generous-minded of Monarchs than this description of his pupil by the King’s favourite tutor. Every one of these traits upon which the writer put his finger in 1858 was not only corrected in the King, half a century later, but replaced by its entire opposite.

No man was ever less prone to attribute mean motives, no man ever showed less resentment or *rancune*. Not only did he give his confidence to those whom he thus honoured, with singular unsuspicion, but he forgave

neglect and even an injury almost too readily—if forgiveness can be too generously granted. Bitterness he never felt, and anger which he did feel was never long sustained. The King's placability was wonderful, and nothing endeared him more to those about him than that sweet-blooded nature which made him ready at all times, when free from momentary anger, to give those of whom he disapproved the benefit of a right motive and of the best intention. In the truest sense of the phrase he was a most Christian King.

Upon the King's religious and domestic life it would be impertinent even to touch lightly.

The atmosphere in which his youth was passed is well known. From the simple faith of those who prayed together on the day of his christening King Edward never swerved.

A letter from the Prince to the Prince of Wales, written on July 14, 1858, has been preserved.

THE PRINCE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

'MY DEAR BERTIE,—Mr Gibbs has reported to me your wish to take the Sacrament next Sunday at Mortlake at an early service, together with Major Lindsay and Mr Tarver, who appear to have the intention of doing so on their own account. Whilst that wish, if it springs from the deep feelings of the heart to draw nearer to the Lord and to seek support in the struggle with the weak human nature, and not from a mere love of imitating what other people may do—does you the greatest honour, it may be right for me to tell you upon what the practice is based, which your father and mother have established for themselves, and followed after mature reflection, upon a subject of great difficulty and importance for the Christian.

'There are two extremes of opinion, the one that the Sacrament is a means of grace working by its mere acceptance, and which ought not to be refused whenever it is offered, such a refusal being, in a stronger sense, not unlike the incivility to decline an invitation in ordinary life. It is termed ingratitude to God, and a casting off of His helping hand. People holding to this opinion take the Sacrament every Sunday when it is given.

'The other extreme bases its refusal to take the Sacrament except in rare instances, upon the dangers resulting from unworthy participation, which are strongly pointed out by St

Paul. Whilst the first run the risk of profaning and rendering unimpressive one of the great means to strengthen good resolutions, confessing sins, and starting afresh in life, the second run the risk of never finding that moment of fit preparation for which they are waiting, and losing altogether the blessing of the Sacrament.

'We have agreed upon taking it twice a year, and have selected as fixed periods, times at which the history of the Gospel and the Church festivals prepare us, and induce us to additional sanctity, and at which we are sure not to be broken in upon by the gaities of society, or demands of business—Christmas and Easter, as during these festivals everybody is at home with his family.

'We have chosen to take it, away from and undisturbed by the multitude who would stop for the show, if we were to remain in a public church after the service, and we have chosen the early morning as a time when the mind is still fresh, and not fatigued, nor the attention diminished by the lengthy previous service; we remain the previous day, and the day itself, as quiet as possible.

'Now, as our son, you would do well to keep to the example and practice of your parents, first because they have had more time and means to arrive at a just conclusion of what is best to be done in so important a matter, and secondly, because a different practice followed by the son implies a disagreement in feeling between them, if not a declaration on the part of the latter that he thought the former wrong.

'Any division in the Royal Family gives the whole of the public the right to criticise, to take part for the one side and the other side, and so injure both.

'I return to the present case. If you feel a real yearning of the heart, go by all means, as the place is a retired one; the service will, I believe, be at eight o'clock in the morning, when there will be very few people present, and your life at the Lodge has been so private a one as not to have disturbed you.

'If the subject is indifferent to you, and your wish has been only a light one, do not unnecessarily break through our rule, knowing now the reasons upon which this rule depends.

'Show this letter to Mr Gibbs.

'Ever,

' (Signed) ALBERT.

'OSBORNE, 14, 1858.'

Did any father write to his seventeen-year-old son a letter upon such a subject more full of simple piety, and more imbued with the spirit of the Protestant faith?

Among the influences of his youth upon his maturer age it is impossible to overlook the journeys at home and oversea upon which so much thoughtful care was expended. His first trip, to the English lakes and to Scotland, with a few boy friends, was recorded by the Prince of Wales in his journal, as were others which followed. These journals were a source of some trouble to their author. His father thought them meagre. In point of fact they are boyish and simple records of the day's doings. 'The first Prince of Wales visiting the Pope' suggested to the analytical mind of the Prince Consort, who so described it, thoughts and ideas which he desired to see reflected, however dimly, in that of his son. He was disappointed. Description is there, but in the cant of the schools, no subjectivity. On the other hand, there exists a letter written by Sir Henry Bulwer, then the representative of the Queen at Constantinople, to Lord John Russell, giving an account of a visit paid by the Prince of Wales in the month of January immediately after the death of the Prince Consort, which would have been read by that Prince of high ideals and lofty standards with unmixed satisfaction.

The following is an extract.

Received January 22, 1862.

'But what pleased and struck me more than all, I must say, was our Prince's own manner. He is always remarkably easy and knows perfectly how to make those little speeches which princes are called upon to have so frequently upon their lips. But this was not all; before arriving at the breakfast, I just gave his Royal Highness a little insight into the Sultan's character, and the things to say that would please him. The manner in which he took advantage of those hints surprised me. The oldest diplomatists could not have succeeded better, or in my belief as well. Every point was touched so lightly, so naturally, and this produced on me the greater impression; since a man cannot have tact merely in one thing. If it is developed by circumstances one day, it is likely to be equally developed by circumstances in action another day. I should say, in short, that the Prince of Wales kept for two or three years in good hands and managed with skill (it requires perhaps some skill), her Majesty will be proud of, and happy in him. I do not think he will study much or learn much from books, but he will attain all that is

practically necessary for him to know by observation and use it with address.

'I saw several instances of a kind heart and of good sense, but there are two extremes I should say to be avoided with him—severity, which would tend to bring out obstinacy, and flattery, which would naturally tend to encourage presumption or over self-confidence.

'But I believe that praise well bestowed when it is *really* merited would tend very much to form the Prince's character, and fix it steadily in a proper course.

'I have observed also that the wisest way with him is never to maintain any argument at the time about this thing or that thing being the best to do; but simply to state an opinion, and if that opinion is the right one, I have seen him always end after a little in coming round to it.

'All these observations are formed on trifles, but still the subject is so interesting a one that I thought you would like to hear from me *confidentially* upon it, and as the happiness of our nation and also of our afflicted Queen depends so much on what her eldest son may turn out, this gives an additional importance to the question.

'My opinion, I confess, is on the whole a very favourable one. If H.R.H. is cleverly dealt with now, I do not think he will cause either her Majesty or the nation *any* anxiety. If he is not, he may for a time do so; but even then I feel certain he would soon right himself, for there is a great fund of good about him. The danger is that through his easy manners (though they are quite dignified enough when necessary) and the desire to be amused, so natural to youth in general, he might get into the hands of some agreeable person who would not have the character and good sense to guide him, and might have a pride and vanity in leading him astray.'

The diplomatist and experienced man of the world had not only gauged truly the character of the young Prince, echoing, as he does, the words of the tutor written with fuller knowledge, but he foreshadows with singular and prophetic accuracy some of those high qualities which enabled King Edward to render the greatest service to his country, and have placed his fame upon an enduring foundation.

Sir Henry Bulwer had no means of foreshadowing, as others had, a gift which was remarkable in the King throughout the years of his mature manhood. Those who

were about the Prince's person at Oxford noticed early the consummate ease with which he was able to put into striking and well-balanced phrase the matter of a public speech. He used often to say that he found elaborate preparation impossible, and that whenever he attempted to learn a speech by heart, he failed to deliver it.

His speeches were, save for their general ideas, delivered impromptu. The right words and phrases, whether in the English, French or German languages, came naturally to his lips, and no one ever excelled him in the power of putting in musical cadence and perfectly chosen words sentiments of courteous welcome or graceful acknowledgment. Those who heard King Edward speak on august occasions can never forget the telling quality of his voice or the emotional dignity of his expression and manner.

The long years which intervened between his coming of age and his accession, years occupied with social duties but deprived of political activities, full of enforced amusement rather than of practical business, were possibly the real source of his influence and one of the secrets of his success. It is a serious difficulty in a constitutional monarchy such as ours that no adequate place is provided for the Heir Apparent to the Throne. Of social engagements and ceremonial opportunities it is true that many were found to occupy the time of the Prince of Wales, and he never shrank from the performance of these duties, however dolorous and heavy.

The prolonged seclusion of the Queen after the death of the Prince Consort, increased in number and importance the popular functions which were thrown upon the shoulders of the Prince of Wales. He bore the burden lightly, and in very debonair fashion. His real love of humanity, his unbored nature, his delight in movement and his easy grace of manner and speech, rendered facile to him obligations from which so many public men and Sovereigns are known to shrink. He thoroughly enjoyed society whether in the great houses in which he and the Princess were received as more than welcome guests, or at public entertainments, where his genial manners and hearty love of fellowship captivated men of all shades of politics, and of every religious or social persuasion.

No one was ever less of an eclectic than King Edward.

All through his life he accepted men and women for what they were, and although he showed preferences and inclined more to some forms of social entertainment than to others, he never encouraged social cliques or ostracised any man from the circles in which he moved because of opinions or because of his tastes. Like Queen Victoria, he disliked backbiters and scandalmongers, and never accepted rumour as a decisive factor in estimating the character of others, but first required proof.

But the King liked a good story, and could tell one with admirable gusto and without the slightest loss of dignity.

Cut off by the experiences of his position from active political interests, he never lowered himself by lending his countenance to political intrigue. Queen Victoria, standing aloof as she did from the bustling world, absorbed by her profound sense of the semi-divine duties imposed upon her by Providence, rejecting the idea that she was entitled to share her higher responsibilities even with her eldest son, and encouraged to hold this view by the experiences of the House of Hanover, and by the advice of her Ministers who had no wish to widen the area of counsel, undoubtedly isolated the Prince of Wales from public affairs, and threw him, not always uncriticised and unblamed, upon amusements and resources which were held by grave men to be unworthy of his abilities and of his high position. The Turf, the Theatre, and 'Society' in the narrower sense of this term, claimed, many thought, an undue share of his time and attention. Serious men were often in doubt whether the Prince of Wales would ever fill even with conventional decorum that high place in the regard of British subjects all over the face of the world which was occupied by the venerated Queen who had so long sat most regally upon the throne. When the Queen died, if any of those in closer contact with King Edward nourished misgivings, they were dissolved in twenty-four hours.

Not only were the Privy Councillors and citizens of London who were present in the Banqueting Hall of St James's Palace on January 23, 1902, moved to admiration by the noble words—written by the King's own unguided hand—in which he announced his determination, so long as there was breath in his body, to work for the good and

amelioration of his people, but those who stood nearer to him still and were for the succeeding days in close touch with the labours of State as they accumulated hour by hour at Marlborough House, realised immediately that in Edward the Seventh the country had come into possession of a great monarch. So far from his previous life, with its want of concentrated energy, with its so-called frivolities, and with what men always prejudiced and sometimes insincere call its ceremonial inanities, proving an obstacle to kingship, the sheer humanity of it had left him unscathed of soul, and most extraordinarily well equipped for dealing with the gravest problem with which a Sovereign has to deal, that is to say, the eternal problem of making good use of the average man. Few have equalled and certainly no one has ever surpassed King Edward in handling, not dexterously, because the word implies over-consciousness, but with grace past understanding, his fellow man.

Whether it was a Radical politician or a foreign statesman, a man embittered by neglect or one of Fortune's favourites, an honest man or a villain, no one ever left the King's presence without a sense of his own increased importance in the worldly scale of things. It was this power of raising a man in his own estimation, which was the mainspring of the King's influence. His varied intercourse with men of all sorts and conditions, his preference for objective rather than for subjective teaching, as his old tutor said of him in boyhood, and his frank interest in the affairs of others, had taught him the most profound and the oftenest ignored of all platitudes, that the vast majority of men are good, and that no man is wholly evil.

Where the simpler forms of monarchy prevail, and where power is vested in the ruler by organic laws, and is exercised by the brutal '*sic volo sic jubeo*' methods of a cruder civilisation, its exercise is a comparatively simple thing. Any one can govern in a state of siege. The Constitution of our Empire, with its delicate checks and balances, held together by tradition and sentiment rather than by immutable laws, demands from its Head qualities which King Edward possessed in the highest degree. Our Constitution withholds power from the Sovereign, but it clothes him with an influence which in the hand of King

Edward was highly potent, and, although exercised in quite a different fashion, was as powerful as that which was exercised throughout her long and glorious reign by Queen Victoria.

It was in the exercise of this influence that the King's love and knowledge of his fellow-men, his genial temper, consummate tact, and complete freedom from rancour or sustained resentment, clothed him with an undisputed authority greater, because far more subtle, than autocratic power would have given him. The pre-eminent men, politicians, religious and social leaders, foreign statesmen, and the most distinguished of his Colonial subjects, who came into contact with him, never left his presence without a desire, in so far as in them lay, to meet his wishes.

Queen Victoria's influence was, during the latter half of her reign, based upon her profound experience and recognised freedom from personal aims, her firm grasp of the constitutional principle which governs a limited monarchy, and her wonderful instinct for gauging the feelings of the serious middle class which was predominant in political England throughout her reign. Her personal contact with her subjects was so rare that it was practically non-existent.

Very few out of the millions of her people, notwithstanding the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897, had ever seen the Queen, and her interviews with her most prominent and most powerful servants were of rare occurrence. Nearly the whole of the State business, with which she was so largely identified, was carried on by correspondence. The advice given to her, when a girl Queen, by the King of the Belgians to have every request for a decision in writing, and to take time to consider, was followed by the Queen to the day of her death. The system had enormous advantages, but it also had its drawbacks. While it undoubtedly led, on many grave occasions, to wise reconsiderations of hasty ministerial action, it often harassed hard-worked Ministers, and sometimes led to unfortunate delays.

King Edward's methods were in direct contrast to these. He was always accessible to his Ministers, and far more than half of the business transacted by the King was transacted orally, by personal interview. He

enjoyed putting questions to his Ministers, and he liked to state his own views, not in a formal document, but face to face with those whom the matter concerned. It is true that he fortified himself for these interviews by frequently instructing his private secretaries to make enquiries, or to remonstrate against public acts or speeches of which he disapproved. But, in the long run, the King himself had his say, and, unlike Queen Victoria, he had his say verbally. It is certain that in saving time and in minimising 'friction' these methods were superior to those of the previous reign.

At the same time, if, in view of the brilliant success achieved by King Edward, a criticism is not out of place, it is, perhaps, pardonable to doubt whether, on such an occasion, if such had arisen, as that of the 'Trent affair,' when the Prince Consort's direct amendment of a Foreign Office despatch composed a most dangerous difference between Great Britain and the United States, the more methodical plan of obtaining from Ministers reasoned statements on paper of their policy would not have proved to be an extra security for the maintenance of peace, which was always King Edward's chief concern.

To attempt anything approaching to biography, or even to try to examine critically the reign of King Edward, is impossible here. Even analysis of the influence of the King upon Society and public affairs, if it goes beyond the obvious, is treading upon ground hedged in by the sanctity of recent loss. All that has been attempted in these pages is to place in harmonious contrast the boy Prince and the King as all his people knew him. Lord Rosebery has called King Edward 'Le Roi Charmeur.' All the civilised world has called him the 'Peacemaker.' His people have grasped his ideal, and Lord Rosebery has indicated his method. A nobler epitaph no Sovereign could desire.

Personal charm is indefinable. It is also a most potent weapon, and a dangerous one in the hands of the unscrupulous. King Edward's charm was invincible. The individual man succumbed to it, and the multitude went down before it. When the King walked into a room every one felt the glow of a personal greeting. When he smiled upon a vast assemblage every one responded unconsciously. On the Derby day, when the King raised his

hat to the immense concourse of his people, his salutation reached the heart of every man and woman. This gift was priceless to him. The fact is that, just as their hearts went out to him, his heart went out to them, and they knew it. There was not an atom of pose about the King. If he visited the most mighty potentate, if he called upon a humble subject, if he went into a cottage garden, he was—and this may seem exaggerated, although it is the simple truth—equally interested and pleased. His joyous sense of life, his broad sympathies, and his complete freedom from *ennui*, made him genuinely pleased with the lives and homes of others. He was interested. It was no perfunctory sense of politeness, it was no conscious desire to please, which made him note details and suggest improvements or alterations in a strange house or garden. He would say to his host, 'you should cut or plant a tree here,' or he would say to a cottager, 'don't you think that flower-bed would look better so, or that fence would be better in such and such a position,' and he would add, 'I shall see whether you have done so when next I come,' and the effect upon the mind of his hearer was that he really cared. And he did really care. That was the wonderful thing, and it was also the irresistible charm.

This personal magnetism which won the hearts of every one with whom he came into contact and of millions who never saw him, was a national asset worth more to us in our King than the military genius of a Napoleon or the diplomatic gifts of a Metternich, because of its more abiding quality and more permanent results.

King Edward, like his mother before him, has exalted the standard of monarchical government, and shown to all the world the enormous value of the personal factor of the Head of the State under political institutions which leave the people free to make their own laws and to administer them.

The pomp and pageantry of kingship, sometimes decried, were in his hands always used for the State service, and never for personal display. The King lived more simply than many of his wealthy subjects. He liked comfort and even luxury, but he disliked waste. So marked was his repugnance that those about his person often noted it with surprise, but the reason was the sense of his

kingship and of the poverty of millions of his subjects surging up within him.

It was another illustration of his personal charm, instinctive and unthought out, but singularly potent.

No one ever possessed a keener sense of proportion. The examples of this almost supreme gift in one so highly placed are too numberless to mention, and besides in order to make the point most effective it would be necessary to describe actions and analyse motives quite beyond the scope of these pages.

The King's retentive and well-ordered memory, not only of names and faces, for that has often been the subject of remark, but of the obscure ramifications of world-wide events, and not least his mastery of anecdote, made him one of the best conversationalists in Europe. It is also one of the main causes of his influential judgment upon political affairs. In his presence much of the ordinary kind of knowledge, mere information, was apt to drop into unimportance. The things he knew seemed majestic and significant, and common learning appeared a mere accomplishment. Lord Beaconsfield had noticed much the same quality in the talk of Queen Victoria.

No attempt has been made in these pages to give a dispassionate and detailed survey of the character of King Edward, and still less of his reign. Our loss is too recent, and our perspective too obscured. Like other mortals, our King had his failings, but what benefit has ever accrued to mankind by taking note of the failings of great men? And King Edward was beyond all question in the category of the great. Character, strong, firm and brave in quality, is the true test of greatness. These gifts were inherited by the King from both his parents, and his upbringing tended to enhance their virtue. To throw some light upon the value to Great Britain and her dominions over-sea of a monarchy thrice blessed in a Sovereign thus bred and trained, was the main intention of these pages. If the nation owes a debt of gratitude to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort for having given us King Edward, in like manner, as years roll on, it will be seen that the King has given us in his son, to whom he was tenderly devoted and of whose virtue, modesty, and high abilities he was so justly proud, a successor not less worthy of admiration and respect.

Art. 2.—THE PROSE OF WALTER SCOTT.

1. *The Waverley Novels*.
2. *Memories of Sir Walter Scott*. By James Skene.
Edited by Basil Thomson. London: Murray, 1909.
3. *Sir Walter Scott's Friends*. By Florence MacCunn.
London: Blackwood, 1909.

WHEN Byron and Scott were approaching, one of them the end of his life, and the other of his prosperity, they exchanged in a monumental correspondence the princely compliments of literary diplomacy; and Byron, who, though he had then disclaimed the quarrel of 'English Bards' with 'Scotch Reviewers,' was engaged more deeply than ever in defending the Augustan manner of Pope against the fashions which he himself had helped Scott and others to introduce; Byron, than whom few men have been more independent of fashion and of flattery, affirmed that he found no one of whose superiority Sir Walter could reasonably be jealous, either among the living or, all things considered, among the dead. It is certain, from the principles and practice of Byron as a critic, that in this judgment he regarded form as well as substance, technical merit not less, perhaps even more, than abundance of imagination and invention; certain also, that it was upon the prose of the romances that he built his judgment, rather than upon the metrical merit, already questionable, of 'Marmion' and 'The Lady of the Lake.' And after the lapse of a century, when there is no more any question of living and dead, and the measure of Scott is to be taken solely by the standard of what is common to good work universally, the opinion of Byron may still stand as defensible. It is true that Scott's works show the mark of his rapidity, and that in average pieces of narrative he is not fastidious in expression or always correct. It has been said, and may perhaps be said with as much truth as is demanded from an epigram, that in average pieces of his prose 'he has no style at all.' But it is also true that in the great moments to which those rapid sketches are subsidiary, in the pinnacles for which the scaffolding is somewhat hazardously piled up, he displays not only a touch of hand peculiar to himself, but also perfect command of

sound construction, a sure hold upon those principles of speech—call them rules, practices, or what you will—which come from the deepest parts of humanity, and are common to all that succeed in this kind. A mind not sensible to the effects of Scott, when he intends effect, would have to seek satisfaction somewhere else than in literature as it has been practised by all Europe (to take the narrowest limit) from Homer to this day. And it is to be added that even the unpretentious freedom of his ordinary manner has a value in its place by way of relief and contrast.

A signal instance of both qualities may be found in the scene which lays the corner-stone of 'Guy Mannering'—the denunciation of the landowner and magistrate, Bertram of Ellangowan, by the gipsy witch, Meg Merri-lies. The little band to which she belongs, after having been protected and encouraged for many generations in a precarious settlement upon Bertram's estate, have now been expelled, in a capricious fit of reform, by the summary process of pulling down their miserable tenements. The author of this improvement, little content with his severity, absents himself on the day of execution; but as he rides home, he meets the emigrant families in painful procession upon the confines of his property. To the sufferers his act naturally appears tyrannous, a provocation of the higher powers of providential justice; nor is it beyond common reckoning to divine that, in a country and among a population not very orderly, the defiance of such enemies may lead to disaster. Of such feelings and prognostications, raised to the tone of prophecy by the ambiguous pretensions of a witch-wife, Meg Merrilies makes herself the voice. The sequel of the story turns, as will be remembered, upon the fulfilment of her prophecy, to which, in the natural course of things, she contributes a great and, in the end, a dominant influence. The conception of her character is the key to the whole design; and here, in the scene of the prophecy, is the leading note upon which the whole depends.

The chapter (viii) containing it will throughout repay study; but for our present purpose we may begin with the two paragraphs which immediately precede the denunciation itself. The first gives the psychology of the situation, describing, without affectation of subtlety,

the uncomfortable feelings of the magistrate, who has just undergone, from the passing caravan, the novel experience of resentment and hatred.

'His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependents of his family. . . . Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.'

Manifestly we have here no research of style, 'no style at all' in the sense which the word 'style' has for the critic or the conscious artist. In vocabulary, phrasing, the cast and turn of sentences, there is as little character and stamp as the individuality of authorship may well admit. If anything is to be praised it is a certain plain gravity, proceeding partly from this very absence of pose. And there are negligences which are almost faults. *'To render them otherwise . . . ; depriving them of a degree of countenance . . . ; from the limited qualities of his mind . . . ; to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey . . . ;* these and other phrases might be improved, and would not have satisfied a punctilious composer. But, on the other hand, there is no hitch, nothing to stumble at, and we are put without strain in full possession of the meaning.

The next paragraph is much more important and characteristic, and, as a composition, is both better and worse. It contains what for Scott, in such a situation as this, was essentially significant—the stage-directions, so to speak, for setting the group and scene in preparation for the coming effect. Stage-directions we may well call them, for it is actually to the theatre that the author

has gone, as he often did, for inspiration; and later, at the crowning moment of the scene, he refers us to the source from which he has drawn: 'Margaret of Anjou' (he says), 'bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous.' From the mind of Scott Shakespeare was never far; and with 'Henry the Sixth,' especially the final scenes, the figure of Meg Merrilies is more than once associated.* The particular passage, to which he directs us, we will presently quote, for it is even more pertinent than his words imply. But for the moment we note only, as a fact, his theatrical prepossession, and now present in this light what we are justified in calling his stage-directions:

'She was standing upon one of those high precipitous banks which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out in her right hand a sapling bough, which seemed just pulled.'

Considering this from a practical point of view, as a catalogue of points which the reader is to focus as a preparation of the eye for the delivery of the tirade that follows, we may pronounce it beyond improvement. Nothing is neglected or slurred; posture and colours, properties and accessories, suggestions, duly vague, of history or literature, all is prescribed; the least lively imagination must be ready to work on such terms; and the *tableau* could be set, one almost fancies that it could be painted, by an amateur. But for style—the conscious stylist might say again that there is none. The whole method

* See the motto to chapter liv.

is the very negation of art, in so far as art is said to lie in the concealment of the mechanical process. Stevenson, for example, would have cancelled a chapter, and that not once but twice or thrice, sooner than leave such a paragraph in such a state. He actually cited another passage of 'Guy Mannering,' and might have cited this, for proof of his master's indifference to such scruples as consumed his own days and weeks. Scott wants, at this moment, certain details of scenery and costume; and, with perfect simplicity, he now recapitulates them, or now puts them in. They ought, perhaps, to be ready beforehand; or at least that is the more artistic way, the way of Stevenson, and of Dumas when he is on his mettle. The points might have been so touched and emphasised before that to collect them now would be needless. But Scott will not be troubled with anything so unpractical. 'Those high precipitous banks,' which overhang the road, '*we before noticed*,' says the author. 'Banks' we may have noticed. That they should be high and steep he himself has not before seen; but as height now proves to be necessary, he simply raises them. The 'clear blue sky' is similarly imported, and without the least preparation. The red turban comes rightly enough, and, as a property, is of the best; but it is put in with so much fumbling—*we have noticed . . . or rather . . . or perhaps . . . on this occasion*—that we seem to be watching a sketcher while he changes his brushes for a tint.

From these two paragraphs, taken separately or singly, no one, we suppose, could receive direct pleasure; and, if the history of literature has any lessons, assuredly no such work would, by itself, have roused the admiration of the world. The effect of it all is just to excite expectation, which, as the literary novice is warned by Horace, is a very dangerous thing to do. But Scott will have it so, and he is not even yet content. He has posed and painted his performer, and now, before she speaks, he insists on defining the effect:

"'I'll be d——d,'" said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit park!" The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.'

Now this is all very well, but what is to come of it?

'How is this big-mouthed promise to be kept?' 'Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?' You may protest that you have imagined something really most impressive, and may invoke in attestation the most august memories of art and religion—Delphi and Avernus, tragedy and epic, Cassandra and Deiphobe; but, given your sibyl, what will you make her say?

"Ride your ways," said the gipsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for? There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets,* and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the blackcock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan! Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up; not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise† that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

'So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand and flung it into the road.'

What wonder if the world sat up to listen! To praise such a composition would be superfluous indeed, and I cite it for no such purpose. A man who could miss or mistake the impression would be beyond instruction by words. But there may be some interest and profit, especially in view of what is said—and said truly, if rightly applied—about Scott's neglect of style, in examining this passage in detail, and exhibiting some part of its almost incredible fidelity to rule. We know that 'Guy Mannering' was written at full speed, and not even

* Delicacies. [W. S.]

† Sapling branch. [W. S.]

the plan of it laid out beforehand. There is no reason, as far as I am aware, to except from this record the present passage, or other such points of high light, which make the whole what it is. But after all, that only means that the true preparation had been immeasurable. Years of training, now among books, now in the walks of men, had wrought the sensitive ear and brain to such consummate readiness that, when the call came, the pen ran headlong without a trip, and, at the utmost speed, put in strokes which challenge the microscope.

A single instance will prove this, and may tempt us perhaps to look further. The substance, the kernel of the prophetic menace, is resumed in the repeated parallel between past and future. 'As you have done, so it shall be done to you,' says the oracle over and over again. Loss for loss, violence to the violent, your house, your family, for those that you have torn from their place. 'This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your own parlour burn the blither for that.' Thrice the same parallel is repeated, hearth and fire, thatch and roof, Darncliffe and Ellangowan; thrice, but each time with a slight variation in the phrase—'*see if the fire . . .*' '*look if your roof . . .*' '*see that the hare. . .*' A trick to avoid monotony? Is that all? It does this indeed; but it lays the way, it provides the chance, for something far more important. '*See if, . . . look if, . . . see that . . .*'; the ear is left expectant, as in a rimed quatrain which should stop at the third line. Was the composer designing this? Was he aware of it? Not in his fingers, nor in the driving-wheels of his brain. But deep down, somewhere within him, was an engine or other organ which was awake and fore-feeling, which knew that, in the natural harmony of passion, we must come back to this major chord, and that a place should be kept for the return. And therefore, when we do return, our composer, so negligent of style, fails not to finish the quatrain with the missing form—'Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—*look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up*'—, achieves this exquisite precision at full stride, and leaves correction dumb.

Endless are the observations of this kind, with which we may amuse ourselves if we please. There is, for one

thing, the severe purity of the vocabulary, so absolutely English (or Scotch if you like, anyhow German, Teutonic) that the flavour even of French origin—as in *parlour*, *couch*, *sunkets*—is instantly noted for foreign, unhomely, and tells with the intended touch of mislike. It is here, I think, rather than in the mere gain of an extra key-board, that Scott gets advantage from his dialect.

Then again, what a feeling has Scott for the strong parts of English, the grand, long monosyllables, which are so carefully collected and placed by Milton. '*Ride your ways*,' said the gipsy; and in what other tongue could she have condensed her point—luxury, pride, domination, defied and bidden go to their own end—into three such sounds as these?

Equally remarkable, perhaps even more so, if judged by the prevalent laxity of English rhetoric, is the faultless structure of the speech, the perfect attainment of that symmetry without stiffness which makes a frame organic. In this respect especially Scott surpasses the Elizabethan poet, to whom, as we saw, he acknowledges his debt for a hint. The analogy to the situation of the Lancastrian Queen, whose young Edward is killed in her presence by the princes of York, is but remote; but the two maledictions coincide in the fundamental idea that cruelty to victims of tender age will be visited upon the infants of the offender:

'O traitors, murderers!

'They that stabbed Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst an if I speak,
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!' *

* Henry VI, III, v, 5.

For a tragedy-queen this is well enough, and, regarded merely as rhetoric, it is much upon the average level of the Elizabethan and Jacobean theatre. Those poets were seldom careful of structure, and their precedent has been only too well followed by our dramatic composers since. But the tirade so ill bears comparison with that of Meg Merrilies that, if Scott were capable of a trick, he might be suspected of wishing us to remark his triumph over what passes for Shakespeare. And the weakness of the one speech, as contrasted with the other, lies chiefly in the want of structure, of rhetorical frame. Here Scott's craft is supreme, good enough for Racine, Euripides, or the Homer of the Ninth Iliad. Commentary upon such technique is apt to be unconvincing unless exhaustive, and, if exhaustive, to be tiresome. But let one point serve for all. Take the triplet, which sets the text, as it were, to be developed: '*Ride your ways, . . . ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!*' Here we have three forms of address, one anonymous, then the territorial title, and last the personal name. Observe then, first, that exactly these three, and no more, recur as head-notes for the divisions that follow. Next observe that they recur in the reverse order: '*Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram. . . . Ride your ways, Ellangowan. . . . And now, ride e'en your ways,*' . . . with the result, a result vital to the purpose, that we know by ear and instinct when to expect the close, and thus the thrill of the dismissal gets a reverberation from our simple pleasure in not being disappointed of our count. And observe, lastly and most carefully, that the distinction between title and name, the Laird and the man, 'Ellangowan' and 'Bertram,' proves significant. For this we might hope; count upon it we could not; but we get it, and are pleased in proportion to the rareness of such fidelity to poetic promise. When the former friend of the gipsies is to be reminded that he has thrown away the affection of his dependents, he is 'Godfrey Bertram'; but he is 'Ellangowan,' when the misery of their homelessness is to be contrasted with the pride and comfort of his house: '*Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs; look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up.*'

And beyond all this, deeper and more vital yet, lie the

effects of sound and of rhythm. It is a little matter, perhaps, that the more commonplace uses of echo and repetition—'*burn the blither*' . . . '*stable your stirks*' . . . '*wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted*'—are used, and are forborne, with rare economy. But it is no little matter, it is rather the very essence of poetry, when the paired sounds touch, just touch without crossing, the confine of sobs: '*What do ye glower after our folk for?*' . . . '*the wife and the babe, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields*' . . . '*God . . . make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father.*' Pathos with dignity can do no more.

From sound to rhythm is perhaps scarcely a distinguishable transition; but it is from the rhythm of this passage, from the melody proper, that, for my own part, I get the greatest delight. Here again there is no end to the possible remarks. Most obvious is a device, which is a favourite with Burke; though, when I say 'device, I do not mean that Burke always, or perhaps ever, thought of it. The consciousness of the artist is generally an open question. Be that as it may, the trick is this. Everybody who takes lessons in English prose-composition soon gets a warning 'to avoid blank verse.' The precept is sound and important. That rhythm, from its familiarity, easily catches the ear; in prose it is mostly purposeless; and nothing is more vexatious than rhythm without a purpose. But regularity is the ground of variation, and the supreme end of artistic rules is to be broken with proper effect. Here, in our speech, the blank-verse rhythm is scrupulously excluded. Not any group of words suggests it, except one, where it is strongly marked. '*Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs*,' is a verse of five accents, and a good one, better, I should say, than any of Queen Margaret's in the play. And, as any one may see at a glance, it is placed as it should be, where, by a slight touch of pomp, it sustains the complaint of the vagabond above the suspicion of mendicancy.

Many other like delicacies there are; indeed every clause and phrase will bear and repay examination. But the best of all is kept for the close:

'And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.'

Here are two points principally to remark. It cannot escape notice that, for some reason, the introduction of the speaker's name, 'Meg Merrilies,' is here strangely impressive, and that the sentence seems to hinge and to swing upon it. Every one perceives this; and the cause, though less obvious, may be ascertained. We have already noted that the vocabulary of the speech, as is usual with Scott on such occasions, is extremely simple, and almost exclusively English in the strictest sense of the name. Now this vocabulary, with many merits, has, for the composer, some defects, and not least among them this—that, consisting almost wholly of monosyllables and dissyllables, it supplies hardly ever a succession of syllables, not even so much as a pair, absolutely without accent, and therefore falls naturally into an up-and-down jog, without those pleasant trisyllabic movements which in prosody are called dactylic. Introduce the elements which, in later times, our writers borrowed from Latin, and dactyls (or rather quasi-dactyls) spring up in abundance—*irregular, accessible, limited, principal, precipitous, general, singular*—these, and more, may be picked from the paragraphs, written in the common language of literature, which precede the speech of the gipsy, and have been cited above. But in the speech itself, nothing of the sort. With the vocabulary of the gipsy, the thing is hardly possible. Such combinations as 'what do ye,' 'wife of an,' 'babe that was,' are the nearest approach; and they differ materially in rhythm from *principal* or *singular*. But in 'Meg Merrilies' we do get an English triplet, the sole triplet of syllables, within one word, which the speech presents; and Scott, with an instinct sharpened by practice, seizes upon this by-gift of his own invention to swing off the finale with the desirable roll.

Partly alike is the music of the last words, alike in this, that, in the proper name 'Ellangowan,' we have again a valuable element seldom provided by pure English—a quadrisyllable with two equal accents, our nearest equivalent for the double trochee, such as *comprobavit*, so beloved by pupils of Cicero. It is the only such form in the speech. But here we have another thing to note. However well we may love our native tongue, we must allow that, as compared with some others, or with almost any other, its word-groups are

seldom musical. You cannot have everything at once. Our fathers chose for us that we should talk mostly in monosyllables, a good way, but not musical. The collision of hard sounds must at this rate be incessant, and very harsh collisions will hardly be kept out. Scott himself, writing pure English, cannot avoid them, and wisely does not try, for the constriction of such a rule would be deadly. But the result is what it must be, a 'music' bad or poor. No one, I suppose, will say that, taken as mere sound, there is any pleasure in such combinations as *quenched seven smoking hearths, . . . at Derncleugh, . . . hearthstane, . . . scratched, . . . and the blackcock, . . . babe that's, . . . and the like everywhere*. There is no help for it. But what then is the artist to do? Why, do like an artist, turn stones to stepping-stones—offer, at some chosen place, the good gift which will take more value from his very poverty. The close of the speech, the last sentence, runs almost without a trip, and the final clause, as a bit of prosody, might challenge Italian or Greek:

'And this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.'

With Scott, as with all artists in English, the contrast between the various elements in our heterogeneous lexicon, the mixture and opposition of them, is a main principle. Most often, as in the case of Meg Merrilies, he recurs for solemnity to the pure Teutonic, fashioning of course his personages accordingly. The reader will expect here the pleasure of comparing Meg's malediction with its not less admirable pendant, the gipsy's farewell to Derncleugh. I will cite it therefore, but spare my comment, which, after what has been said, will easily be conceived and supplied:

'She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said, in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before: "Do you see that blackit and broken end of a sheeling?—There my kettle boiled for forty years—there I bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters. Where are they now?—Where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree at Martinmas?—the west wind has made it bare—and I'm stripped too.—Do

you see that saugh-tree?—it's but a blackened, rotten stump now—I've sat under it mony a bonnie summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water—I've sat there, and" (elevating her voice) "I've held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars. It will ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing sangs mair, be they blithe or sad. But ye'll no forget her?—and ye'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake?—and let somebody live there that's ower guid to fear them of another world. For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould."

With the imported parts of our language, imported chiefly from Latin, as well as with the primitive parts, Scott could make masterly play when he chose. An example is to be found in that incomparable story, which makes a detached episode in 'Redgauntlet,' under the title of 'Wandering Willie's Tale.' Stevenson in 'Catriona' has testified his admiration of it by exerting his utmost strength to produce a parallel, and with as much success as could be hoped. One cannot mention Scott's story, even for the purpose of technical illustration, without turning aside to praise its general excellence. In its kind it has perhaps not a rival in English literature or anywhere else. To tell, and to refute in the telling, a legend of the supernatural, is an ancient and popular trick, but never perhaps has been performed with such delicate balance of gravity and humour. In substance the tale is simple. A certain landlord, Sir Robert Redgauntlet, a former persecutor of the Covenanters (the date is about 1700), has a retainer and tenant who waits upon him to pay certain arrears of rent. In the midst of the business the Laird is taken with a fit, of which he almost instantly dies; and the debtor in the confusion departs without, as he believes, having got a receipt. The money too is not to be found, and the heir demands a second payment. The honest defaulter, half mad with despair and drink, wanders at night to the grave of his late landlord; and there, after a dream in which he visits the dead man, he wakes with the receipt in his hand. Payment being thus proved, the disappearance of the money is soon traced to the theft of a monkey, which was present at the time of the transaction. With

singular skill and power Scott shows how, from these not wonderful incidents, has grown in the course of a generation an awful story of retribution and reward. About the true facts there is no doubt. To establish the supernatural version it would of course be essential to show that the receipt was *got*, and not merely found, by the debtor on the night alleged, that is to say, after the death and burial of the payee. The receipt itself, the document, was so dated! So at least we are told; but the paper was immediately destroyed! Everything therefore turns on the question whether the debtor took such a paper from the room at the time of the payment, or whether, as he supposed, he did not. And most unfortunately our informant, the debtor's grandson, actually gives, though he is not in the least aware of it, two accounts of the transaction, *which differ totally at the critical point*. The thing is a delightful example of Scott's profound acquaintance with story-telling men, and the masterly use which he made of it; and the passages will serve, as well as any, for specimens of the narrator's language and style. Here is his first account of the payment:

'My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily—"Is it all here, Steenie, man?"

"Your honour will find it right," said my gudesire.

"Here, Dougal," said the Laird, "gie Steenie a tass of brandy downstairs, *till I count the siller and write the receipt*."

'But they werena weel out of the room when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garr'd the Castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on yell gied the Laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured *back into the parlour*. . . . [His] head was like to turn. He forgot baith siller and receipt, and down stairs he banged,' etc.

Now upon this showing it is plain, both that the receipt could easily be written, and that the debtor could easily take it away unawares; and, given these facts, no reasonable person would doubt that the whole story should be so understood and explained. But presently we have the interview between the debtor and Sir Robert's heir (Sir John), when, of course, the cir-

cumstances of payment have to be related again, as accounting for the absence of proof. And behold, they are completely transformed! The narrator thus dramatises the dialogue:

'STEPHEN: "Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father."

'SIR JOHN: "Ye took a receipt, then, doubtless, Stephen; and can produce it?"

'STEPHEN: "Indeed, *I hadna time*, an it like your honour, for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and *just as his honour, Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him.*"'

If this were the truth, or near the truth, evidently the receipt could not be written, and the debtor knew, by the witness of his own eyes, that it never was. But here, on every material fact, the latter version is contradicted by the first, though both are given, as this very discrepancy proves, in good faith. That Scott perceived the flaw, and deliberately planned it, is proved (if proof be wanted) by his providing the narrator with a plausible pretext for giving, or rather purporting to give, the second version, the erroneous and misleading, in the form of a dramatic dialogue, reported *ipsissimis verbis*:

'I have heard their communings so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there mysell.'

Accordingly he describes the interview exactly as if he had been there, and, at the very point where he becomes essentially false, becomes also (as we see in the quotation) most precise and positive in form, dropping narration altogether, and acting each speaker in turn. To this change of form Scott emphatically directs attention, actually arresting the story at this point and inserting a comment, by the supposed auditor, upon the narrator's dramatic talent. At a first reading, or a second, this may appear needless or cumbrous, but presently we perceive the humour of it. The supposed precision is of course altogether illusory, and merely serves to disguise from our informant the fact that, as can be proved out of his own mouth, he is not here reporting the incident as it was originally told. Scott's own view of the facts, the rationalistic view, is implied clearly enough in the final paragraph of the story, and indeed throughout.

We may see here in fact, exhibited from within, an example of that skill in recalling, applying, and accenting the observed traits of character and speech, for which, in the case of Scott, we have external testimony more abundant than in any other. One cannot easily doubt that the unconscious misrepresentation of Wandering Willie, and the equally unconscious comment of Darsie Latimer, reflect, without exactly imitating, some actual experience, in which the acuteness of Scott, both in noting and recording, was as much above that of his company as we know it to have been from the common report of his intimates. The case would resemble that of the sailor at Leith, as it is detailed by his friend James Skene in the 'Memories,' recently edited and published by Mr Basil Thomson.* It is often not difficult, and it is an amusing as well as profitable exercise, to discover, by looking close enough, touches of this sort, which Scott, because they would be spoiled by a bald statement, has properly left to the reader's penetration. To collect them, and to use them aright, was the work of that large, easy, and genial survey which embraced and united all kinds of society, from the range of peers, statesmen, scholars, poets, and the like—such as pass before us as 'Sir Walter Scott's Friends' in the pages of Mrs MacCunn—to the humbler but not less necessary sort, whose 'Memories' will not be edited, nor their lives otherwise portrayed than as they contributed to the store of Sir Walter.

We have not space to compare in detail Stevenson's rival tale of the Bass Rock (in 'Catriona'), though the comparison would be full of interest. In the tone of the two there is this important difference, that the allegations in Stevenson's tale cannot possibly be resolved into common incidents *plus* involuntary error. When we are told that, at one and the same moment, several persons saw A.B. dancing (in spirit) at one place, and a crowd of other persons saw him lying motionless (in body) many miles away, we are driven to suppose that either the facts or the lies are abnormal. Our choice will depend on our opinion of the witnesses and our general theory of the universe. To Frederic Myers the facts in the 'Bass Rock' story, so far as I have yet given them, seemed abnormal

* p. 8. See also pp. 29, 51, 60, 184, 231.

indeed, but quite natural. Never shall I forget the grave and reproachful tone in which, talking of 'Catriona' soon after its appearance, he complained of Stevenson for disfiguring an otherwise legitimate and persuasive piece of imagination by the 'ridiculous' addition, that, when the dancing spirit is shot, the silver coin, with which the gun was loaded, is found in the man's body, which dies at the same moment but—several miles away. The precise boundary between the natural and the ridiculous is sometimes not easy to fix.

However, to return to Scott, such, in the bare outline and in general style, is the famous tale of Wandering Willie. But if there were no more to say of it, if it rose nowhere above the level which we have described, it would be good indeed, even so perhaps best in its kind, but it would not have the sublimity which Scott has contrived to impart. This depends on the moral source of the legend, the assurance of future punishment reserved for a persecutor of the saints. The Sir Robert Redgauntlet of the story was, as we have said, an oppressor, a cruel oppressor, of nonconformists and recusants; and his tenant, the originator of the legend, though no saint, was a religious man, and had no doubt whatever of his master's destiny *post mortem*. Accordingly, in his dream beside the grave, it is to Hell that he goes for the receipt, a Hell which is also and at the same time Sir Robert's own house. There still, there again, as in this world often, he and his wicked friends are holding such feast as yet they may. The vision is profoundly moving and solemn, and from it is diffused over the whole narrative a strong religious enchantment, which raises what otherwise were a trifle to the level of Dante and Homer.

Indeed, I have such a reverence for this episode, the Hades of the oppressors, that I have some scruple in touching it with a philological finger. But since I do not myself find in such remarks any bar to emotion, but feel the poetic achievement only the more when I seem to perceive the means, others, I suppose, may feel the same; and the truth is, that the effect is partly, and even principally, a matter of vocabulary. The strolling fiddler, Wandering Willie, who tells the tale, is by birth a peasant, and his ordinary language is not very far, though it differs, from

that of Meg Merrilies. But he is no gipsy. He has had the regular Presbyterian training and, from special circumstances, much irregular education besides. He has notions of history, theology, literature; and specially, like all good Scots, he knows and reverences the language of the preacher. The influence of it may be traced often, and grows when he begins to describe his grandfather's dream. And when for a while he is fully possessed by the moral and religious purport of the vision, shade by shade his speech takes the learned colours of the pulpit, French and Latin, even Greek, points from the Pentateuch, and rhythms modelled upon the Psalms. You will hardly find anywhere a finer example of what can be done by economy of art than the simple effects of this passage, the unexpected and therefore thrilling note of such words as *fierce, savage, dissolute, beautiful, contorted, melancholy*. And finally, this far-away spell dies out as it came in, and we sink back into the plainness of the vernacular. Here is the passage, with so much of the context as will suffice to show these contrasts. Coming in his dream to Redgauntlet Castle, the debtor is received there, as usual, by Dougal MacCallum, Sir Robert's old servant, whose death, be it remarked, has followed close on that of his master:

“Never fash yoursell wi’ me,” said Dougal, “but look to yoursell; and see ye tak naething frae ony body here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt that is your ain.”

‘So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kend to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane sangs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculduddry, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blithest.

‘But, Lord take us in keeping, what a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat around that table!—My gudesire kend mony that had long before gane to their place, for often had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothies, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalrymple, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron’s blude on his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr Cargill’s limbs till the blude sprung; and Dunbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, who, for his worldly wit

and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god.* And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laugh passed into such wild sounds as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.*

'They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving-men and troopers that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nether-town, that helped to take Argyle; and the Bishop's summoner, that they called the Deil's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and mony a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickeder than they would be; grinding the poor to powder, when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.'

It will of course be understood that Scott, as a manipulator of language, is not to be praised without discrimination. Not only is he often careless, sometimes in place and sometimes very much out of place, but a certain class of his romances, the so-called 'historic,' are all debased, more or less, by a deplorable amalgam, which he compounded from cuttings of every kind of English between Chaucer and Gray, and vended as, in some sort, the style of chivalry. 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Talisman,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'Nigel' even, 'Woodstock,' 'Peveril' and others, are sown more or less liberally with this pernicious flower. It pleased the day, but it was a bad thing, and, like all weeds, was fertile. It has helped to make some of the worst literature that we possess. But let us say no more of it. It has little or no part in these: 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'Old Mortality,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Redgauntlet,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' 'St. Ronan's Well,' and within this round one may comfortably circulate without end.

* Between these points the dialectic forms almost totally disappear. In the next paragraph they gradually reappear.

'St Ronan's Well?' Yes, assuredly, 'St Ronan's Well.' It has defects; it is not such a masterpiece as 'The Bride.' The elements, comic and tragic, are not so well accommodated; and Scott, alas! was persuaded, almost compelled, by his publisher, to sacrifice the very base of his tragedy to the conciliation of the vulgar, who were not won nevertheless. But the story is fine, and the strong scenes—chapter 23 for example, or chapter 35—very strong. And they will supply instances of the power and dignity which Scott, when he chooses, can put even into the artificial, super-literary English, which he inherited from the eighteenth century. So here:

"There is a Heaven above us, and THERE shall be judged our actions towards each other! You abuse a power most treacherously obtained—you break a heart that never did you wrong—you seek an alliance with a wretch who only wishes to be wedded to her grave. If my brother brings you hither, I cannot help it—and if your coming prevents bloody and unnatural violence, it is so far well. But by my consent you come *not*; and were the choice mine, I would rather be struck with life-long blindness than that my eyes should again open on your person—rather that my ears were stuffed with the earth of the grave than that they should again hear your voice."

Or here:

"Oh! no—no—no!" exclaimed the terrified girl, throwing herself at his feet; "do not kill me, brother! I have wished for death—thought of death—prayed for death—but, oh! it is frightful to think that he is near—Oh! not a bloody death, brother, nor by your hand!"

She held him close by the knees as she spoke, and expressed in her looks and accents the utmost terror. It was not, indeed, without reason; for the extreme solitude of the place, the violent and inflamed passions of her brother, and the desperate circumstances to which he had reduced himself, seemed all to concur to render some horrid act of violence not an improbable termination of this strange interview.

Mowbray folded his arms, without unclenching his hands, or raising his head, while his sister continued on the floor, clasping him round the knees with all her strength, and begging piteously for her life and for mercy.

"Fool!" he said at last, "let me go!—Who cares for thy worthless life?—Who cares if thou live or die? Live, if thou

canst—and be the hate and scorn of everyone else, as much as thou art mine.”’

Extreme solitude, inflamed passions, improbable termination—the movement of the narrative is cumbrous and wordy. But it is strong; and the stronger notes of the speeches are relieved against it with discretion and temperature.

In conclusion let it be said, though it is perhaps needless, that I do not here pretend to estimate, as a whole, the merits of Scott's work as a romancer. Of many aspects, and these the most important, we have said little or nothing. In 'Guy Mannering' the variety and coherence of the topics, in 'Old Mortality' the subtle distinction of similar idiosyncrasies, in 'Rob Roy' the picturesque backgrounds, in 'Redgauntlet' vigour of caricature, in the 'Heart of Midlothian' a perspective of society, humour in 'The Antiquary,' horror in 'St Ronan's Well,' and all together in the tragedy of 'Lammermoor'—these and other qualities are doubtless more vital than style. But without style, they would not have achieved the end. Scott, in his way and at his hours, is a very great stylist, supreme and hardly to be surpassed. His manner of working, his profusion, the nature of his faults, give room for mistake and misrepresentation about this aspect of his genius. And for this reason it may not have been amiss to bespeak attention to the form, as well as the matter, of his prose.

A. W. VERRALL.

Art. 3.—SOME RECENT STUDIES IN THE PROBLEM OF CANCER.

1. *The Scientific Reports of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.* London: Taylor and Francis, 1904, etc.
2. *The Reports from the Cancer Research Laboratories of the Middlesex Hospital.* London: Macmillan, 1902, etc.
3. *Le Problème du Cancer.* By A. Borrel. In *Bulletin de l'Institut Pasteur.* Vol. v. Paris: Masson, 1907.
4. *The Natural History of Cancer.* By W. Roger Williams. London: Heinemann, 1908.
5. *The Geographical Distribution of Disease in England* By Alfred Haviland. Second edition. London: Sonnenschein, 1892.
6. *Cancer.* By P. Menetrier. (Vol. XIII in Brouardel, Gilbert and Thoinot's 'Traité de Médecine.') Paris: Baillièrre et fils, 1908.
7. *Lectures on the Pathology of Cancer.* By C. P. White, M.D. Manchester: University Press, 1908.

IN the study of cancer, as in most other sciences, the results obtained are already of such complexity that they can only be understood, and their importance grasped, by the specialist in the subject. The problem has been attacked from all sides, histologists, cytologists, chemists, embryologists, bacteriologists, protozoologists, and statisticians having each and all attempted to solve it in different ways. The result has been the acquisition of an enormous mass of information, if not of knowledge; but we are bound to confess, with regret, but without shame and without despair for the future, that the solution of the mystery is still to seek, and that the work accomplished so far is merely a solid foundation for a building the first brick of which has yet to be laid, and the nature and form of which no man can prophesy. The study of cancer is in a state which may be compared with that of tuberculosis in the days just before the discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Koch.* The disease had been studied both on a large and a small scale with the greatest care, results of much value had been obtained, and ha

* The comparison is employed by Borrel ('Bulletin de l'Institut v. 497).

pondered by some of the ablest men of the age. The result had been the production of a crop of theories, some demonstrably false, some improvable, some mere verbiage and a darkening of counsel, and some mere platitudes. Then came Koch's masterly paper, making the whole nature of tubercle clear at a glance, and converting the great mass of undigested facts into a scientific system: it was like the effect of dropping a crystal into a saturated solution, causing each molecule to fit instantly into its appointed place. In cancer research the pioneer studies have been made, all the false issues (and these in great numbers) that have presented themselves have been exposed, and the time seems ripe for the discovery of the road that leads straight to the heart of the maze. In this essay we propose to give a brief account of some of the more important points that are being investigated at the present time, dealing more especially with the questions which appeal to the layman as well as to the medical man or pathologist.

Let us first explain briefly what a cancer is. Plants and animals are built up mainly of cells, which are to be regarded as the units of life, and which build up living beings as atoms build up chemical substances. These cells are highly complex bodies. The painstaking researches of the cytologists, especially those engaged in the subject in connexion with the study of heredity, discover almost daily new complexities in the structure of even the simplest cell; and when we consider that the ovum or egg-cell, from which all living beings develop, contains within itself such endless potentialities, such manifold and various hereditary characters for good and evil, this high degree of organisation need not surprise us. In the normal healthy adult the cells that make up the body are engaged in various functions, differing in each tissue and organ, and have almost ceased to grow. Growth and subdivision of the cells does indeed take place, especially amongst certain cells, but it is a comparatively subordinate process, occurring in an orderly manner and only when the needs of the body demand it. For example, the cells which make up the outer layer of the skin have for their function the defence of the more delicate tissues of the body. They are constantly being rubbed or washed off, and any non-living tissue would

soon be worn away if exposed to the wear and tear to which, for instance, the skin of the hand of a workman is exposed. To make up for this constant loss, the cells in the lower layer divide, each into two, which gradually grow to the full size and go to form the normal thickness of the skin. This takes place in an orderly and regular manner, resulting in a layer of perfectly formed cells which form a beautiful mosaic, and which gradually become hard, horny, and exquisitely adapted for their duties, as they are traced towards the surface. In most other tissues cell-division takes place to a much less extent, but here also it is orderly and regular and takes place only in response to a need for fresh cells in the region.

In cancer a similar cell-division takes place, but in a wild, capricious, and unnecessary manner, and the cells thus formed do not organise themselves into those which make up the normal structure of the organ in which they develop, though they may imitate it to a certain extent. The resulting mass of cells discharges no useful function in the body, on which it lives just like a parasite; indeed, the physiological analogy between a parasite and a tumour is extraordinarily close, only it must be a parasite which increases in size continuously and relentlessly and burrows deeper and deeper into the tissues of its host. An illustration may make this clearer. Imagine a house the walls of which are built of living bricks, which grow in such a way as to repair the weathering and erosion of the surface, so that as each brick is dissolved or removed from the outside it is replaced by one newly formed from below. This is exactly what occurs in the healthy skin. Now suppose one or more of the bricks to cast off all restraint and to start growing and dividing rapidly and in an entirely purposeless fashion; imagine the bricks thus produced to be badly formed, variable in size and shape, and useless in every way; and imagine them growing inwards instead of outwards, invading the house, occupying it with a constantly increasing mass of irregular brickwork which slowly but surely fills up the interior and renders life within impossible. This is what takes place in cancer; and the problem of its nature is to find out what causes this anarchy in the naturally well-ordered hierarchy of cells, and why a cell which had for years discharged its

duty in an orderly fashion should suddenly abandon all restraint and begin dividing and subdividing in so useless a manner. The cancer-cell is one that has lost all—or almost all—its functions save that of growth and subdivision, and modern studies seem to show that its growth can continue—given suitable circumstances—to an unlimited extent. The problem of the nature of cancer resolves itself into the question why a cell, or perhaps a group of cells, suddenly takes on the power of incessant and purposeless growth.

And there are no indications that this problem will be solved in the near future. Suggestion after suggestion, some wild and futile, and some based on a clear knowledge of all the known facts and elaborated with great skill, have been brought forward, but each and all have failed to stand the test of further investigation or to satisfy the profession generally. Even the main question, as to whether cancer is or is not a parasitic disease, and due to a living organism, is not yet settled, and respectable authorities maintain each view. The feeling on the subject, which is not perhaps always expressed, appears to alternate at intervals of a few years, and at present the non-parasitic theory is generally accepted by pathologists. There is, however, no definite and conclusive proof against the microbic theory, and signs are not wanting that it may come into favour again. In the past very many organisms, bacteria, yeasts, and protozoan parasites have been thought to be the true cause, and in some cases on what appeared to be very strong evidence. All these have now been definitely exculpated, and there is now no doubt that if cancer is due to a living organism, it is either one that requires very special methods of staining to make it visible, or—and this is more probable—that it is one of the microbes, the existence of which is now proved, that are smaller than the smallest objects that can be demonstrated with the highest powers of the microscope available at present. A very minute bacterium, capable only of living (in the body at least) in the substance of a cell of the patient, and stimulating this cell to continued growth, is a possible conception, and if it occurred it would appear to account for most if not all of the facts known about cancer whether of man or of the lower animals.

The other scientific theories of cancer, those which attribute it to developmental defects, or to chemical changes in the blood or tissues, need not be discussed. In most cases the former are founded on analogies, more or less fanciful, with what takes place during the development of the embryo, a period in which the whole of the energies of the body are directed to the one function of growth, just as in the case with the tumour-cell. Even if we admitted their truth, they would only remove the problem a step back, and the actual exciting cause of the disease would be still to seek. The majority of pathologists at the present day, whilst inclining away from a microbic view, and condemning all theories at present advanced as untenable, join with Newton in saying, 'Hypotheses non fingo,' and concentrate their attention on the discovery of new facts.

With the suggestions which attribute cancer to eating meat, tomatoes, or other vegetables, too much or too little salt; to the presence of sulphurous compounds in the air; to the increasing stress of modern life; to vaccination; to the presence of decomposing animal or vegetable matter, and to a thousand and one other supposed causes—it is not necessary to deal. In all cases the theories are readily disprovable by an examination of the distribution of the disease amongst mankind in different countries and conditions. We are not prepared, however, to deny absolutely that meat-eating in excess may have some effect in increasing the liability to the disease, though its occurrence in vegetarians and herbivorous animals demonstrates that it is not an invariable and necessary cause. One of the most thoughtful and philosophical attempts to find an ætiological factor for the disease, i.e. a cause which, acting on a large scale, increases its prevalence, as opposed to the *vera causa* which stimulates the cell to start its anarchistic career, is that of Roger Williams. According to him cancer is pre-eminently a disease due to increased civilisation, accompanied, as is usually the case, with an increased influx of the rural population to the towns, increased material prosperity, and consequent excessive feeding. Williams accepts the figures which appear to show that cancer is actually increasing rapidly, and attempts to show that this increase is due to the sudden change in

environment which occurs in the passage from poverty to riches, or from a rural to an urban habitat. The figures of the incidence of the disease in different countries tend, on the whole, to bear out the idea that cancer affects chiefly the more civilised communities; yet even here there are difficulties, arising partly from the fact that statistics are better kept in these communities, and that the individuals who compose them are more likely to live on into the cancer age. Williams cites, in proof of his theory, the figures for London in 1903, which show cancer to be most prevalent in Hampstead, Marylebone, and Chelsea, and low in Holborn, Shoreditch, Southwark, Bethnal Green, Finsbury, and Stepney. An even better example is furnished by a comparison of the statistics for Bristol (with its mixed population), its wealthy suburb, Clifton, and its poor one, St Philip:

| | Bristol. | Clifton. | St Philip. |
|----------------------------|----------|----------|------------|
| Total population | 338,895 | 44,435 | 48,986 |
| „ deaths | 4,822 | 494 | 711 |
| General death-rate | 142 | 111 | 145 |
| Cancer deaths | 281 | 46 | 38 |
| „ death-rate | 83 | 103 | 77 |
| Phthisis deaths | 366 | 29 | 55 |
| „ death-rate | 103 | 65 | 110 |

The comparison between the low death-rate from phthisis, well known to be a disease due to under-feeding and general unhealthy environment, and high death-rate from cancer in the wealthy suburb, with the high phthisis and low cancer death-rate in the poorer locality, is certainly striking, and figures like these, in which the individuals concerned are grouped under conditions approximately similar as regards medical attendance and methods of collecting statistics, must be regarded as of much greater value than those obtained in different countries. The Irish figures bear out the theory very well. In Kerry, where the inhabitants are notoriously underfed, there is much phthisis and little cancer, whereas in Ulster the opposite conditions obtain. On the whole, it is probable that Roger Williams' theory is correct, at least in part, and that a change in environment such as is due to a change from a rural to an urban life, and an abundant diet, especially one rich in meat and other

proteids, must be regarded as being at least one of the factors in causing a prevalence of the disease. There are, however, difficulties. It is hard, on this theory, to account for the low death-rate in Brittany and the high rate in its adjacent Normandy, or the very high figures met with in French towns and the comparatively low ones seen in those in England, and especially America. Thus the death-rate per 10,000 living is, in Boulogne-sur-Mer, 17·5; in Rouen, 16·9; and in Paris, 11·8; whereas in London it is only 6·8; in New York, 6·2; and in Washington, 5. Differences in methods of registration hardly appear capable of explaining differences so wide, nor can they easily be harmonised with Williams' theory. Furthermore, it is quite certain that none of the factors on which Roger Williams lays stress are necessary antecedents of cancer, for it occurs in savages as well as amongst civilised folk, in country as well as in towns, and in vegetarians as well as in meat-eaters.

One of the most important questions of the day deals with the supposed increase in cancer. We say 'supposed,' for here, as in so many questions connected with the subject, certainty is not yet attained. One thing is quite clear, and that is, that in nearly all countries in which statistics are kept there is a larger recorded proportion of deaths due to cancer year by year. The following table will show this increase in England and Wales:

| Year. | Cancer death-rate per million living. | Proportion to population. | Proportion to total deaths. |
|--------------|--|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1840 | 177 | 1-5,646 | 1-129 |
| 1850 | 279 | 1-3,579 | 1-74 |
| 1860 | 343 | 1-2,915 | 1-62 |
| 1870 | 424 | 1-2,361 | 1-54 |
| 1880 | 502 | 1-1,946 | 1-40 |
| 1890 | 676 | 1-1,480 | 1-28 |
| 1900 | 828 | 1-1,207 | 1-22 |
| 1905 | 885 | 1-1,131 | 1-17 |

Similar results are obtained from a study of statistics in all parts of the world. Thus in Scotland there has been a rise in the death-rate per million living from 416 in the decade 1861-70 to 890 in 1905; the numbers are usually greater than in England. In Ireland (where, however, the value of the statistics is greatly impaired by the extent to which emigration has taken place) the

rate has increased from 270 in 1864 to 793 in 1906. Similar increases are reported from all parts of the world in which statistics are kept, and this both in rural and urban districts.

The interpretation of these crude figures is a problem of extreme difficulty. There can be no doubt whatever that they exaggerate to a very great extent any possible rise that may have occurred, and, in the opinion of some eminent authorities, they do not prove that any increase whatever has occurred. In the first place, a deduction has to be made for the greater number of individuals who survive to the age at which cancer is most prevalent; for the disease is, in all its forms, one of advanced life. This is well shown by the following table, showing the prevalence of the disease at all ages in the city of Paris; the figures give the proportion of deaths from the disease per 100,000 living at that age :

| | Male. | Female. |
|-----------------|-------|---------|
| 0-9 | 6 | 6 |
| 10-19 | 2 | 3 |
| 20-29 | 8 | 13 |
| 30-39 | 38 | 104 |
| 40-49 | 179 | 334 |
| 50-59 | 556 | 694 |
| 60-69 | 1,227 | 1,208 |
| 70-79 | 1,453 | 1,495 |

The figures for England and Wales (per million living at the various ages) are :

| | Under 5 years. | 5- | 10- | 15- | 20- | 25- | 35- | 45- | 55- | 65- | 75- |
|---------|-------------------|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Male . | 31 | 11 | 20 | 29 | 60 | 101 | 418 | 1,483 | 3,796 | 5,735 | 6,715 |
| Female. | 29 | 20 | 18 | 32 | 47 | 197 | 942 | 2,433 | 4,561 | 6,254 | 7,468 |

The two sets of figures (and many others might be quoted) are quite comparable, and show clearly the increasing liability to cancer with increasing age, and they show us that it is quite useless to compare the cancer death-rates of two communities unless the age-distribution of the individuals composing each is known. For example, we should expect to find a low rate in a

district in which, owing to the prevalence of numerous schools or of barracks, the average age of the inhabitants was low, and a high one in one in which, owing to the presence of numerous almshouses, etc., the average age was older; and this irrespective of the real prevalence of the disease in a normal population. Now, in recent years, owing to improved sanitation, increase in medical knowledge, and other causes, the average age at death has increased, and more individuals survive into the cancer age. Part, at least, of the apparent increase in the prevalence of the disease is due to this cause.

Roger Williams has pointed out that these figures do not indicate that cancer is a senile disease. The increase at increasing ages is not a regular one, as is the case with many diseases, but occurs disproportionately rapidly in the post-meridian period—forty-five to sixty-five—the increase occurring much earlier in women than in men. This he confirmed by finding the cancer deaths in 1087 centenarians were decidedly low.

A still more important cause of error in these statistics arises from the fact that, owing to the advance of medical and surgical skill, there has been a steady increase in the accuracy with which the diseases have been diagnosed; and such increase tends very strongly to augment the number of cases of cancer recorded at the expense of other diseases. Thus, fifty years ago, or even less, many medical men were content to diagnose a patient's disease as jaundice or paralysis, whereas to-day we know that the former may be caused by cancer of the pancreas and the latter by cancer of the brain, and are not content until the nature of the disease has been elucidated as far as possible. In this respect very great help has been afforded by the advances in surgery and in the use of the microscope, and, quite lately, in the application of the X-rays to the internal parts of the body. In a few cases the increase of accuracy in diagnosis has led to cases which were formerly included as cancer being removed to another category, as in some cases of lupus; but this is quite rare, and, as a general rule, it may be stated that the more carefully cases are diagnosed during life, and the greater the number of post-mortem examinations, the higher will be the number of cases of cancer recorded. Looked at in this light, it will be seen that the cancer

death-rate in 1840 is not comparable with that in 1905; they deal with entirely different conditions, and the latter figure includes a very great number of cases which, in the former, would be included under many other heads. The only question is, what allowance can be made for these advances in accuracy of registration? Some authorities go so far as to say that the whole of the increase may be accounted for in this way, whilst others minimise the error, pointing out that whereas early cancer is often difficult of diagnosis, the nature of late stages of the disease is usually easily recognised, and emphasising the fact, already pointed out, that some diseases are now removed from the cancer class in which they were formerly included. To this we may add that the increase in surgical skill ought to have brought about some degree of reduction in the number of deaths from the disease, for there is no doubt whatever that a large number of cases are cured, in so far that they live for many years after the operation and die of other diseases.

The most accurate method of dealing with the question available at present is based on the fact that there should be less error in the diagnosis of external cancers than of those affecting the internal organs, and that a study of the former should afford some clue to the real prevalence of the disease. Judged in this way, the statistics at our disposal appear to show that the increase is more apparent than real. Thus King and Newsholme have examined the statistics of Frankfort, which have been better kept than those of most places, and on a uniform system, and have arrived at this conclusion. They find the increase to be as follows, the numbers given being per 100,000 living:

| | External. | | Internal. | |
|----------------|-----------|-------|-----------|-------|
| | 1860. | 1889. | 1860. | 1889. |
| Male | 12·6 | 7·04 | 118·8 | 188·8 |
| Female | 108·1 | 132·9 | 132·3 | 193 |

De Bovis quotes the Italian statistics with similar results; thus, comparing the easily diagnosed cancer of the breast with that of the internal abdominal organs, we find the

former had decreased from 1013 in 1887-89 to 916 in 1899, whereas the latter had increased from 5463 to 7853. Similar phenomena have been adduced from a study of the statistics of Paris, Stuttgart, and other places. The bearings of these results are obvious; if there has been no real increase in the cancer of external regions, there is every reason to believe that the increase recorded in internal cancer may be only apparent, and due to more accurate registration and diagnosis. It is difficult to be dogmatic on the subject, and the data available are probably not enough to permit of a definite conclusion; but, so far as they go, they certainly indicate that if there is any increase in cancer it is only a slight one, and that by far the greater proportion of the apparent increase is due to more accurate diagnosis.

Similar arguments apply to the statistics from different countries. Before inferring from the crude figures, as given in the mortality returns, that cancer is more prevalent in one part of the world than in another, we must just ascertain whether the figures are really comparable, and must know, firstly, the age-distribution of the population, and secondly, the methods of diagnosis and death-registration employed; and the latter is by far the more important. Applying this test, we are led to the belief that, for the white races at least, the local differences in the cancer death-rate are greatly exaggerated in the statistics, and that the more carefully registration is conducted the more the cancer death-rate will approach a fixed maximum, which does not greatly differ in different cases.

Another question of extreme interest to the layman especially, deals with the question of the infectivity or contagiousness of cancer. There is no evidence that it possesses either of these properties. In a few cases a cancerous growth has infected a part of the patient's own body that has been kept in contact with it (e.g. a cancer of one eyelid has given rise to a similar disease in the other at a point where the two come into apposition), and in this sense the disease is undoubtedly contagious as regards the patient himself. Apart from this, all evidence points in the opposite direction. Numerous surgeons have attempted to inoculate themselves deliberately, with negative results, whilst thousands must have

operated on cancers whilst suffering from cuts or abrasions on the hands ; yet cases of disease acquired in this way are unknown ; nor are attendants in cancer wards especially prone to the disease. A few apparent cases of direct transmission from person to person are on record, but their extreme rarity as compared with the great frequency of the conditions for their occurrence leads us to attribute them to coincidence or imperfect observation.

The negative evidence is somewhat less strong with regard to the question of the infectivity of cancer, i.e. whether the hypothetical 'germ' of cancer can affect certain localities, so that persons who are in other respects suitable candidates for the disease may acquire it if they live for a sufficient time in these regions, escaping it if they reside in a place where the infection is absent. This problem is more difficult. It is obviously no use to compare one locality with a distant one, for here the differences in the death-rate from the disease may be due to differences of race, habits, environment, or many other factors, or may, on the other hand, be simply due to the abundance or scantiness of the supposed infective agent. A solution of the problem is only possible from a study of the distribution of the disease in a homogeneous population living under similar conditions. Investigations of this sort brought to light the existence of 'cancer-houses,' in which the disease appeared to be unduly frequent, thus tending to support the theory of its infectivity. It was supposed that a case happened to occur in such a house, which became saturated with the infective agent and subsequent inhabitants became infected, just as is known to be the case so often with phthisis. That such actually happens has long been an article of belief with the lay public, but it has not been investigated scientifically until comparatively lately, the attention of the medical world being apparently directed to the question by Guelliot.*

The subject was investigated by D'Arcy Power, by a committee appointed by the Birmingham branch of the British Medical Association in certain parts of the Midlands, by Behla in Luckau, and by others, all of whom have found this apparent tendency of cancer to attack

* Guelliot, 'Gaz. des Hôpitaux' (1892), No. 139.

the inhabitants (often unrelated) of certain houses. The subject was carefully examined by Symons* in regard to the distribution of the disease in Bath. He found that during thirty-two years there had been 1319 deaths from the disease. In 1111 of these there had been no other case in the house during this period; in 95 cases there were 2 deaths, and in 6 cases 3 deaths in the same house. These figures might at first sight be considered to prove the existence of 'cancer-houses,' but Symons analysed them on the basis of the mathematical theory of probabilities, and found that they were explicable without any such assumption, the figures being little more than if they were due to pure chance. He examined other recorded cases of 'cancer-houses' in the same way with similar results, and it is now generally held that cancer is not a house disease, and that there is no evidence that it is communicable from person to person. This, it must be pointed out, in no sense disproves the possibility of its parasitic origin.

The question of the influence of the geological configuration of the soil has been carefully studied, and the results have in general confirmed the views formulated by Haviland,† that cancer is especially a disease of low-lying districts, especially if near to a river which occasionally floods its banks, and in flat marshy districts, the localities especially free from the disease being high and dry situations. Behla found similar results in a single town (Luckau), the low-lying and damp districts of which were very subject to cancer, whilst a high and dry suburb was free from the disease during the period in question. So also the Birmingham Committee, in their study of the disease in the Midlands, and Kolb in Southern Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and Foucault in Fontainebleau, all considered their results to prove the disease especially prevalent in damp soils, and this view was generally accepted. Later studies, especially that of Scott‡ in Essex, show that these results are certainly not invariably true, and, according to the studies of Höber, the conditions of the soil have but little effect on the

* Symons, 'Public Health,' Dec. 1898.

† Haviland, 'Geographical Distribution of Disease in Great Britain,' 1892 (first ed., 1875).

‡ Scott, 'British Medical Journal' (1900), vol. ii, 420.

mortality from this disease. The question is one that calls urgently for careful investigation on a large scale, and by mathematicians competent to analyse their results by modern methods.

The study of cancer on the large scale, by statistical methods, has so far led to disappointing results. It would appear at first sight easy to determine, at least the predisposing causes of the disease, by a study of its distribution with regard to the habits and habitat of its victims, their personal history and heredity, but such studies, with hardly an exception, have led to indeterminate results. The investigation of the disease in one district has led to conclusions which appear to be definitely proved, such, for example, as the apparent connexion of cancer with a damp subsoil. This has been studied in other districts, and indeterminate or totally opposite results obtained. As another example, we may quote the question of heredity. That there was a hereditary predisposition to cancer in certain families, and that this predisposition played a part of great importance in the ætiology of the disease, was regarded as proved beyond possibility of doubt; but more recent investigations have shown that previous observers have been largely influenced by coincidences (such, for instance, as the celebrated case of the Buonaparte family), and that, when carefully prepared statistics are examined by modern methods of mathematical analysis, they afford no support to the theory. Indeed, some results obtained at the Middlesex Hospital and analysed by Karl Pearson* appear to indicate that a person with a family history of cancer is, if anything, slightly less liable to contract the disease than a person without such a history. But the difficulties in the collection of the data necessary for such investigations are so great that all such conclusions must be received with caution, as Pearson points out. It was the experience of such blind alleys in the study of cancer that led pathologists to turn with relief to the experimental study of the disease, rendered possible by the demonstration of the fact that cancer is inoculable in the lower

* 'Archives of the Middlesex Hospital,' vol. ii (second report from the Cancer Research Laboratories (1904), pp. 104, 127).

animals, provided always that a tumour arising from one animal is inoculated into another of the same species, e.g. a tumour arising from a mouse must be inoculated into a mouse, that from a rat into a rat, and so on. We are here on surer ground, and, admitting that the cancer of the lower animals is of the same nature and governed by the same laws as the disease in man, we may expect results of far greater value from studies of this nature, in which all, or nearly all, of the fallacies incidental to clinical and statistical studies can be avoided. An enormous amount of work has already been accomplished in this direction, of which we shall only give the outline, as it is not of great interest to the general reader.

It is found that for the disease to be transmissible from one animal to another, portions of tissue containing whole cells must be transmitted; if the cells are ground up and filtered the filtrate becomes innocuous. This is quite different from the results obtained in dealing with diseases known to be of bacterial origin, in which such a procedure would simply liberate the bacteria, which would then infect their new host. For the inoculation to succeed, living cells must be inoculated, and the continued growth of the tumour in its new host is simply due to the continued growth and subdivision of these transplanted cells, to which the new host simply supplies nourishment. The inoculations may be carried on from one animal to another, apparently without cessation, thus leading us to the conclusion that, given suitable nourishment, the cancer cell is capable of living and multiplying indefinitely.

The most important results are undoubtedly those which go to show the existence of immunity to cancer; their importance arises from the fact that they afford a gleam of hope, at present perhaps but a feeble one, but still a gleam, that the disease may be prevented or cured in the future.

That natural immunity occurs appears from the fact that the mice of a certain region may be refractory to the cancer from another district: thus with one particular strain of mouse-cancer successful inoculations were obtained in 97 per cent. of cases where Berlin mice were used, in 24 per cent. with Hamburg mice, whilst negative

results were obtained in all cases with animals from Copenhagen and Christiania. But if the mice from Berlin were kept for some time in Norway they became relatively insusceptible, showing that altered surroundings may rapidly cause a profound alteration in an animal's constitution. These results are of the greatest interest in connexion with the statistical study of cancer and its distribution in various localities.

Even more important, from its possible bearing on the question of the prevention and curative treatment of the disease, are the observations which prove that the development of an acquired immunity to mouse-cancer is possible; in other words, that mice can be successfully vaccinated against the disease. This was first shown by Ehrlich, who found that if mice were inoculated with a non-virulent strain of the disease, kept for a week or so, and then re-inoculated with a virulent strain, but few of them became affected. This, of course is entirely comparable with what takes place in the infective diseases, such as small-pox, anthrax, and the like, in which it is possible to confer protection against the virulent disease by inoculation of the same disease in a harmless form. The importance of these observations, as harbingers of hope from the future, may perhaps not be at once apparent to the non-medical mind. It arises from the fact that natural recovery from the infective diseases arises solely in virtue of the fact that the patient becomes immune to the germ which causes the disease. Thus in pneumonia, for example, at the outset and during the course of the disease, the patient is not immune, and the causal agent (the pneumococcus) flourishes and produces its poison. But during this period many important processes, some fairly well known, but some hardly guessed at, are taking place in the blood and tissues of the patient; he is mobilising his defensive forces, and after a time these are so well developed that they are able to cope successfully with the invader, the pneumococcus is destroyed, and the patient recovers. Now it is important to realise that medical treatment is useful only in so far as it encourages the development of this acquired immunity. With a few exceptions (the most important of which is the use of quinine in malaria, in which case

the drug appears to act as a direct antiseptic, killing the germ in the blood) medical remedies have no direct action on the disease, but, by supporting the patient's strength, and in other ways, encourage the development of immunity. Where this is not produced naturally, medical treatment is useless; this is the case in leprosy, and in hydrophobia when once the disease is developed. The importance of these observations on mouse-cancer lies in the fact that they remove cancer from the class of diseases to which immunity cannot be acquired. A mouse can be immunised against cancer; may we not hope the same for man in the future? or may we not hope that the methods of vaccine-therapy, by which patients are now immunised against various diseases whilst actually suffering therefrom, may be found to be applicable in the case of cancer also, and a curative method devised by which a patient actually affected may be immuned and the disease cured? Considerations of this nature justify the very full and careful investigation which the question is receiving from the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. They have opened up entirely new avenues by which the great problem may be approached; and whilst it is easy, in view of past experiences, to be too sanguine, it really seems as though the researches on mouse-cancer may afford a clue to the labyrinth.

Bashford and others have shown that acquired immunity to mouse-cancer may be produced in many ways. It occurs after spontaneous cure of a cancer; after an unsuccessful inoculation of the disease; after the injection of red-blood corpuscles (but not of the serum) of an animal of the same species, but not of other species; after the injection of emulsions of the cells of the skin and other organs.

It would lead us too far to discuss the results of these experiments further. We may point out that they have, so far, afforded but little direct light as to the nature and cause of the disease. They are all consistent with the parasitic theory, postulating the existence of a parasite living entirely in the animal cells which it stimulates to active division, and experience of other diseases shows that the existence of a parasite of such a nature is quite possible. Indeed, some of the analogies of the mouse-cancer with infective diseases have led

some to deny that the former is cancer at all. Thus it seems certain that cages in which mice affected with cancer have been kept may harbour the disease and infect other mice, whilst the disease as it occurs in man is not believed to be infectious or contagious according to the most recent views of the best authorities. As far as structure is concerned, there is no doubt that the disease, as it affects mice, is typical cancer; some of its clinical characters may render it a little uncertain, and make us careful how we apply the recent discoveries to the human disease. On the whole, it appears probable that the mouse-cancer is a true cancer, but experience with another form of disease in the lower animals (the so-called infective sarcoma of dogs, now known not to be a malignant tumour), in which pathologists were led astray in the past, shows us the danger of accepting histological structure in the identification of malignant disease. The subject of mouse-cancer cries out for further investigation, but it is in the highest degree desirable that it should not interfere with the study of the disease as it affects man, or that laboratory work should lead to the neglect of statistical, clinical, and other researches.

The researches on cancer on the lower animals have not at present dealt at all with the actual cause of the disease, i.e. with the agent which induces the cancer-cell to start dividing. This still remains unknown. We do know, however, in a few cases, the conditions under which this unknown cause comes into operation. Of these the most important is chronic inflammation or irritation; the frequency with which cancer of the lower lip can be traced to the use of a short (and therefore hot) clay pipe is an old and well-known example. Another, and even more striking one, is the Kangri cancer, which affects the lower part of the abdomen. It is common in the inhabitants of Cashmere, and is due to their habit of carrying an earthenware pot full of burning charcoal under their robes for the sake of warmth. A good many other cases might be quoted, and chronic inflammation must be recognised as one of the most important causes of cancer. Whether it is a predisposing cause only, that is to say, whether it simply lowers the resistance of the region and allows the actual causal agent to act, or whether cells irritated for a sufficiently long period may become

cancerous without the intervention of any other factor, is still uncertain. But many cancers arise in which this cause does not act, at least as far as we can tell.

Another known cause, whether predisposing or exciting, is the action of soot and similar substances, such as tar, paraffin, and the like. This may perhaps have some relation to the irritative process mentioned above, for the malignant growth may be preceded by a chronic eczematous condition. But this is probably not the whole explanation, since this evidence of irritation may be entirely absent and chimney-sweep's cancer may develop on perfectly healthy skin. It seems more probable that the substances in question have a direct action on the cells, apart altogether from the irritation which they may cause, and it is now known that some of the aniline dyes (Scharlach R. and Sudan III in oily solution) have a very remarkable power of causing overgrowth of the cells of the tissues, though not of giving rise to actual cancers. Of the substances which, after long-continued application to the skin, can cause true cancer, one at least (tar) is a strong antiseptic, and it appears at least unlikely that its action should merely pave the way for the hypothetical cancer *parante*. It seems much more probable that these substances have a direct action on the cells and gradually cause the cancerous change in virtue of a chemical action. The importance of observations such as these is that they would lead us to search for the ultimate cause of the cancerous proliferation amongst chemical substances.

The last known cause is the action of the X-rays, which has been brought before us in a sad way by the development of a form of malignant growth on the hands of some of the pioneers of this class of work in this country. Here again it is hardly possible to exclude altogether the effect of chronic irritation, since the first effect is usually an intractable form of eczema or dermatitis. But it is probable that these and other forms of irradiation have a direct effect also. It was shown by Cattley that exposure of the growing tips of the roots of certain plants causes an increase in the rapidity of cell-division, and similar results have been found by Lazarus-Barlow (who has attacked the problem of cancer from this point of view in a very earnest and

thorough fashion) in the case of certain animal ova. It must not be imagined that these established facts with regard to X-ray cancer are necessarily devoid of application to cancer in general. Radio-active substances are now known to be widely distributed in nature, and it is at least conceivable that by their long-continued action they may have some effect in causing or preparing the way for the disease. Watkins-Pitchford* has recently laid stress on the possibility of new growths being due to the actinic power of light. He points out that, as far as is at present known, the incidence of cancer in any race appears to be in inverse proportion to the amount of pigment in the skin; it is least in the black races, more in the Red Indians and Chinese, more still in the swarthy races, and it reaches its maximum in the fair population of northern Europe. Some of Watkins-Pitchford's illustrations are remarkable, and it is possible that the action of light may not be devoid of importance; it might account partially, at least, for the high amount of cancer amongst the inhabitants of Normandy (of northern extraction), as compared with the small amount amongst the darker Bretons. But it seems difficult to account on this theory for the frequency with which the disease occurs in the internal organs, especially in regions covered by clothing.

Some interesting observations have been made by Lenthal Cheatle on the relation between cancer and nerve supply. The nutrition of all parts of the body is dependent to some extent on nervous influence, whether direct or indirect, and it has long been thought that the cancerous process is dependent in some way or another on abnormal nervous processes; the frequency of the disease in the highly-civilised races, and the alleged increase in recent years in which the strain and anxiety of life are supposed to be increased, are thought to be accounted for in some such way. Until recently there was no direct proof that innervation had any action on the disease. Cheatle, however, has shown that cancer of the skin affects certain areas of nervous distribution more frequently than others, and when it starts in a given

* Watkins-Pitchford, 'Light, Pigmentation, and New Growth, being an essay on the genesis of cancer read at the South African Medical Congress, 1909.'

area grows more quickly in that region than in those adjacent; the cancerous growth appears to be stopped for a time at the invisible edge of the first nerve area to be affected. The fact appears certain, the explanation very difficult. It is of course possible that the cause which stimulates the cancer-cell to undergo its abnormal growth may reach it through the nervous system, but there are difficulties in accepting this view. The work, however, is suggestive.

Lastly, as regards treatment. At present the only curative method of any value is the surgical one; early and complete removal of the tumour where practicable is the only form of treatment which offers any hope of complete cure, except in one or two special forms of the disease, which will be mentioned subsequently. The two great discoveries of the nineteenth century, anæsthesia and antiseptic surgery, have revolutionised the treatment of tumours; exploratory operations are now undertaken in all doubtful cases, and portions of the tumour removed for immediate microscopical and other examination. When the disease is diagnosed with certainty much more extensive operations than were formerly deemed possible are undertaken with a light heart, and with the almost definite certainty that no evil results will follow from the operation as such. And, what is perhaps almost equally important, careful anatomical and pathological studies have been made of the development and growth of cancer in the various regions of the body, so that the surgeon now aims at the removal of the tissues in which recurrence is likely to take place, as well as the primary growth. There is a rooted conviction on the part of the lay public that cancer is never curable by surgical operation. Of course this depends on what we mean by cure; however long a patient may live without recurrence after an operation, we can never be certain that if he had lived longer the growth might not have recurred. But it is quite certain that a considerable number of patients live for years after the operation, and die from some entirely unrelated malady. How great a proportion do this it is difficult to say, and the numbers will depend on the skill of the surgeon, the earliness with which the diagnosis is made, the region affected, and the malignancy of the tumour in question. But it must be

confessed that, even under the most favourable circumstances, many recurrences take place; and whilst it is incumbent on us to recommend surgical intervention wherever practical, the remedy is far indeed from being a satisfactory one, and in too many cases the most that can be hoped for from the operation is the lengthening of life and the diminution of suffering.

The two forms of malignant tumour in which cures are obtained, apart from surgical operation, are rodent ulcer and some forms of sarcoma. Rodent ulcer is a form of cancer which usually affects the face and occurs entirely in people in middle or late life. It is readily amenable to surgical removal, and though it often recurs, is usually completely eradicated with proper treatment. But it is curable by the local application of radium. After a few exposures the tumour gradually disappears and leaves an area of apparently normal skin, with little or no scarring. After a few years recurrence may occur, but is easily cured in the same way. The X-rays have a similar action and are equally satisfactory, and surgical operation is now seldom employed, at least for rodent ulcers of the face.

The remarkable effects of these forms of radiation on rodent ulcer led very naturally to high hopes being formed with regard to their use in other forms of cancer. Unfortunately the degree of success has been but very moderate. A few cases of epithelioma of the skin (next to rodent ulcer the least malignant form of the disease) have apparently been treated successfully both with radium and with the X-rays, and cases of recurrence after operation have been markedly benefited, but in the great majority of cases these methods are useless and may even be injurious, and neither would be recommended where surgical treatment is applicable. For other and deeper forms of cancer they are practically useless. This has been one of the severest disappointments that we have yet encountered in the attempts to find a cure for the disease. It seems very remarkable that these rays should have so profound an effect in some forms of the disease and none at all in others, and that the rays which penetrate almost without hindrance through the body should be limited in their curative effect to the outer layer of the skin. The subject deserves, and is of

course receiving, the most careful study; the effect of solutions of the emanations of radium, for example, is being investigated, and it seems probable that their employment may be of some use, as they appear to have a selective influence on cancer-cells. We shall look forward to good work being accomplished by the new Radium Institute before long.

The other example of the successful treatment of a form of malignant growth by non-operative methods is the cure of some forms of sarcoma by means of Coley's fluid. This method is now an old one, but it has not attracted much attention in this country in the past, owing probably to the fact that much of the fluid sold in England was almost or quite inert; but Dr Coley himself has claimed to get good results for many years in America, and a communication which he made recently to the Royal Society of Medicine has focussed attention on the subject again. Its history is an interesting one. It had been noticed that tumours, and especially sarcomata, might undergo partial or complete cure after an attack of erysipelas. After the bacteriology of the latter disease had been worked out, Fehleisen attempted the cure of sarcoma by inoculating living cultures of the coccus which causes erysipelas, and thus causing the latter disease. This was found to give results of some promise, but it was dangerous, as the disease thus caused was not under control. Coley improved on the method by using killed cultures of the organism, which cause severe febrile symptoms, but which do not set up any progressive disease. He afterwards added a second organism which has the power of increasing the action of the first, and thus produced a fluid which is extremely toxic; a quarter of a drop or less injected under the skin causes a rapid rise of temperature, a feeling of general malaise, and often a shivering fit. The treatment is not a pleasant one, and it is too often useless, but there is no doubt whatever that in some cases it has been entirely successful, and that an undoubted malignant tumour has been completely, and apparently permanently, removed.

The tumours of the classes in which these two remedial agents—radium, etc., and Coley's fluid—are of value form, unfortunately, but a very small proportion of all malignant growths, and we describe them and lay stress on

them mainly since they prove that the problem is not in its very nature insoluble, and that a cure for cancer, apart from the use of the knife, is certainly possible.

A few of the other non-operative methods that have been tried and discarded may be mentioned. Much interest was attracted a few years ago to some papers by the well-known French surgeon, Doyen, in which he claimed to prove that the cause of cancer is a micro-organism (which he termed the *Micrococcus neoformans*) which is very readily demonstrable and cultivable. We may say at once that all claims of this nature are met with absolute incredulity on the part of pathologists. The structure and the bacteriology of cancer have been studied so carefully that it is impossible that an organism such as the *Micrococcus neoformans* can have been overlooked if it is really present in all cases of cancer. The truth seems to be that the germ in question is one that is very common in the skin and in the air, and that it readily gains access to ulcerated cancers or to those that are in proximity to the skin, alimentary canal, etc. Doyen prepared a vaccine which he considered to be efficacious against this organism, and claimed to get very favourable results as regards the amelioration of the symptoms and the retardation of the rapidity of the growth. His claims were investigated by a committee of the Société de Chirurgie, who reported absolutely unfavourably to the use of the vaccine. At the same time, it appears probable that cases in which there is much inflammation due to this organism in the neighbourhood of the tumour may be benefited temporarily by the use of this vaccine. It may be pointed out that nothing is more difficult than to estimate the real value of any palliative method of treatment. Tumours differ enormously in their rapidity of growth, and sometimes even cease to grow at all; and a considerable number of examples of the spontaneous cure of cancer are on record. If a remedy should happen to be applied to a patient just as the tumour ceases to grow or grows more slowly, the practitioner will naturally attribute the improvement to his remedy. Again, with regard to the improvement in the general condition which is often an apparently definite result of some of the newly introduced methods of treatment, here faith often plays a part of great importance,

and the enthusiastic introducer of a new remedy often claims, quite honestly, to get results that his more critical colleagues are entirely unable to verify. Lastly, it seems probable that a very large number of substances, if injected subcutaneously, cause in certain conditions a marked improvement in nutrition and general health, and many observers have claimed, and we believe with some amount of correctness, to have obtained some temporary improvement after the injection of substances of the most diverse description. This must always be borne in mind in reading of new remedies for which marvellous results are obtained. When a medical man overlooks these facts and happens to meet with one or two cases of apparent success after the use of a new remedy, it behoves him to be most cautious and critical, or he may become a danger to the community.

Another method which seemed to rest on a rational scientific basis was the trypsin or, more correctly, the enzyme treatment suggested by Dr Beard of Edinburgh. It was based on the fact that a structure which is developed during the early stages of the development of the embryo—the trophoblast—has a marked resemblance to malignant tumours whether regarded from a structural or physiological standpoint; the two structures erode the tissues in a strikingly similar manner. The trophoblast is only a temporary structure, and it degenerates and disappears at the time at which the pancreas begins to show signs of functional activity. Now this organ produces ferments which it is at least conceivable might digest and destroy the cells of the trophoblast; hence it seemed reasonable to hope that these ferments might, if injected into patients suffering from cancer, act on the cells of the growth in the same way, causing their death and digestion. This is the theory—a perfectly rational one—which was made the basis of the method of treatment. It met with the few apparent successes which seem to be the lot of so many of the methods of treatment which have been introduced, tried, and quietly laid aside. Unfortunately it was not brought before the profession in a manner calculated to gain their confidence, and it did not at first have the thorough testing it seemed to demand. This, however, has now been done in America by Dr

W. S. Bainbridge* of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. The tests were carried out on one hundred patients, and Dr Bainbridge was in close touch with Dr Beard throughout; the best materials were used, and all the conditions were most favourable. The results were entirely unfavourable; the process was not checked, and its spread to distant parts of the body was not inhibited. In a few cases there was a slight degree of improvement in the general condition, but, on the other hand, the remedy proved to be by no means harmless. It is sad to think that a method of treatment apparently based on such logical lines must be relegated to obscurity.

Lastly, a word with regard to the quack cancer-curers. They fall into two classes. In the first, the so-called remedy is one which is obviously inert, and is both harmless and useless; there is apparently nothing to prevent any one from selling tap-water at a high price and vaunting it as a cure for any disease he may care to select. The second group make use of strong caustic substances, such as chloride of zinc or arsenious acid. Materials of this nature eat into and destroy all tissues, whether healthy or diseased, and were much used in the treatment of cancer before the discovery of antiseptics had rendered surgical operations so safe and satisfactory. In skilled hands they may perhaps have had some slight value, but as used by the ignorant impostor (often with the accompaniment of a nauseating religious element) they are dangerous in the highest degree, being atrociously painful, filthily dirty, and liable to cause death from sepsis, or from hæmorrhage from the erosion of a large vessel. They are never successful in curing the disease. In some cases the destruction of the main mass of the tumour may lead to an apparent cure, but it is of short duration, and occasionally the action of these caustics even appears to aid the dissemination of the disease. They only effect a real cure in innocent tumours and other lesions which might be cured more safely, quickly, and pleasantly by other methods. It is amazing that the law should be powerless to deal with such a source of danger and suffering to the community.

* 'Scientific Report of the Committee on Scientific Research of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital,' 1909.

Art. 4.—THE GENIUS OF THE RIVER.

1. *Rivers and Streams of England.* By A. G. Bradley. London: Black, 1909.
2. *The Hudson River.* By Edgar Mayhew Bacon. London: Putnam, 1902.
3. *The St. Lawrence River.* By George Waldo Browne. London: Putnam, 1905.
4. *The Columbia River.* By William Denison Lyman. London: Putnam, 1909.
5. *The Historic Thames.* By Hilaire Belloc. London: Dent, 1909.
6. *The Story of the Thames.* By J. E. Vincent. London: Smith, Elder, 1909.
7. *The Story of the Tweed.* By the Rt Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt. London: Nisbet, 1909.

‘What a number of things a river does, simply by following gravity in the innocence of its heart.’—*R. L. Stevenson.*

At the close of the great Ice Age, when the last *mer de glace* had drawn back towards the poles, and the glaciers to their alpine strongholds, a living element was awakened in the still landscape, and for the first time, though there were few to hear them, the voices of rivers sang loudly as they hurried down from the hills to trace a winding colophon to the pleistocene chapter of earth's story. These symbols of the renaissance of thawed Nature were henceforth to enliven scenes once dead and frozen, and they made the landscape as they went, wearing down the hills, carving their way through such obstacles as lay between them and the sea, and then, before losing themselves in its embrace, piling up island deltas to mark the union. We talk lightly of the faith which moves mountains. Nay, we regard even the hills themselves as everlasting. Do we realise what the rivers are doing for all time, year in year out, day and night, deterred only by the frost which deadens their activities and reverts to the conditions of the glacial epoch? They are levelling the proudest summits with the plain, grinding them to dust, and carrying them as mud to the ocean. The process is a slow one, invisible to the uninformed eye patent only to the geologist, who looks beneath the

surface, but it is none the less inexorable and unremitting. Rivers are Nature's architects; and what monument is there to Wren or Inigo Jones like unto the Grand Canyon of Colorado! Burnaby, in his famous 'Ride to Khiva,' has a passage which admirably describes this function of rivers:

'Many streaks down the rugged sides of the heights around us showed where the rain, pouring down on their crests in the early spring, diverged in foaming torrents. Here, dashing with irresistible force through the narrow pass, they would furrow a road before them; there, emerging from the gradually widening defile, they would rush in a hundred different channels to swell the volumes of the mighty Oxus.'

For ages, then, before it figured in the history of nations as the highway and the frontier, before it carried adventurous pioneers into the heart of the forest, or made possible the crushing of remote inland autocracies, like that of the Dervishes, by civilised powers, the river played a great part in moulding the earth.

The river, running, as Stevenson has it, 'from among reeds and lilies' to the sea, is the very emblem of our life. First a joyous stripling rushing out of darkness, then a weary creature passing into the unknown, with a gleam of sunshine between. It is surely the most sympathetic water in all nature. The sea is too boisterous, the lake too lethargic. The river alone suits every mood in which we seek its companionship. Its rapids wake the *Wanderlust*, for they sing of hurry, change and an ocean goal. The backwaters bring sweet content.

The river is the daughter of the rains and mountains. Always this is true: of the Jordan, though it seems to flow from an underground spring; of the Rhone, though we see it descend spaciouly from melting snows; of the St Lawrence, which looks merely the overflow of a mighty lake. It is the rains which are at the root of every river, great or small. The Psalmist had this in mind when, grateful in a thirsty land, he sang of rain as the 'river of God.' In the Holy Land, it is true, more than elsewhere, rivers have a way of leaping up suddenly from some hidden underground source, so that the eye of man has never beheld their tender beginnings. This phenomenon it was, no doubt, which inspired the prophet Isaiah with

his vision : 'In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. . . . And the parched ground shall become a pool.'

To the careless eye the river seems to run its course through ready-made channels. This is not the case. On the contrary, the river, having made its bed, must lie in it. Some streams take longer than others in arriving at their journey's end. These twist, turn, and double on their track for miles where the lowlands stretch to far horizons. The others, which arrive sooner, are either stronger, or have fewer obstacles to surmount. The river sings most loudly near its sources. I have known the Merced rush out of the Yosemite valley after two days of rains with a clamour which made conversation in the little train impossible, and the voice of the Fraser, where for miles it accompanies the Canadian Pacific Railroad to the gates of Vancouver, is nothing short of deafening. The majority of rivers lose heart and voice as they near the sea. Of the few exceptions, the merry Lyn, in North Devon, deserves mention ; but the normal mood of a river in sight of its goal is sadness. It seems to realise that it is running to the sea because it cannot help itself, not, as Meredith preferred to think, because, like a strong man, it knows its own desire. It stands rather for discipline, enjoying only in flood-time an occasional frolic over the banks that keep it in the narrow way. Child of the mountains, which it is for ever destroying, it ends its days in low haunts, but always it carries the stamp of the high places in which it had its birth.

There are some, it is true, who read only merriment in the babble of Tennyson's brook :

'And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.'

Yet is this wholly the triumph of immortality, or is there not beneath the glad surface an undercurrent of sadness, a longing to linger amid the haunts of coot and hern, a sigh of regret for the futility of such eternal movement? Do not all great rivers moderate their pace and spread themselves lovingly over the land, even, as a last protest, throwing up sand-bars ere they creep reluc-

tantly down many paths to the sea which lies in wait for them? Do they not carry muddy memories far out into the ocean? Does not their delta mark the hesitation of their doubts in a hundred oozy islands worn and fretted by every spate? *Festina lente* is the river's motto as it nears the end; here, also, a curiously human touch in its character.

The poets do not uniformly interpret the feelings with which it greets its goal. Coleridge sees the Thames 'toiling to the main,' weighed down, no doubt, by the burden of its traffic below bridges. On the other side, however, see Tasso :

'Su la marina dove 'l Po discende
Per aver pace,'

though why the river should find more peace in the turbulent Adriatic than among the mountain pastures of the Cottian Alps is a mystery. Something of the same inspiration may have prompted Swinburne when he gave thanks that

'even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.'

For all that, it is the headwaters that show their joy. The middle reaches betray reluctance, the tidal portions hesitation, standstill, even reaction.

Rivers have here and there 'played Ercles rarely' before their original sin was tamed and their strength harnessed by modern engineering to the service of man. Fortunately, rebellious rivers like the Colorado are few and far between on the map. Since all three spring from the same hills, it is kinsman to the Columbia and Missouri, but its record is one of uninterrupted fury, and the appalling canyons which, in its headlong course to the Gulf of California, it has sculptured out of the rock are evidence of its fierce character. By such works shall a river be judged. As a rule the engineer is able to triumph over its frowardness. Time was when, in turn, idolaters, Jews, Copts, and Mohammedans hung on the smiles and frowns of the Nile. Even to-day, though dam and barrage have in great measure curtailed its power for evil, a 'bad Nile' may ruin millions. In other days it was Egypt's tyrant. It figured in two of the Plagues, first turning

red* and then furnishing abundance of frogs, though what damage, even if not immediately cancelled, the frogs were to have done naturalists ask in vain. So grave a calamity was the failure of the Nile that Isaiah could foretell no punishment more severe for the Egyptians. There breathes over this mysterious river a spirit of fatalism which infects only those who have drifted on its bosom, a witchery which whispers of the Pharaohs and of Cleopatra, a personality which inspired Hackländer with that thought of his :

'Er ist wie gemacht zu den leidenschaftlichen Träumen der Orientalen.'

The Nile is, and ever will be, a river of mystery. Its secrets have been ravished by geographers. The long and painful process of exploring its hidden sources, which began in the reign of Nero and continued to that of Victoria, is ended, and to-day there are many who, having seen no river greater than the Thames, know that the Nile flows from somewhere south of the equator, possibly from Ptolemy's elusive Mountains of the Moon. But not the most exact appreciation of the river's indebtedness to the great lakes of equatorial Africa, not the most accurate measurement of its volume, speed, and basin can dispel the strange and baffling sensation of the unknowable which invades those who drift between its banks. Near the foaming falls below Lake Victoria, it must present a very different spectacle, but at Cairo its movements, like those of some great python winding through the reeds, suggest nothing more than oriental languor. It is the river of Time; and, murmuring low among its papyrus beds, it laughs at maps and figures as the puny guess-work of mortals, a thousand generations of whom it has seen go out into the eternity of which itself is the symbol.

Small streams can be hostile as well as great, and the Nile is perhaps the greatest in the world, yet at no stage of its being does it give more trouble than the wicked little Chagres, which runs its whole course within the

* This chameleon change has been noticed in other rivers of Africa. In his 'Great Rift Valley,' Gregory alludes to a similar phenomenon in the Tana river, which, like the Nile, turned red in a night, probably, he thought, from a wash-out of iron oxide.

isthmus of Panama. I once saw the Chagres rise ten feet in as many hours! For months together it slumbers in a ditch. Then, in a single night, drunken with rains, swollen with pride, it races over its banks and undoes the work of weeks. For its size it is harder to control than Niagara itself. One day it will coo like a dove; the next it roars like a lion. For weeks it is the willing ally of the canal-builders; for months a more implacable foe to them than fever or bed-rock.

The economic interest of a river is many-sided. It is at once the frontier and the playground, the artery of commerce, and the highway of civilisation. It sends fish to our tables, it works our machinery, it collects the rains of heaven—this with the help of its parents the mountains—and carries waste water to the regions which thirst for it. It is man's friend, where the sea is too often his enemy, grinding the shores it guards, and taking fearful toll of all who trust it. The river, save in the rare relapse of a seasonable flood, befriends those who dwell upon its banks. Therefore it has held its place in poetry and in song, in picture, in sacred lore, and in mythology. Rivers meander through the Bible, source of so many founts of later poetry. The Psalmist, whoever he was, loved them well, and they filter softly through those wondrous songs of his. In their whisper he read the promise of infinite mercy, and for the righteous he could find no better place than that of a tree planted by the rivers of water. In the mythologies of many lands rivers roll sonorously, and none with more grandeur than, in Hindu legend, the Ganges, the Nile of India, yet, unlike the Nile, never destructive or capricious, but, always helped by its ally the Jumna, covering the land with fertilising silt and providing a highway from the sea to within 200 miles of its birthplace in the ice caverns of the 'House of Frost' which men call Himalaya. We read of this mighty stream in the 'Mahabharata' as springing from the tangled hair of Siva, and flowing beneficently over the earth; and it is to-day the proudest humiliation of orthodox Hindus to prostrate themselves before their benefactor. There is something singularly sympathetic about this river-worship. There are moments in which it invades minds attuned to the higher ideals of other faiths.

Poets, medieval and modern, have used the river freely in their music. Burns held that a poet's best inspiration lay

'Adown some trotting burn's meander.'

Spenser weaves the rhythm of it into his 'Prothalamium':

'Sweete Thames! runne softly till I end my Song.'

And the eternal river croons low through all his 'Spousall Verse,' while nymphs gather flowers, and swans come swimming along the lee, and brave knights win fair ladies for their own. Ruskin makes all the magic of his poetic prose with his 'Golden River,' which can shimmer like a shower of gold or roll in black waves like thunder-clouds. Dreamily the yellow Oxus goes curdling on its sinuous way through Matthew Arnold's legend of 'Sohrab and Rustum,' and surely the concluding lines are the noblest picture of an estuary in print:

'But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight. . . .

Right for the polar star, past Orgunjé,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents. . . .

. . . till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.'

These are magnificent lines; but there is more homely music in the voice of the river which glides past many-towered Camelot:

'Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.'

And, at the end, it is still flowing when it bears the barge with her who died in music, like the swan:

'For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.'

The allurements of the river never dies. Its paradox is challenging, for it remains the same through generations of mankind, yet changes from one moment to the next with a panorama of recurring effects like those obtained with children's toys in which a few figures revolve on an endless ribbon. From source to sea, or from estuary to headwaters, the exploration of *ignota flumina* is still, as ever, our dear delight. Insatiable curiosity, academic or commercial, led the forerunners of modern empire up the great rivers of untrodden lands. Dark results, indeed, have followed what Dr Scott Keltie* well calls the 'scramble' for the control of the Congo. With what high hopes Stanley set off up the great river thirty years ago. Alas! with what realisation. Little less romantic has been the fight for the Niger, involving us not only with the natives, but also with our French neighbours, for whom that river was the predestined high road to Timbuctoo. With the exploration and development of the Niger region are associated the names of Barth, Laird, Croft, Taubmann-Goldie, and Flegel. The exploration of the Gambia, one of the earliest accounts of which, lately reprinted, is 'The Golden Trade,' by Richard Jobson (1623), has not figured in history like that of its great sisters, for the deadly climate of the regions through which it flows to the Atlantic has precluded the same keen competition for supremacy. Whatever the motive, the ascent or descent of a strange river has always exercised peculiar fascination for the adventurous. It may be that, as suggested in a recent number of this Review,† the surprises are for him who follows the stream to its source. At any rate there is for such a one the constant challenge of something beyond:

'Something hidden. Go and find it.
Go and look behind the ranges.'

Biographers find the same result. The boy prepares

* 'The Partition' of Africa.'

† 'The Upper Anlo,' 'Quarterly Review,' October 1909.

them for the man, but maturity gives little clue to the beginnings. And, as the voyager proceeds on his smooth journey, he finds some epithet to fit the river of his travels. Spenser has quaint fancies of the kind when mustering his rivers to the wedding of the Thames and Medway.*

The river is a creature of light. It dazzles in the sun; it gleams like molten silver in the moon. Even with the land in utter darkness, it seems, like a ribbon of luminous paint, to send forth rays stored earlier in the day, for here, as at sea, absolute darkness is the rare exception. There is indeed something peculiarly impressive about night on a river. The strange beauty of such a scene on the Tana is vividly conveyed in a passage in Mr Rider Haggard's 'Allan Quatermain':

'The moonbeams played upon the surface of the running water that speeded unceasingly past us towards the sea, like men's lives towards the grave, till it glittered like a wide sheet of silver, that is in the open where the trees threw no shadows. Near the banks, however, it was very dark, and the night wind sighed sadly in the reeds. . . . Above was the black bosom of the cloud, and beneath me swept the black flood of the water, and I felt as though I and Death were utterly alone between them. It was very desolate.'

Nor is there any need for those in search of such eerie sensations to seek the streams of equatorial Africa. I remember once, many years ago, when after wild-fowl in the river Blackwater (Essex), being tide-bound at midnight in a small boat off an agreeable spot known encouragingly as Death-hole Creek, and the hours of waiting were as startling as those related by Quatermain.

That some rivers are muddier than others arises from the nature of the land they flow through. I once wandered in the same week along the muddy Jordan and beside the glacial Barada,† which rushes from the Anti-Lebanon to make music outside the crumbling walls of Damascus. To see these two rivers is to appreciate the sting in the taunt uttered by Naaman the leper:

* 'Faerie Queene,' book iv, canto 11.

† Probably the Abana of 2 Kings v, 12. See Macgregor, 'The Rob Roy on the Jordan,' p. 101.

'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?'

They are indeed. The Barada, though too swift for the contemplative man's recreation, is crystal clear when not obscured by scum. Diverted by conduits not far from the leafy suburb of Doumar, it carries pure water to every quarter of the Syrian capital. The 'water of Israel,' little clearer even previous to its entry into the Sea of Galilee, is so impure in its transit of the smitten plain of Jericho that it must be boiled ere pilgrims can take it in phials to their bedridden kinsfolk who dwell beside the Nile or Volga. A bottle of Jordan water, taken from the scene of the first baptism, stands at this moment on my desk. Though boiled the same evening at Jericho, and kept tightly stoppered ever since, it smells offensively of hydrogen sulphide, even with the fine black sediment undisturbed at the bottom. It reads like sacrilege to associate the disgusting bouquet of H_2S with the 'rushing waters of the bowery Jordan,' but facts lack reverence, and who knows but the priests of old, the repository of all knowledge of those days, were not unacquainted with the curative virtues of sulphur in those skin troubles to which the natives of the East are peculiarly liable? The Jordan is a very treacherous river, hurrying to its lifeless goal between banks of sloping mud, and claiming for its victims many of the Russian and Roumanian pilgrims, who know not how to swim when carried off their feet. With some risk and more discomfort it is navigable for small boats, but, save at its lowest, the fisherman will find it an impossible water, too swift in midstream, too overgrown with vegetation under either bank. Indeed the traveller of unromantic temperament will find it the most curiously disappointing stream in fifty thousand miles of travel, but the pilgrim susceptible to religious emotion cannot resist its sacred spell and will echo the words in which Macgregor took leave of it:

'Best known of waters in the whole world, you have had no ports for commerce, no cities on your banks, no green meads watered, no traffic on your waves. But the foot of the patriarch has rested there, and the prophet and the prince have dwelt beside you, and battles have sounded loud, and

hosts have marched through you dried up by the finger of God.*

The Jordan has had no history since the days in which it was the frontier across which the Israelites shook their javelins in the faces of revolted tribesmen scowling on the other bank; yet it remains the most historic stream in all the world.

The degree in which a river appeals to the imagination of the beholder is not to be measured by its length, for the eye is impressed only by so much as it can take in at the moment. The thirty-six miles of angry water which culminate in the chrysolite glories of Niagara Falls surpass for sheer overpowering beauty any equal reach in all the thousands of miles washed by the Mississippi, yet even Niagara does not impress all its visitors alike. Lord Kelvin saw in its tumble of waters so much wasted horse-power, and Mr H. G. Wells declared that a hundred tons of water would have been as staggering to the eye as ten millions.

The one feature which, common to great rivers and small, appeals variously to different temperaments is the bridge. The problem of bridging rivers seems to have baffled the ancient Greeks, who used the ford or ferry, but was early mastered by the genius of the Romans, traces of whose arches, which they first used in architecture, survive to this day. Little, it is true, remains of the stupendous bridge which Trajan threw across the Danube, only to be demolished by his successor, but his bridge over the Tagus, at Alcantara, is much as it was in his day, and we see many other evidences of Roman engineering in the great stone bridges and aqueducts that span many a stream or gorge in the country round Nîmes and Avignon. Love of bridges is no mere matter of mood, for some never miss an opportunity of lingering on them, and others never take it. The effect depends on the manner of bridge: whether, as at Barmouth or Berwick, it breasts a broad flood in sight of the sea; or, as at London or Brooklyn, commands a wide view of masts from overseas; or, as at Clifton and Queensferry, hangs at a giddy height in the air; or, as in the span of little Devon streams on Dartmoor, joins low banks scarce

* 'The Rob Roy on the Jordan.'

wider than John Ridd's stride. To him who has the secret of its magic, a bridge is always restful by contrast with the movement of water beneath its arches, the passing of many craft, or the restless flash of trout in the deep pools within its shadow.

Some rivers more than others are typical of the lands they flow through. If any one were asked to name two streams characteristic of England and Scotland, he would choose the Thames and Tweed as surely as the Hudson for America, or the Rhine for Germany. There are other streams of England not less beautiful than the Thames. Indeed Mr Bradley, who, for sufficient reasons, excludes it from the pleasant essays which accompany an exceptionally beautiful series of river pictures in colour, does not hesitate to pronounce the Severn and Wye, both of Plinlimmon parentage, as respectively the loveliest streams of England and Wales. Of all our characteristically English rivers, however, first place must be given to the 'chalk streams' of Hants and Wilts, for, as Mr Bradley says, 'there are not many of them in the world, and nearly all of them are in England.' Apart from their great attraction for the dry-fly fisherman, they are remarkable for one feature in common, which they owe to the filtration of their water through the chalky uplands, and that is their curious combination of the clearness of a mountain stream with the sluggish pace of lowland rivers. Want of space precludes more than passing mention of the Bristol Avon, not merely a great artery of commerce, but a beautiful stream near Bath, as also of its namesakes, one immortally associated with 'the Bard,' and the other mirroring Salisbury's spire, flowing near the venerable relic of Druidical Stonehenge, and finally wedding the Stour close to the ancient minster of Christchurch. The only English stream, indeed, that compares with it for religious interest is the Kentish Stour, on which stands Canterbury Cathedral, close to the spot where, thirteen centuries ago, landed Augustine, founder of the English Church.

A very different type from these more showy rivers is the Huntingdonshire Ouse, which stands for the slower streams of East Anglia, the land in which hurry is taboo for man and nature; a peaceful river and pretty; a water for the gentle seeker after breams and pike rather

than the more sophisticated fly-fisher; a river associated by proxy with the reverend colleges of Cambridge and the Norman arches of Ely, with the Fen country of the skaters, and the little waterway sacred to the meetings of trial eights. A river, in short, this Ouse, to win and hold the affection of those who learn to know its retiring beauty. Cowper is its poet. He loved running water at all times, both

‘rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter,’

and their autumn mood,

‘When gently as in June the rivers glide,
And only miss the flowers that graced their side.’

In one passage of ‘The Task’ he tells us how he played truant from school

‘To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;’

and elsewhere, in more memorable lines, he pictures his favourite stream:

‘Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o’er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted.’

But, after all, the Thames is, in the eye of history, in the eye of the world, the river of England. The keynote of the Thames valley is an endurance which, above every other quality, wins admirers, and which has become woven in Mr Belloc’s quite admirable narrative of the river from Cricklade to London Bridge, the reasonable limits within which it can be expected to invite the historian for whom the headwaters and the wide reaches below bridges alike possess but slight attraction. Indeed Turner’s incomparable picture of the Pool marks the lowest point of homely interest. Thence to the sea commercial intercourse has made the river international. Only above bridges is it wholly England’s river. There is about this immutable Thames valley much that is intrinsically English—tradition, institution, insularity. Even residents of Thames-side suburbs preserve a cast of their own. The church towers look down to-day upon the same reed-fringed meads dotted with lazy cattle,

living what Nietzsche calls their unhistoric life, as on the morning when their bells first pealed across the flowing river. From near Cricklade to the Nore, the Thames bounds counties. It has played its quiet part in history. On its banks the Norman reared Windsor Castle as warden of the capital, and the revolted barons wrung from a reluctant sovereign the grandest charter of a nation's freedom ever set on parchment. As Mr H. G. Wells says, 'To run down the Thames so is to run one's hand over the pages in the book of England from end to end.* Yet since the Great Rebellion, when Reading opened its gates to Essex, it has glided out of its country's history, and its sleepy valley has fallen into decay, surviving as the playground of London's millions. The Thames lacks the romance of the Seine. It has no Caudebec, no Rouen. Its one great effort is Windsor, and, for the rest, it has Oxford and London, and little more of historic architecture on either bank. In the old days great monastic houses stood beside it, but the monkish memories of rivers are a subject too wide for present notice. England's cathedrals alone remind us of the epoch in which our streams furnished fish for the fast-days prescribed by the Mother of Churches, and for the present generation such relics are chiefly embodied in an occasional picture like Mr Dendy Sadler's 'Thursday.'

Mention was made above of the Thames as London's playground, and few champions have more devotedly upheld the people's right to the river than Mr C. H. Jook,† who, both lawyer and fisherman, as well as a lifelong resident on its banks, writes with authority on the encroachments of riparian owners and others with a selfish interest in curtailing the freedom of the river-loving public. Although it might be highly dangerous to apply the principles of newly settled countries to those long accustomed to feudal institutions, it is difficult to refrain from contrasting the freedom of the great waterways of Canada and the United States, about which something will be said later, with the innumerable restrictions on up-river holidays at home, where there are few public landing-places and where bathing, boating, and fishing are subjected to all

* 'Tono Bungay.'

† 'Thames Rights and Thames Wrongs.'

manner of hindrance. The respectable, if vexatious, age of some of these embargoes has little meaning for men accustomed to wander along thousands of miles of riverside without encountering any description of obstacle or having to observe any laws other than those wisely framed to save the trout and black bass from extinction. 'The greatest good of the greatest number,' as it has been somewhat loosely termed, is an ideal towards which every civilised community must eventually strive. The phrase is not altogether a happy one, as it is liable to misinterpretation, and has lately been under the cloud of socialism; but it points to a goal from which we may not turn away, and our approach to that goal is more retarded by unfairly exercised riparian ownership than by any other form of landed property. Rarely has public opinion been more bitterly aroused than by the claims made by individuals to presumptive rights, either upheld by charter or sanctioned by usage, over Thames backwaters, which had been regarded as the birthright of the people. The late Mr J. E. Vincent, taking an extreme case of abuse, has much to say on behalf of the riparian owner which captivates the æsthetic mind, but any wide application of such principles of ownership might in these days be hazardous to property, and compromise will be found the safer course for all parties. It is a quarter of a century since Congress dealt summarily with a parallel problem by paying princely compensation to the owners of Goat Island and other riverside property and thus giving Niagara River into the keeping of the American nation for all time, or for as much of it as matters. To free the Thames by such means would be too costly an undertaking for a Government already heavily burdened with more pressing schemes for the benefit of posterity. Yet the public liberty must somehow be safeguarded, and a little criticism does no harm in keeping the Conservancy alive to the gravity of its obligations. Of the forensic aspect of rivers, however, this passing notice must suffice.

Time was when the Thames was a notable salmon river, but it is never likely to renew its faded laurels, and indeed its last recorded salmon were taken at Boulter's Lock as far back as 1821. I was with Lord Desborough on the occasion of his turning the first

consignment of young salmon into the river near Teddington, and I remember that even at the time he reluctantly took a gloomy view of his public-spirited experiment; nor has there unfortunately been any reason to modify that view in the years that have since elapsed. Though, however, the Thames has but historic interest as a salmon river, its trout are famous, and its coarse fish varied and abundant, so that it shares with the Trent and Lee the affection of an enormous body of anglers.

It is to the Tweed that we must turn if we wish for an illustration not only of a salmon river, but also of some of the causes which have contributed to the decline of the fishing. Its common title of Border river rests on only fifteen miles of its winding course, and few who have wandered along the banks of this

‘Wan water from the Border hills’

would call it anything but a Scotch stream. Yet something of its dual nationality is realised by any one who kills his salmon in sight of the embowered ruin of Norham, where once an English king held high state to award the crown of Scotland, for he may rise his fish in one country and gaff it in the other. There is in that pleasant frontier stretch of this lovely river no difficulty in realising the old red Border feuds in which savage Picts retaliated on barbarous Britons, as set forth in Sir Herbert Maxwell's admirable biography of his favourite stream. Tweed salmon are no longer what they were, and indeed the river itself is changed for the worse, being nowadays a late or ‘back-end’ river, in which the spring fishing is of little account. This deplorable result has been brought about by artificial causes, and among them, besides over-netting and poaching, none has been more fatally operative than the excessive farming of the Tweed valley, which draws off the water and stems the floods which formerly helped the spring fish in their ascent. As a result, no more than six or seven thousand salmon are now caught annually in a river which, in 1816, yielded to the nets no fewer than 54,041. The deterioration of the Tweed has, from first to last, been the work of man. Even its ‘lateness’ is a condition wholly at variance with the other east-flowing

streams of Scotland, and to regard it a natural change is contrary to reason, as we are told by the author of a recent monograph, in which the past and present of the river are strikingly contrasted.*

The sporting side of the subject is one, however, with which I must reluctantly deal but briefly, else it might have been interesting to compare some of our exhausted rivers, victims of over-fishing, poaching, pollution, drainage, steam traffic, and other evils to which rivers are heir, and those vast virgin waterways of the New World, with their wonderful resources to all intents and purposes unimpaired. Even some of these, however, already show signs of a change for the worse. The Hudson still yields, it is true, a million shad every year to the nets, but the sturgeon leaps more rarely from its surface than of yore. When I visited the fish-wheels of the Columbia River, I was informed that the catches had been increasingly poor for several seasons, and that the legislatures of Washington and Oregon were much exercised by the conflicting claims of the wheelmen near the Dalles, and the netsmen of the estuary at Astoria. There was, in fact, between these factions a rivalry not unlike that met with on our own coasts between the trawlers and line-fishermen, and the need of a compromise, so as not unduly to favour one industry at the expense of the other, was a very delicate problem.

In rivers, as in humanity, genius and patience are synonymous. The keynote of the river's being is its eternity. We know that there were not always rivers, but, once the ice relaxed its grip, they came into being, and we cannot picture an age when they will cease to be. Perhaps this strangely alluring aspect of these running waters is most evident in the great rivers of the Western Hemisphere. We cannot picture the Ganges or Euphrates without a teeming population on their banks; but the romantic Hudson, the broad Columbia, the furious Niagara, the lethargic Mississippi, these we have no great difficulty in imagining in their unhistoric isolation, though it has taken little more than a century of industrial enterprise to transform their banks, previously trodden only

* W. L. Calderwood, 'The Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland.'

by the Indian and his squaw, into hammer-shaken ship-yards, screeching lumber mills and the junctions of great railroads that stretch between the oceans. These rivers do not, it is true, come down to us like the Nile or Jordan, charged with the sacred memories of the cradle of the race. Yet their appeal is not to be resisted by those who set more store by the lands of to-morrow than by those of yesterday, whose pleasure is in hope and not in retrospect; and the traveller who keeps an open mind for all manner of impressions, even though he love best the streams which run out of the past, may yet derive a measure of enjoyment from the spectacle of those which stretch into a future no less pregnant.

They stand, these American streams, for all the functional and spiritual nature of river life; and Americans, justly proud of their heritage of waters, have done what they could to preserve from destruction such beauty and character as are inevitably threatened by modern industry. Where else can one name a river more national than the Hudson, or more apt to illustrate the twofold change from source to mouth, the broadening of gentle rivulets to a great estuary, and the artificial transformation by the hand of a commercial generation? Three names are inseparably linked with this romantic river. Verrazano, the Florentine, discovered it more than a century before the phlegmatic Stuyvesant planted his Bowery on a site since occupied by thieves' kitchens. Hendrik Hudson gave his name to it in 1609. Yet it is a third name, that of Washington Irving, the bard of Knickerbocker days, which will come to the mind of every English reader whenever the Hudson is mentioned, for it was he who, before he went home to die on its banks, bestowed immortality on his favourite river, peopling its creeks with beings as fanciful as Rip Van Winkle, with whose aid he threw undying glamour over the Catskills and made them for all time the shrine of good Americans in search of home-made romance. It is from that period that the Hudson derives its glory, from a time when no sky-scrapers pierced the clouds that hung low over New Amsterdam, where stolid Dutchmen smoked their long pipes on shady stoeps, shivering over tales of the spectre ships that sailed on dark nights over the dreary waters of the Tappan Zee, and watching the

wild duck pitch on their nests where now the transatlantic liners crowd the busy quays. Those old settlers of the Hudson valley led a life that was austere and a little grey, yet not wanting in a simple, sober beauty that has long gone out of fashion in a city given over to hustle and trusts. The sweet peace of the Hudson is no more. Side-wheelers and stern-wheelers, swifter but less beautiful than Irving's sloop, stir its troubled waters to their depths, and the white wings of the once busy fleet are for ever folded. The new era was inaugurated more than a hundred years ago, on the day when Fulton's 'Clermont' made her first voyage from New York to Albany—one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours—an apparition so disquieting to eyes accustomed only to the zigzag course of sailing craft that a farmer of the neighbourhood fled home panic-stricken and blurted out to his good wife that he had just seen 'the devil going up-river in a sawmill'! To-day the Hudson is so overrun in its lower reaches by the argosies of a generation which sets hurry higher than beauty, that the survival of its romance is a mighty tribute to the genius and imagination of the writer who immortalised its older phase. This transformation, helped by natural causes which operate from source to mouth, may be appreciated in a day's travel, when it will be seen that below Troy the stream loses that homely beauty which clings about Irving's pictures of it, and resembles rather an inlet of the ocean. Yet, after all, the same may be said of other rivers no less beautiful out of sight of the sea. Our own Thames, below Tilbury, suggests the rural drainage of the Cotswolds as little as does the Hudson, at New York, that of the Adirondacks.

If the Hudson fails in its response to the ruling mood of the American nation, it is in counting for so little in the story of exploration, in not pointing the way westward to that great Beyond which beckoned alike the *voyageur*, the missionary, the trapper, and the fortune-seeker of other days. Such a stream, luring men from the overcrowded cities of the East to the greater spaces in the sunset, is the Columbia, which tempted the pioneers to emulate the audacity and dogged patience with which it had carved its way through mountain and forest towards the Pacific slope. And thus it led them to a land

of fair promise, not perhaps flowing with milk and honey, yet generous in timber and in fish, and blest with a climate nearing perfection, thanks, no doubt, to the gentle touch of warm ocean currents from Japan. There is a peculiar interest about the early exploration of the Columbia River, for, unlike most of America's great streams, which were explored from their estuary upwards until their earliest navigators reached at last the cold heart of forbidding ranges, the Columbia was first followed from its tender beginnings in the Divide by the members of the famous Lewis and Clarke expedition, who pursued it to the western ocean, where, in earlier centuries, its secrets had baffled such navigators as Drake and Cook. Here, then, is the interesting contrast between it and the Hudson. The Hudson stands for the old order that is changing, while the Columbia is the river of progress, singing as it goes of the rise of a new land, almost, indeed, of a new power, for the schism of this century will not, for Americans, be North and South so much as East and West. The spirit of adventure which led the pioneers down the Columbia had earlier guided them up the St Lawrence, and those who journeyed under the heights of Quebec to the narrows of the Thousand Islands may well have believed with the Indians that this was the 'river without end.'

No contrast between rivers of different type is more attractive than that which differentiates the swift and the slow, the extremes of which in these islands are found in the Border burns and the crawling streams of the eastern counties. If a yet more striking illustration of the two kinds of river were needed, we might find it in the other hemisphere, for the Niagara and the Mississippi represent these opposite extremes. The former, which furnishes students of the earth's face with perhaps the most wonderful example of river erosion on the globe, has from start to finish a career of less than forty miles, but in that short space it has to carry off the drainage of something over a million square miles of lakes, or more than half the fresh water of the earth, with the result that this mighty little river has stored in it mechanical possibilities which can be expressed only in millions of horse-power. That its concentrated fury should furnish one of the most stupendous sights of

travel, an experience to which even the flowery periods of American guide-books are unable to do justice, is only what would be expected. The ear is stunned by the not unmusical roar of the Falls; the eye is dazzled by the moving rainbow of spray and water; and the whole effect on the senses remains the one tremendous memory of a land which has added to the seven wonders of the world. Indeed the contemplation of these million tons of falling water suggests the dreadful day in the Vision, the moment when the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven opened. Those jaded sight-seers who sneer at Niagara would scoff at paradise. The mighty Mississippi has grandeur, but of a wholly different character and appeal. Through all its three thousand miles it winds about the lush savannahs, amid the tangle of maize and pumpkin, like some gigantic boa, basking lethargic within its levees, save when swollen by the rains or melting snows. Then it is fierce, as reptiles can be, spreading havoc among the cotton fields of Louisiana. And whereas Niagara races through a terrible gorge of its own handiwork, the Mississippi flows on the whole equably to the hazy main. The storage power of Niagara, combined with the possibilities of wireless transmission, is such that Mr Tesla claims, with its aid, to be able to send a message to Mars, a hundred million miles away. Minds attuned to everyday levels may well reel at such audacity, and will prefer to contemplate such actual achievement as that of lighting Toronto, eighty miles distant, and working its street cars. Now and again the elemental forces of Nature protest against such indignity as forced labour; and I recollect a summer evening when Toronto was in darkness, and its cars at a standstill, the result of a violent thunderstorm that I had seen, a few hours earlier, burst over the power-stations at the Falls in a scene of indescribable grandeur. Though the marvels of Niagara have been the property of the tourist for less than a century, there is evidence that, whether the river is ten thousand years old or thirty—an estimate on which the doctors disagree—pre-historic man camped on its banks when first it became a river. Since then, the changes in its bed must have been considerable, for even to-day it is sensibly wearing away the limestone over which its mighty volume falls

into the basin below. Even those who have not been so fortunate as to see Niagara—a strait rather than a river—for themselves will have no difficulty in realising that it has no navigation of commercial or other importance. The Mississippi, on the other hand, was the great highway through the Southern States, from Minnesota to the Gulf, until the railroads superseded it. In the middle of the last century it supported a flourishing fleet of steamboats and a characteristic floating population, made famous in one of Mark Twain's earlier books. Even before the introduction of steam-power, there was a brisk down-river trade for small boats, though the return journey to Pittsburgh, two thousand miles against the stream, was so laborious that the boatmen, arriving at New Orleans, preferred to break up their boats, sell the timber for what it would fetch, and return home overland. But the old order in industrial affairs makes way for the new so rapidly that to-day the steamboats, which ousted the small boatmen, have in turn been supplanted by the railroad, and are in as little demand as those on the Ganges above Calcutta.*

The marriage of rivers is a curious and interesting phase of their life, and such unions are quite distinct from the more common accession of tributary streams. A familiar instance at home occurs in the junction of the Wiltshire Stour and Avon, already referred to, below Christchurch, in Hampshire. Though they have their origin in one shire and their ending in another, the two rivers, sundered soon after birth, pass through widely different scenes and preserve a marked distinction of characters, even to the fishes which inhabit them, for of the salmon which get past the nets in their common estuary, at Mudeford, opposite the Isle of Wight, more than ninety per cent. run up the Avon, and fewer than ten per cent. choose the Stour, which is, however, the more famous stream for coarse fish. A like marriage, under somewhat different auspices, is celebrated between the Mississippi and Missouri. The former, the purer wave of the two, shows strange reluctance to mingle with its more muddy neighbour, and for miles the two run side by side under opposite banks. At last they join,

* See 'British Canals,' by Edwin Pratt, p. 114, and appendix.

and the greater Missouri may be regarded as the well-dowered wife, for, though she loses her name, she retains her influence to the end, since no one, seeing the turgid river of the bayous, would suspect its ancestry in the limpid creek which, round Bemidji, keeps the fishermen busy at their nets.

In its historic and strategic aspect of political frontier the river is, for obvious reasons, most instructive in continental Europe, where different nations hold the opposing banks of many rivers. The Danube, the one great waterway of Europe trending eastward, separates an amazing diversity of races and nations. The Rhone, in its beautiful course from the glaciers of the Oberland to the tideless Mediterranean, has ceased to be a frontier, but its historic interest is unrivalled, and its opaque waters rush past Arles and Avignon loaded with memories of Roman amphitheatres, of exiled popes, and of the unrequited passion of Petrarch for his glacial Laura.

The 'brimm'd unwrinkled Rhine' has figured more conspicuously in history than either, and the contrast between the beginning and ending of this wonderful river has been finely imaged by Victor Hugo* in lines which, if not his best prose, deserve quoting:

'Oui, mon ami, c'est un noble fleuve, féodal, républicain, impérial, digne d'être à la fois français et allemand. . . . Dans sa pente, dans son cours, dans les milieux qu'il traverse, il est, pour ainsi dire, l'image de la civilisation, qu'il a déjà tant servie et qu'il servira tant encore. Il descend de Constance à Rotterdam, du pays des aigles à la ville des harengs, de la cité des papes, des conciles et des empereurs au comptoir des marchands et des bourgeois, des Alpes à l'Océan, comme l'humanité elle-même est descendue des idées hautes, immuables, inaccessibles, sereines, resplendissantes, aux idées larges, mobiles, orageuses, sombres, utiles, navigables, dangereuses, insondables, qui se chargent de tout, qui portent tout, qui fécondent tout, qui engloutissent tout; de la théocratie à la démocratie, d'une grande chose à une autre grande chose.'

This castled Rhine is endowed with a beauty which haunts the memory of all who have looked upon its flood. To the jaded eye there may be some faint suggestion of stage effect about the villages which climb the steep

* 'Le Rhin.'

THE GENIUS OF THE RIVER

sides of its leafy banks, or about the 'chiefless castle' perched upon its guardian creeks. Yet this illusion is merely the pictorial form of that which deceived the old lady who liked 'Hamlet' because it was 'so full of quotations.' Born of the granite heights that bred the freest nation in all Europe, the Rhine offers, between the foaming falls at Schaffhausen and the creeping mud at Utrecht, every phase of river life. Its navigable waters are churned by a hundred steamers, but not all their smoke can obscure its wonderful legend, and the dreamer may still enjoy precious glimpses of the Lorelei combing her luxuriant tresses and singing susceptible men to their doom, and of the legions of Cæsar and the Old Guard of Napoleon crossing the fords to make and unmake history. Indeed the fatal attraction which the Rhine has ever had for France, luring the regiments of the Grand Monarque and the marshals of the Second Empire to new emprise beyond, has again and again been not only the undoing of France herself, but the curse of Europe, which has seen itself repeatedly embroiled in devastating wars as the result of these unholy ambitions.

Making history, influenced in its turn by the progress of mankind, the River winds its way, now roaring in the pride of flood, now lamb-like in time of drought, or silent and transfixed by the iron hand of winter, from unrecorded ages to the era of civilisation, playing its part in the story of the nations, carving and moulding the face of the earth on which it lives, at one time helping man to work out his curious destiny in new homes, at another offering the most formidable obstacles to all his efforts; now his only means of communication, anon an insurmountable barrier in his path. What wonder is it then that, loved, hated, or feared, it should, in all ages and in every land, have had its worshippers! For us, the engineer has robbed it of its terrors, but to the Ancients it stood for the boundary of this life, and they reached eternity across a Ferry.

F. G. AFLALO.

Art. 5.—THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

1. *L'Empire Libéral*. By Émile Ollivier. Fourteen vols. Paris: Garnier, 1895–1909.
2. *L'Évolution Constitutionnelle du Second Empire*. By H. Berton. Paris: Felix Alcan, 1900.
3. *The Rise of Louis Napoleon*. By F. A. Simpson. London: Murray, 1909.
4. *Les Trois Coups d'État de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte*. Vol. 1, *Strasbourg et Boulogne*. By A. Lebey. Paris: Perrin, 1906.
5. *Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte et la Révolution de 1848*. By A. Lebey. Two vols. Paris: Felix Juven, 1907–8.
6. *Napoléon III avant l'Empire*. By H. Thirria. Two vols. Paris: Plon, 1899.
7. *Rome et Napoléon III*. By E. Bourgeois and E. Clermont. Paris: Armand Colin, 1907.

M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER has written an apology for his political career in fourteen volumes, eight thousand pages, and a million and a half words, and if the weight of an apology is to be measured in a grocer's scale his must be one of the weightiest apologies in literary history. It might perhaps be inferred from this that M. Ollivier was a party to transactions which it is impossible or at least embarrassing to defend, that his political course has been far from straight, and that his fame is so thickly obscured by clouds that only by gargantuan puffings and blowings can it be restored to its proper translucency. Such a conclusion would be hasty and erroneous. The writer of this prolix apology can afford to open his public career to the inspection of any jury of moralists without a twinge of misgiving. Whatever may have been his failures and his faults, nobody can say that they were the fruit of a mean, jealous, or double-dealing nature. M. Ollivier is the most diaphanous of men and the least malicious of memoir-writers. He has the full orator's allowance of vanity, but it is as the vanity of the sunflower, large, easy and expansive. He can admire Thiers, who eclipsed him, and find qualities to praise in Jules Simon, whom he regarded as an old ally sundered by treachery. He has been a hard but never a rancorous fighter, and has

preserved a sweet core of geniality through misfortunes which would have dropped acid into a less wholesome nature. Nobody can read these volumes without feeling attracted to their author. They have none of those subtle and delicate harmonies which are so enchanting in the best prose of all; they are neither witty nor humorous, and they are sadly lacking in restraint, plan, concision; but they move along at a high level of clear and masculine eloquence; they are never languid or feeble; and who can refrain from admiring the unconquerable youth and buoyancy of heart which has prompted a man, after his political career had been broken beyond retrieve, to plan at the age of seventy, and to execute between the ages of seventy and eighty-four, so gallant and extensive a vindication of the faith that was in him?

M. Ollivier's apology takes the form of a general history of the Second Empire and of its intellectual and political antecedents. He wishes to show that Liberalism was an essential part of the Imperial idea, and that he was fully justified in his belief that France could enjoy a wide measure of political liberty under an Emperor of the lineage of Napoleon. And this object is combined with a purpose which is still more directly relevant to M. Ollivier's political reputation. The Cabinet of which he was the nominal chief plunged France into the war of 1870; and not the least among the motives which have led to the composition of this elaborate book is the desire to recount the true causes of that plain and palpable catastrophe. The name Ollivier is associated with a great defeat. There was a time when no Frenchman could speak a good word for the Minister who, on July 15, 1870, announced from the tribune that he entered the Prussian war 'with a light heart.' Many were the imprecations heaped on that 'light heart' of M. Ollivier. No party would defend him. To the Royalists he was a demagogue, to the Republicans a renegade, to the Imperialists the quack doctor who had injured a sound constitution. When the first great defeats were announced, M. Ollivier was hurled from office and shot through descending levels of opprobrium and contempt into the oblivion from which an unrelenting spirit of self-assertion armed with an industrious and enduring pen has enabled him triumphantly to emerge.

The writer of these memoirs was born at Marseilles July 2, 1825, and first came into public notice in 1848 when Ledru-Rollin sent him and his father into the departments of the Bouches du Rhône and Var as joint commissioners of the newly-founded Republic. Educated in the Radical tradition of France, Émile Ollivier had been familiar from early youth with some of the leaders of Republican opinion. His father, Demosthenes Ollivier, was the friend of Armand Carrel, the Republican-Bonapartist, of Pierre Leroux, the Republican-Socialist, of Ledru-Rollin, the Republican pure and simple. 'Above our childish heads,' says the autobiographer quaintly, 'resounded the grand words, God, Humanity, Plato, Jesus.' We are left to infer that the atmosphere of the Ollivier household was compounded of that sentimental and comprehensive idealism which is the special feature of the Revolution of 1848 in its early and exuberant phases. In such a home the young Ollivier naturally grew up to be a Republican, but not, though perhaps this may be the result of temperament rather than of surroundings, a Republican of the most austere and exclusive sect. One key to the inner shrine of Jacobinism he never possessed. He was neither an atheist nor an anti-clerical. On the contrary, much as he deplored the development of ultramontane tendencies in the Church, he was as a youth, and has ever since remained, a loyal Catholic. He tells us how as a boy he found his favourite intellectual pasture in Bossuet and Pascal, and how during his progress as Republican commissioner he created something of a sensation by calling on a bishop. Such Liberalism was rare among Ledru-Rollin's commissioners, but the brief life of the Second Republic afforded little scope for its exercise. The triumph of Louis Bonaparte dealt a shattering blow to the Ollivier family. The father was sentenced to Cayenne, then exiled; and the avenues of public life seemed to be effectively closed against the son.

In the sudden and complete eclipse of public liberties Émile Ollivier found a refuge and eventually a reputation in the practice of the law. The bar has been a great school of political oratory in France. The leaders of the Gironde were barristers, Gambetta and Jules Favre won their first laurels at the bar, and M. Ollivier, who stands

as far removed from the D'Aguesseaus and Pothiers of his profession as Lamennais from Aquinas or Erskine from Coke, learnt to love the sound of his eloquent voice first at Lyons and subsequently in the historic halls of the Île de la Cité. Then in 1857 he resolved to rid himself of the scruple which prevented the strait sect of Republicans from entering political life. The friend of Michelet took an oath to the Imperial Constitution, was elected to the Chamber by the third circumscription of the Seine, and found himself leader of a small company of five who alone represented the Republican principle in an Assembly manufactured by prefects and governed by emotions of servility and fear. The programme of the 'Five' was Liberalism. In domestic affairs they advocated the repeal of the Coercion Acts, the freedom of the press, the publication of parliamentary debates, parliamentary control of legislation and finance, elected municipal councils for Paris and Lyons, the abolition of official candidatures and governmental pressure at elections. In foreign policy they stood for the principle of Nationality; in the ecclesiastical domain for the free Church in the free State. To all Five it was common ground that the Empire could never consist with liberty, and that the true object of a Liberal Opposition was to sap its foundation and to prepare its fall. From this position Jules Favre, who was perhaps the most eloquent and resourceful of the Five, never departed, but Ollivier was cast in a less obdurate mould, and by swift and continuous gradations the Republican son of a Republican proscrip became the apostle of the Liberal Empire. Of the agencies by which this transformation was accomplished there is naturally a full, though not a complete, account in these memoirs. It is clear, for instance, that the Duc de Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, took special pains to conciliate the vigorous young iconoclast, though it is impossible to determine with accuracy the weight which is to be attributed to the seductions of this adroit politician. But the course of public affairs probably counted for more with M. Ollivier than the personal influences to which the stalwarts of the Republican cause attributed his lapse. In 1860 the Emperor declared an amnesty for political offences. M. Ollivier's 'heart was appeased,' and henceforward he began to think more favourably of the possibilities of

the Empire. When on November 24 of the same year the Emperor so far relaxed the rigour of his system as to permit the publication of parliamentary debates and the power of discussing the Address, M. Ollivier discovered, as he tells us, 'a sovereign capable of understanding liberty.' He still declared himself a Republican, but in vague and eloquent language promised his support to the Emperor if he would realise the liberal programme of the Hundred Days. When Morny asked him whether he was content with the concessions he replied, 'If it is the end you are lost, if it is a beginning you are established.' It proved only to be a beginning. The elections of 1863, despite all that the prefects could do to prevent it, brought new strength to the Opposition and restored Thiers to public life. Blow after blow rained down upon the Government defences. The Mexican expedition was shown to be unnecessary, expensive, a violation of the principles of nationalities; the Opposition demanded the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, and claimed that the interests of France were being sacrificed to the clericals. In these attacks M. Ollivier joined, but he was now no longer the most conspicuous star in the Assembly. The wider experience and the more brilliant eloquence of Thiers gave the Orleanist leader a position among the opponents of the Government to which none of the young generation could aspire; and perhaps this fact may have exercised a certain unanalysed influence over the attitude of the Liberal leader. Be this as it may, in 1864 M. Ollivier quarrelled with the Left over a bill to legalise strikes, and in the following year cast his vote—*un vote d'espérance*—for the Address. He was now drawn into the Imperial circle. On May 6, 1865, he dined with the Empress at the Tuileries, learnt that at sixteen she had been a Fourierist, and explained to her that his task was to convert a revolutionary into a constitutional democracy. On June 27 he had his first interview with the Emperor. 'I was charmed,' he wrote that evening in his diary; 'he was gay and open, ready with his smile, and so simple that he puts you at your ease at once; not talkative certainly, but an agreeable talker. His eye is quick, fine, caressing, his appearance cold but without stiffness. His nature strikes me as delicate and feminine.' In 1866 the breach

with the Republicans was complete. Ollivier founded a Third Party pledged to support the Empire and to urge it down the path of liberal reform. Three years later a following of forty-two had swollen to a hundred and fifteen.

It is claimed for this design that it was not only sound in principle, but that it was within measurable reach of winning a great and durable success. M. Ollivier contends that a Republic was not really desired by France, that the monarchical parties were impossible, and that the requisite union of force and liberty could only be secured by the harmonious co-operation of those two incommensurables—a parliamentary government and an Empire founded by a *coup d'état* and consolidated by a plebiscite. He further argues with much circumstance that such a policy was the natural and logical outcome of Bonapartism. The great Emperor was himself quite outside the ordinary category of European dynasts. He was the child of fortune; his throne depended not upon legitimacy, but upon the will of the people; and the most durable achievement of his government had been to secure to France the social conquests of a popular revolution. During the Hundred Days, perceiving that a change had come over the political climate, he issued a Constitution, better, in the opinion of Thiers, than any other which France had obtained in all her revolutions; but the first experiment in a Liberal Empire was shortlived. The battle of Waterloo, which, as Napoleon observed at St Helena, was as fatal to the liberties of Europe as the battle of Philippi was fatal to the liberties of Rome, ushered in a period of autocratic reaction. All over Europe the liberal spirit was proscribed, and in the stupid excesses of the restored governments the banished Emperor discerned the future hope of his dynasty. In the St Helena conversations he portrayed his liberal intentions and the democratic elements in his rule. He stood for liberty, equality, nationality, peace. If he had not been a Constitutional monarch from the first, this was not due to any inherent incompatibility between the Empire and Constitutionalism, but to the necessity of quieting the ferment of revolution, and then to the stress of a war which he would gladly have avoided. The day would

come when Europe would need a government founded upon the principles of Bonapartism and capable of securing for them the respect which they deserved. A generation elapsed and part of the prophecy was realised: the French had returned to an Empire based upon the *plébiscite*. However despotic may have been its primal aspect, such a government contained the precious and necessary seeds of liberty. There was the authority of the *plébiscite*, there was a Chamber elected on a scheme of universal suffrage, there was an Emperor who had shown in his early writings that he possessed a grasp of Liberal principle and an eye for social reform. M. Ollivier contends that a free Constitution was the necessary complement of the Imperial idea. It was not indeed part of his conception that the Emperor should be an irresponsible figurehead. Rouher, who stood for autocracy, said that it was plainly impossible that the Emperor should reign but not govern, and M. Ollivier appears to think that a Chief of a State—active, initiating great lines of policy, and responsible to the people at large—could co-exist with a Ministry chosen from the dominant party in the elected Chamber and liable to be removed from office by its vote. Whatever may be the difficulties inherent in such a dualism, they had not time to develop themselves under the Liberal Empire. M. Ollivier's dream had hardly assumed a palpable form before it was rudely and finally shattered; but while it lasted the dream was bright. In December 1869 he was invited to form a responsible Ministry. The Constitution was remodelled; so that it became, as M. Ollivier remarked to the Emperor, 'the most truly Liberal Constitution which had existed in France since 1789.' The press was freed from its shackles; the parliament recovered complete control over every department of public policy; and the great scheme of Liberal reform was on May 8, 1870, endorsed by seven million votes of the French people.

'If I had then been carried off by fever like Cavour,' remarks M. Ollivier, 'I should have been unanimously applauded as one of the rare statesmen of the nineteenth century whose design had been accomplished in its entirety.' Unfortunately the first achievement of the Liberal Empire was to accept that disastrous encounter

which has permanently lowered the military prestige of France. 'A cyclone which I could not foretell, and against which I was not allowed the time to struggle, beats down upon my work, crushes it and casts me among the vanquished who are condemned to ostracism.' But for that unseen calamity M. Ollivier announces that 'without phrases or charlatanism of any kind' he would have slain anarchical or despotic Socialism by a vast scheme of social reform. A sketch of this imposing but uncompleted design is vouchsafed to us. It includes a reform of the civil, penal, and procedural codes, the abolition of collateral inheritance, and the legal emancipation of women. M. Ollivier was a true Liberal. He hated tyranny in all its forms, whether it were the tyranny of the trades union over the workman or of the State over the Church or of the Church over the State. He wished to respect the freedom of contract and to sanction the formation of religious as well as of commercial and civil associations. The Latin genius is averse to compromise, and political movements in France have been too often armed with terror in place of argument. M. Ollivier's policy was framed on a basis of confidence. He trusted the capacity of women to manage their own investments, and of priests to shape their own dogma. Above all, he trusted the Emperor, who is exhibited to us as 'the faithful interpreter of democratic France, ambitious of adding one last stone to the radiant pyramid of glory and generosity' erected by the genius of his illustrious uncle. So confiding is M. Ollivier that he believes that a Bonaparte could adapt himself to a philosophy of affairs which might have emanated from the brain of John Stuart Mill.

It is obvious that Napoleon III understood M. Ollivier: it is not so clear that M. Ollivier understood Napoleon III. Having persuaded himself that the Emperor was a Liberal, he finds his own honest and Liberal countenance reflected everywhere in the stream of Imperial policy. His handling of diplomatic affairs is an illustration of this amiable but misleading tendency. The Crimean War, by sowing dissension between Austria and Prussia, undoubtedly paved the way for the liberation of Italy, but what are we to say of this version of the motives which led the Emperor to embark on it?

'The Emperor had no hatred for the Cossacks and did not even cherish any ill will against the Tsar for his impertinence. He had no superstition for the balance of power; indeed, he intended to destroy it; and the Turk interested him as little as the Ottoman Empire. His object in making war was to restore the prestige of France in that quarter of the world which had witnessed our bitter humiliation of 1840. He wished to put an end to the Holy Alliance of the North, to make a rupture between Russia and Austria which would pave the way to the policy of nationalities—to the freedom of Italy and perhaps to the freedom of Poland.'*

Did Napoleon III really take up arms against the Muscovites for the principal reason that he might the more effectually rescue the suffering Lombards and Venetians from the Austrian yoke? Would he have expected such a story to find credence with the Empress or with Rouher? And when M. Ollivier swallowed it, was he not thereby encouraged to pay an even more elaborate compliment to his Minister's credulity? The Mexican expedition was not upon the face of it an enterprise calculated upon national or Liberal ideals. The French Government attempted to impose an alien Emperor upon the Mexicans by force of arms, hoping that a clerical autocracy so founded and supported would arrest the advancing tide of the Protestant Yankees. No episode in the whole history of Empire was more difficult to accommodate to the conscience of a man like M. Ollivier, who believed in Rome for the Romans, Germany for the Germans, Mexico for the Mexicans, and France for the French. Yet a good conjuror can show us a bird where we expected to see a sixpenny piece. We learn that the underlying thought of the Mexican expedition was not the Jecker contract, nor the claims of the Vatican, nor the outcry of the Mexican clericals, nor the desire to profit by the Civil War in America to extend French influence in the Western Hemisphere, nor the fabulous gold mines of the Sonora, nor any of the many sinister motives which were so freely attributed by the opposition press; it was, purely and simply, Venice. The idea of the Mexican expedition was so to smooth the ruffled plumes of Austria that she would consent to cede Venice

* 'L'Empire Libéral,' iii, 188.

to Victor Emmanuel. 'The ghost of Venice,' as Nigra wrote to Ricasoli, 'roams along the corridors of the Tuileries.' In his subtle and circuitous way the Emperor was still pursuing the fair phantom of Italy, and Frenchmen were dying on the parched uplands of Mexico as they had died in their snow-bound cantonnements round Sebastopol that the land of Dante might be free.

M. Ollivier, is, however, constrained to concede that some passages in the diplomacy of his hero do not admit of this exalted interpretation. There were 'aberrations' from the straight path of altruism. The acquisition of Savoy and Nice was apparently sound nationalism, a restoration of lost members rather than a conquest, but no such apology can be discovered even by M. Ollivier for the designs upon Belgium, Luxemburg and the Palatinate. These projects were regrettable 'aberrations' from the nationalist ideal, but no part, we are told, of the permanent fabric of Imperial diplomacy. 'Save in a moment of illness and folly in 1867 . . . the Emperor had not even a vague inclination to take Belgium . . . under pressure of public opinion he may perhaps sometimes have desired a rectification of frontier towards the Palatinate.' We are convinced that upon this point M. Ollivier is mistaken and that a rectification of the eastern frontier of France was a fixed part of the foreign policy of the Second Empire.

That M. Ollivier should have fallen into an error on a matter so important is partly due to his eagerness to minimise the incompatibility between his own political ideals and the practice of the Empire and partly also to the peculiar confusion and uncertainty of his master's policy. The Emperor's mind was full of vague, grand and imperfectly harmonised ideas. He had a genuine sympathy for the Italians and Poles, and cherished a belief that it was the predestined task of the Empire to assist in the emancipation of suffering nationalities. At the same time he was ambitious for France. He understood enough of French human nature to know that it wanted glory, and he knew enough of French history to find the quarter where conquest would be most glorious and glory would be most grateful. From the very beginning of his reign he had made up his mind to revise the treaties of 1815. He spoke upon the

subject with Prince Albert in 1858, casting and recasting the map of Europe and Africa in his conversation with the freedom of a Bonaparte; and amid all the vacillations of an uncertain and divided policy he never wholly lost sight of the waters of the Rhine. The complexion of affairs did not, however, permit a frank and thorough pursuit either of the one aim or of the other. Napoleon could not sacrifice the temporal independence of the Papacy to the Italian Kingdom and at the same time retain the loyalty of the French clericals; and the designs on Belgium and the Rhine were of so revolutionary a character that they could only be tentatively and secretly pressed as part of a general scheme of reconstruction. The problem of alliances was as complex as the objects of policy were various and confused. The English alliance, consistent with enmity to Russia and help to Piedmont, was at variance with any scheme for extending the frontier to the north-east. On the other hand an understanding with Austria, while it would gratify the clericals and check the Prussians, would carry dismay into all the Liberal and nationalist circles in Europe. The Emperor was torn between conflicting sympathies and opposing counsels. Persigny was the friend of the English, Drouyn of the Austrians, Morny of the Russians. Ollivier gives it as his opinion that the capital fault of the Empire was that it did not make a firm friend of the Tsar after the Crimean War. Napoleon listened to everybody and trusted nobody. Like Louis XV he sent abroad secret agents and wove his own web of secret diplomacy. Walewski was kept in ignorance of his master's secret meeting with Cavour at Plombières and of the offensive and defensive alliance which was there entered into. No ambassador and no Minister knew of the Triple Alliance between Austria, Italy and France which was so nearly concluded in 1869. 'A declaration from one of my Ministers,' observed Napoleon to Von Goltz, 'would not be important. I alone know what the foreign policy of France will be—a perfectly intelligible position, but one not easily to be conciliated with parliamentary control.'

The truth of the matter is that Napoleon III was ill-fitted for the rôle of a constitutional monarch, not because he was devoid of public virtue or popular instincts, but

because he could not divest himself of certain ingrained habits of mind, partly due to his antecedents as a plotter, partly to his early practice of autocracy, which are incompatible with true parliamentary government. His reputation both as a man and a statesman has suffered abrupt and unusual vicissitudes. After a period of almost unqualified censure and contempt, a marked tendency has set in to portray the Emperor not indeed as a model of domestic virtue—that would be plainly impossible—but as more generous and less Macchiavellian than he had been depicted, to discover in him a certain width of view and elevation of aim, a kindliness of disposition, even a warmth of heart, wholly incompatible with the cruel and calculating egotism ascribed to him by such writers as Kinglake and Victor Hugo. This tendency, which is part of the general revival of Napoleonic studies and has been powerfully assisted by the writings of M. Ollivier, has recently found an English exponent in Mr Simpson, who has derived from a careful study of Louis Bonaparte's early life a great, perhaps an excessive, admiration for the character of his hero. That Louis Bonaparte possessed in early life an inflexible faith in his destiny, that his tenacity was proof against failures which would have dashed the courage and ruined the prospects of nine out of ten pretenders, that in the midst of a good deal of trumpery display and vulgar self-indulgence he showed industry and resource, that he played a remarkably bad hand with surprising skill, always keeping himself in view when it was most opportune that he should be noticed, always projecting his mind into the future and cleverly guiding it into the grooves of the social progress, will not be denied by any one who studies the pages of Mr Simpson or those of his French precursors, MM. Thirria and Lebey. But was he of the stuff out of which constitutional monarchs are made? Was he loyal? Was he capable of trusting his Ministers? Had he those habits of judicious compromise and quiet influence which are essential to the successful conduct of a constitutional monarchy? Above all, was he prepared to make a permanent surrender of autocratic power, or were his concessions accompanied by half-formed and cloudy resolutions of withdrawal which the energetic pressure of a reactionary camarilla might at any moment

cause to solidify in action? It is to questions such as these that M. Ollivier supplies an unsatisfactory answer.

The early life of Louis Napoleon would, of itself, constitute a weighty reason for distrusting the solidity of the Liberal Empire. For the profession of constitutional monarchy there can be no worse training than a youth expended in conspiracy. Now whether or no Louis Bonaparte was in 1831 an enrolled member of the Carbonaro Society or only in avowed sympathy with its aims, it is certain that he graduated in Italian conspiracy and that for eighteen years conspiracy of the most secret kind was the main strand of his existence. And this conspiracy belonged in no small measure to the type which is most repugnant to a delicate conscience. For about five years Louis Bonaparte's main object was to debauch the loyalty of the French army. He began by composing a treatise on artillery and by circulating it as widely as might be among the French officers of that arm. Then in 1836, when his name had acquired some notoriety, he made an attempt to corrupt the garrison of Strasburg, was arrested, pardoned by the King and despatched to America. Having failed with the great eastern garrison, he and his friends next turned their attention to the army of the north. In 1840 they crossed the Channel, a live eagle tied to the mast of their vessel, and descended on Boulogne. The affair was a ludicrous and ignominious failure. The Pretender was this time put upon his trial and sentenced to lifelong imprisonment in the insalubrious castle of Ham. Here, exhibiting the finer side of a character singularly compounded of good and evil, he addressed himself to the cultivation of those branches of knowledge which seemed likely to commend him to the rising generation. He composed a pamphlet on the extinction of pauperism which drew a warm eulogy from George Sand, advocated protective duties on sugar to conciliate the beetroot industry, and recommended a study of the Prussian military system to keep his name before the soldiers. Louis Blanc visited him in prison and found him interested in Socialism; Lord Malmesbury, another visitor, reported that five years of confinement had not emptied his mind or relaxed his faith. It is, however, probable that both in mind and body he was permanently

affected by his imprisonment at Ham, that he here grew into those vague, dreamy and indecisive habits which became the perplexity of his advisers and the calamity of his country, and that it was here that were sown the seeds of that serious malady without which Prussia might now be a less powerful State, and France a more weighty factor in the balance of Europe.

We are not here specially concerned with the moral aspect of Louis Bonaparte's early escapades. His defenders invite us to believe that he was justified in attempting to overturn a government which was supported by brute force alone. That the July monarchy was 'wholly without the spirit of improvement,' and that it 'wrought almost exclusively through the meaner and more selfish instincts of mankind,' is the verdict of John Stuart Mill; but admitting all the allegations which have been brought against it, such as that it was sprung upon the country by a small knot of politicians and journalists, that it was neither brave, nor glorious, nor progressive, that it entirely failed to strike the common imagination or to enlist the affections of France, it may still be asked by what right a young gentleman, with not as much as fifty friends in the country, embarked upon an adventure which could only have one of two issues—instant failure or a costly civil war. The government which Louis Bonaparte sallied out to overthrow was not ideal; but at least it enlarged the liberties of the country and rallied to its support an array of parliamentary talent such as France had not seen before and has never since enjoyed. Moreover, in 1836, when the first assault was made upon the fidelity of the army, the government of Louis Philippe had not yet developed into a rigid system that stationary and unintelligent resistance to reform which brought about its downfall twelve years later. There was at that time every reason to believe that the frame of the constitution might be gradually adapted to the needs of a democracy. The hereditary peerage had gone; the franchise, though still far too narrow, had been expanded; and since property was safe and the principles of social equality had been secured in the institutions of the country, there was no grave reason for discontent. The plan of the building was tolerable, and its insufficiencies could be remedied by alterations

and additions. A patriot would at least have waited until there was reason to suppose that the occupants themselves were determined to pull the old structure down and to rebuild upon a new and improved plan from basement to rafter.

That moment came in 1848; and out of the whirlpool of revolution Disraeli's 'Prince Florestan' swam ashore with a crown. He had arrived in London two years earlier, the hero of an escape which in its brilliant perfection of contrivance would have done honour to the invention of Dumas; and at the first tidings of the February revolution he crossed the Channel to take advantage of events. Finding the political skies vexed and unpropitious, he discreetly returned to his safe London harbourage to wait for a softer wind and a calmer sea. No very long draft was made upon his patience. Reputations are quickly used up in the furnace of revolution, and in the course of one short summer all the brightest flowers of the early spring were parched and drooping. Ledru-Rollin, ominously prominent in March, was a beaten man in May. Lamartine, who was expected to be able to sweep the country in April, was a spent force in October. Cavaignac, who had saved Paris in June, was reported in November to be assured of defeat for the significant reason that he was supposed to be specially identified with the Republic. All the odds were on the new man, who bore a famous name, who had kept himself free from paltry entanglements, who had steered clear of the dangerous shoals upon which so many light and flaunting barks had run to their destruction.

When it was decided that the President of the Republic should be elected not by the legislature but by the people, Louis Bonaparte was assured of victory. The eloquent and irresponsible tribute of two sublime sentimentalists were blazoned on his electoral manifestoes. Chateaubriand had written that no name went better with the glory of France, and George Sand, in allusion to the tract on pauperism, announced that the Napoleon of to-day personified the sufferings of the people, as his uncle had been the incarnation of their pride. The candidate himself behaved with rare discretion. He was watchful and silent, holding himself aloof from public debate or party war-cries, while shadowing forth that

vague policy of comprehension which was the secret of his power. His maiden speech in the Chamber was a fortunate, perhaps a calculated, failure, for by giving the impression of stupidity he disarmed the vigilance of his foes. Like his uncle before Brumaire, he made himself accessible to men of every political colour, even to those from whom social order had most to fear. He told Proudhon that he was no dupe of the calumnies scattered against the Socialists, and left upon that acute and fantastic person the impression of a chivalrous head and heart, of a mediocre genius unlikely to prosper, and finally of a man whose professions it would be well to distrust.

The habits engendered in this period of watchful strain were not easily thrown off. We may freely agree with M. Ollivier when he tells us that the programme of the Liberal Empire was implicit in the '*Idées Napoléoniennes*' published in 1839, and that the whole course of Napoleon's internal policy was conducted on a long-meditated plan. The Liberal Empire was unquestionably a deduction of the intellect. Was it ever in any full sense a conviction of the heart? M. Ollivier quotes, in order to refute it, a passage* from the memoirs of Baron Haussmann describing a confidential talk with the Emperor in the park of St Cloud on June 13, 1870, in the course of which Napoleon complained of the incapacity of his Liberal Ministry, and announced his intention of restoring autocracy at the end of the parliamentary session. There was no love lost between Haussmann and Ollivier, and the Empress has authorised a denial of this serious imputation upon her husband's loyalty. But the Empress was not present at the interview, and the story is so circumstantial and also so typical of the Emperor's wavering purpose that we cannot lightly brush it aside. The Court had never approved of his liberal concessions, and no fine ear was required to overhear its whispered discontent. Nor can we wonder if, in view of the pressure of the autocratic party and the manifold signs of public disquietude—the demonstrations in the streets, the lampoons in the press, and the tirades in the Chamber—the Emperor should experience moods of doubt and regret, moods in which his liberal experiment would appear to be a failure, and

* '*L'Empire Libéral*,' xiii, 522-5.

the prompt withdrawal of parliamentary government an imperious necessity of politics.

The difficulties which M. Ollivier surmounted in working his system of liberal ideas into the fabric of the Empire may have led him to think that the reconstructed edifice was more compact than it really was. In any case the Liberal Constitution was killed in an accident before it had time to prove its worth. Of the causes which led to this sudden ruin of his political hopes M. Ollivier has much that is valuable to relate. He was close to the central wheel of affairs; he kept a diary, and to the resources of a full memory he adds an acquaintance with the voluminous literature which has sprung up round the origins of the Franco-Prussian war. Many points which had been obscure to him at the time he has since been able to clear up in conversation or correspondence with important people. Of course M. Ollivier is human, and that he should absolve himself of any part of the blame is as natural as that he should find his principal scape-goat in the Prussian Chancellor. But his work is stamped with an air of candour and conviction, and his narrative is the fullest, the most scrupulous, and the most authoritative statement which has yet been published on the French side.

The causes of the Franco-Prussian war reach back to 1866. France could never forgive or forget the battle of Sadowa or the Treaty of Prague. She had expected to reap a golden harvest out of the collision between the Prussian and the Austrian monarchies, arguing that the struggle would be long and exhausting, and that the moment would surely come when the Emperor would impose his mediation and claim his reward. But these plausible calculations were shattered by the swiftness of the Prussian triumph. The King of Prussia had made himself master of all Germany north of the Main, while the Emperor of France had gained nothing, not a Belgian fortress nor a German hamlet. A surprising and unpleasant series of contrasts became suddenly evident even to the most listless eye; the Head of the French State tranquilly composing a life of Julius Cæsar while the Head of the Prussian State was forging the most powerful army in Europe; the prize of Venice shaken out into the weak arms of Italy from the superabundant

cornucopia of Prussian victory; the prize of Mexico abandoned with every circumstance of humiliation at the imperious command of an Anglo-Saxon republic; on the French side a chain of diplomatic rebuffs in Denmark, in Poland, in Bohemia, on the Prussian side nothing attempted which the power of the State was not able to carry to a conclusion; on the one hand evidence of intellectual design, on the other of vague, ill-calculated and inconsistent policies. The Opposition led by Thiers rubbed in the sore. They proclaimed that France had been lowered in the scale of nations, that Sadowa was a national defeat, and that if ever the Prussians should attempt to cross the Main it would be the duty of the French Government to go to war. This opinion was by no means confined to the Opposition. Rouher and the Conservatives were equally clear that under any circumstances an attempt to draw the South German States into the Hohenzollern net would be a *casus belli*.

M. Ollivier drew a distinction. As a champion of the doctrine of nationalities he could not consistently oppose the unification of Germany if it were accomplished by the free act of the German people. In his view the principle of nationalities was sacred, and the balance of power was not. He would fight to protect the South Germans from Prussian coercion, but he thought it both wrong and futile to oppose a spontaneous union of North and South, even if such a union should change the European balance unfavourably to France. But these views were sparsely held. Neither Daru nor Gramont, who successively reigned at the Foreign Office during the Ollivier Ministry, agreed on this point with their *chef de cabinet*. M. Ollivier, however, was not the man to dissemble his opinions, and having arranged for their publication in the 'Kölnische Zeitung' (March 13 and 24, 1870), was satisfied that his pacific intentions were known to the German public.

The Liberal Cabinet came into power on December 27, 1869, and almost at once began to make cautious and secret advances to Prussia through English channels with a view to mutual disarmament. Daru told Lord Clarendon that France was willing to take the initiative with a reduction of ten thousand men on her annual contingent; but Bismarck would not listen for a moment to this kind of palaver. He said that the Tsar's health was uncertain,

that he could not count on the Tsarevitch, and that the North German confederation might find itself confronted with an alliance between Russia, Austria and the South German States. The project dropped, and early in May 1870 M. Ollivier heard from Benedetti, the French ambassador in Berlin, that Prussia would be impelled by the pressure of the smaller Northern States to annex the South as soon as she could do it with impunity. Nevertheless, M. Ollivier persisted in believing that the peace could be kept and that a struggle with Prussia did not enter into the schemes of his master. Those who have attributed Macchiavellian projects to the Emperor have been wont to lay stress on the *plébiscite* of May 8, and upon Gramont's summons to the Foreign Office on May 14. M. Ollivier assures them that they are completely mistaken. No thought of war crossed the Emperor's mind when he determined to submit the amended and liberalised constitution to the verdict of the electors. He was not asking for a fresh lease of authority in view of foreign eventualities; he was, on the contrary, giving a reluctant assent to the demands of his Liberal advisers. So little did he wish for the *plébiscite*, that in discussing constitutional reform with M. Ollivier he had made it an express condition that no *plébiscite* should be taken. Nor did the Emperor's success at the polls and on the morrow of the *plébiscite* deflect the policy of Court and Cabinet from its pacific grooves. Gramont indeed had been since 1861 ambassador at Vienna, from which post of vantage he had narrowly watched the onward march of Prussian greatness, and Gramont, though neither senator nor deputy, was on May 14 brought to the Foreign Office. It has been usual to assume that the Duke was a firebrand pitched into a pacific Ministry by the joint action of the Emperor and Rouher in order that matters might be carried with a high hand. To all such surmises M. Ollivier opposes a categorical denial. Gramont was no firebrand, and it was M. Ollivier who recommended Gramont to the Emperor, not Napoleon who imposed him on Ollivier. From the first the bourgeois Minister fell under the charm of the finished aristocrat. 'I met him at Prince Napoleon's. He appeared to me to be seductive, enlightened, instructed. He showed me his despatch of 1866.' M. Ollivier does not conceal the fact that upon the

most important point of foreign policy he thought differently from the man to whom he entrusted the portfolio of foreign affairs. Gramont intended to resist the union of Germany at all costs, Olliver would draw the sword only on proof of Northern coercion. For the present, however, the cracks were plastered over, and the Cabinet hung on marking time and keeping an open mind as to the future.

The Emperor had been more provident than his Ministers. When Gramont went to Vienna to take leave of his embassy he was shown to his amazement the text of a treaty which his master had been negotiating for the past year behind his back. The draft was of the greatest moment, nothing less than a scheme for an offensive and defensive alliance between France, Austria and Italy; but it was unsigned and unratified because Victor Emmanuel exacted as the price of his adhesion the evacuation of Rome by the French troops. The negotiations, however, were suspended, not broken, and the three sovereigns exchanged autograph letters to that effect. Indeed, on May 28 Lebrun was despatched to Vienna to hold a secret military conference with the Archduke Albert. But of all this the *chef de cabinet* was kept in the darkest ignorance.

It was early in June, while Lebrun was at Schönbrunn concerting military operations with the Austrian Archduke, that Bismarck requested Marshal Prim to renew his offer of the Spanish Crown to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. As far back as the spring of 1869 the Prussian Chancellor became aware that Napoleon was preparing a triple alliance against him, and in the Hohenzollern candidature he descried a chance of precipitating a conflict before the scheme of his enemy was matured. The pride of France would never tolerate a member of the Prussian Royal Family on the throne of Spain, even though that Prussian was a Roman Catholic and more nearly connected by blood with the French Emperor than with the King of Prussia. Bismarck was well aware of this. The Hohenzollern candidature had been discussed confidentially in Berlin in 1869, and the Prussian Foreign Office was put in possession of the French objections. So when on July 3 the news came to Paris that Prince Leopold had accepted the offer of the Spanish

throne, subject to the confirmation of the Cortes, the French Cabinet instantly flew to the conclusion that here was a plot carved and polished by a cunning hand for the humiliation of France. They agreed that the Prince would not have accepted the throne without the consent of King William, and they received with imperfectly veiled incredulity the assurances of Von Thile that the Prussian Government had not stirred in the matter. An instant conclusion was arrived at that the candidature must be broken off before the Cortes met on July 20, otherwise the enemy would be Spain not Prussia, and while France was occupied in punishing the innocent, the guilty party would go off with the loot. A Council was held at St Cloud on July 6 to consider the whole situation and to frame a plan of action. M. Ollivier, exhibiting a curious misunderstanding of the state of Europe, argued for a Russian alliance; Gramont, speaking from closer knowledge, urged a treaty with the Austrians; finally the Emperor for the first time divulged his secret negotiations with the courts of Vienna and Florence. As he read out the autograph letters which had passed between the three crowned heads, it must have been plain to every one that the withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome was the true crux of the problem of alliances. But no question was more delicate than the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope; and not a voice was raised to propose its discussion. The Council proceeded to debate the terms of a declaration to be made to the Chambers. The plan of such a manifesto had sprung up in M. Ollivier's brain and receives no little commendation from his pen. Gramont had drafted a paper which was both hot and strong, and M. Ollivier made it hotter and stronger. Then it was read out to the enthusiastic plaudits of the Legislature. The war fever caught hold of the city. In the Chambers and the press it was loudly proclaimed that Prussia had thrown down the glove and that France must take it up. Five days passed of anxious negotiation and heated polemic. Then late in the evening of July 11 an unofficial telegram reached Paris that Prince Anthony of Hohenzollern had been induced to renounce the Spanish throne in the name of his son. When the news was spread abroad in the following afternoon, a feeling passed over Europe that the crisis

was surmounted. The King of Italy returned to his mountains to hunt; his ambassador in Paris congratulated Napoleon on a 'great moral victory,' and Macmahon was ordered to suspend the embarkation of the African troops. 'Oui, c'est la paix,' said the Emperor, and in many quarters it was held that it was peace with honour. Guizot said that he could never remember a greater diplomatic victory for France, and Bismarck has recorded in his 'Thoughts and Recollections' that since Olmütz Prussia had experienced no greater humiliation.

No disease is more contagious than the war fever, nor is there one less susceptible of sudden cure. Up till 3 p.m. on July 12 the French Ministers had been strung up to regard war as inevitable, and now that intelligence had been received of Prince Anthony's vicarious renouncement they could not suddenly divest themselves of the suspicions and animosities which the conflict had excited in their minds. When Olozaga the ambassador of Spain came to Gramont with the news, the French Foreign Minister, so far from regarding the affair as settled, held that it had been rendered still more difficult of solution. In the telegram which had been addressed by Prince Anthony to Prim there was no word either of France or of Prussia. The Prince had been induced to renounce the Spanish throne in the name of his son (who was thirty-five years of age) upon the representations of Strat, the Roumanian envoy who had been despatched to Sigmarinen from Paris on the initiative of Olozaga and with the secret concurrence of Napoleon. The telegram was *en clair*, and all the representations of Benedetti, the French ambassador, had been unavailing to induce King William either to command or to counsel a retreat. Gramont, in whom the punctilio of a professional diplomatist was blended with a deep conviction of Prussian duplicity, considered that the honour of France required something more than the bare renunciation of 'Le Père Antoine'; but M. Ollivier, more easily satisfied, said that if the candidature were seriously withdrawn the affair was at an end, and that he would be no party to pressing fresh demands upon the Prussian Court.

Fortunate would it have been for France if M. Ollivier had been able to persist in this decision and secure its acceptance. The Triple Alliance was still in the region of

dreams, and France had everything to gain by postponing the conflict, if conflict there must have been, until she had secured an ally ; but a spirit of mad unreason had seized upon the Chambers, and when it was known among the deputies of the Right that M. Ollivier thought well of the prospects of peace, there was a loud explosion of anger and a formal enquiry from the tribune as to the guarantees which the Government intended to demand to prevent a repetition of similar complications. The ominous phrase 'guarantees' launched by Clement Duvernois passed like wildfire through the town on to the Palace of St Cloud. In that atmosphere of high tension and irresponsible vainglory the one fear was that war might be averted. Four years before the country had stood aside, and Prussia had comfortably eaten up North Germany. Was that humiliation to be repeated? Was the pretended resignation to be taken as serious and France to be again fooled into torpor while Prussia massed fresh battalions and swallowed fresh territory? If so, the Empire would perish, and Bourbaki, melodramatically throwing his sword upon the billiard table, allowed it to be known that the tragedy of peace would be deepened by a general's resignation. The Emperor was not proof against so much clamorous disappointment, and with the first shades of evening was pushed into the crowning indiscretion of his life. Though it had been settled that nothing should be done till the Cabinet meeting on the following day, July 13, he concocted with Gramont a message to Benedetti at Ems to the effect that 'it seemed necessary that the King of Prussia should associate himself with Prince Anthony's withdrawal, and that he—the King—should give an assurance that he would not authorise any renewal of the Hohenzollern candidature.' The momentous telegram was despatched at 7 p.m. Later in the evening, after some deputies of the Right, among them Jérôme David and Cassagnac, had been to the Palace and put fresh powder on the fire, an Imperial letter was sent to the Foreign Office instructing Gramont to accentuate the despatch. But the first telegram had reached Benedetti, and before he heard again from Paris he had seen King William and pressed the demand for guarantees.

It was hard upon midnight before M. Ollivier, calling

at the Foreign Office, heard that a telegram had been sent and that another was projected. He was placed in a position of great difficulty. A new and dangerous turn had been given to the Government's diplomacy behind his back and without the knowledge of the Cabinet. An English Minister, placed in M. Ollivier's position, would certainly have resigned his seals rather than render himself responsible for a policy diametrically opposed to the course which only a few hours before he had openly professed to be alone suited to the needs of the situation. M. Ollivier did not resign. He contented himself with advising his Foreign Minister to soften the tone of the despatch to Benedetti, and himself wrote a short paragraph which he seems to have expected that Gramont would substitute for the original text. Then he left the room 'troubled and anxious.' There was every reason in the world why he should. In that brief interview he had allowed himself to be driven from a sound position. He had advised that the Prussian King should be asked to give a guarantee that he would not permit Prince Leopold to throw over Prince Anthony's renunciation. It is true that such a demand was slightly less exacting than the demand contained in the despatch which had been sent off at 7 p.m.; for M. Ollivier's proposed guarantee was limited in point of time to the situation of the moment, whereas the despatch of 7 p.m. required King William to give an indefinite guarantee against any renewal of the candidature. But this does not greatly attenuate M. Ollivier's lapse. He had assumed responsibility for the provocative demand for guarantees, and he had not even made it clear to Gramont that the limitation of the guarantee to the present case was the uttermost point to which he would consent to go.

M. Ollivier did not come to his decision to cling to office without anxious consideration and a sleepless night. The simile of the lightning conductor and the thunderbolt, which had once before done duty in a political crisis, came to his mind and brought relief. He would remain in the storm centre as the lightning conductor. He reckoned himself certain of a majority in the Council, less certain of the Chamber, where he might be overthrown by a coalition of the extreme wings; but with the Emperor's support he might conjure

the storm. At first it almost seemed as if his calculations would work out. At the Council meeting of the morning of the 13th a pacific close followed upon the forked lightnings of a passionate opening. When everything appeared to be at its worst, Le Bœuf calling imperiously for the reserves, the Emperor supporting the demand for mobilisation, a servant entered with a letter from Lord Lyons, who spoke of the immense responsibility which the Government of the Empire would incur, should it enlarge the field of discussion. The Emperor read the letter aloud and the debate was resumed, every member speaking in his turn, and M. Ollivier rising again and again to protest against mobilisation. At last the Emperor swung round, dragging Gramont in his train, and the peace party won a victory by eight votes to four. It was too late to withdraw the request for guarantees, but if guarantees were refused the Council would be content with a token of the royal concurrence in Prince Anthony's act. When the evening telegrams came in and it was known that King William had given his entire and unreserved approval to the withdrawal of the Prince, M. Ollivier believed that the crisis was over, and that France would not and should not insist on guarantees. 'Maintenant c'est veritablement fini,' he observed. But Gramont's mood was different: 'c'est peu,' was his ominous and laconic verdict upon the latest intelligence from Ems.

Disillusion followed hard upon the heels of confidence. On the morning of July 14 Gramont burst into M. Ollivier's room with a little leaf of yellow paper in his hands—a telegram from Berlin telling of a certain special supplement of the 'North German Gazette' which described how the French ambassador had molested King William on the promenade at Ems, how the King had refused to see him and had announced through his aide-de-camp that he had no further communication to make to him. It was the famous Ems telegram which Bismarck had condensed and caused to be published that he might scatter abroad the impression that his Prussian master had received and resented an affront from the ambassador of France. This time M. Ollivier saw clearly. 'They wish,' he said, 'to force us into war.' At twelve-thirty the Emperor came to the Tuileries, driving through a sea of angry, impatient faces. The Council

opened with a demonstration. 'After what has passed,' cried Gramont, throwing his portfolio on the table as he took his seat, 'no Foreign Minister worthy of his place would hesitate to declare war.' Le Bœuf said that the Prussians were buying horses in Belgium and that there was not a moment to spare. And then the ball was thrown to and fro. The despatches of Benedetti had given the impression that King William had been courteous, and a sovereign was certainly within his rights in declining to give audience to an ambassador. On the other hand, how could the Special Supplement, containing, as it did, an official telegram, only to be supplied from official sources, be otherwise construed than as a deliberate provocation? The same men who had hoped for peace the day before now held that peace was improbable, and at 4 p.m. it was unanimously determined to call out the reserves. Forty minutes later Le Bœuf left the Tuileries to take the necessary steps.

Then ensued one of the most dramatic revulsions in the history of that tormented day. A fresh despatch arrived from Benedetti giving to the language of the King of Prussia a less peremptory form, and sending a sudden spasm of indecision through the veins of that haggard and harassed assemblage. Perhaps they had been precipitate, had neglected expedients, might yet honourably withdraw? In the general agony Gramont threw out an idea which was caught up as an instrument of salvation—an appeal to a general congress. With tears coursing down his cheeks the Emperor bade Ollivier, his ready writer and rhetorician, pen a Declaration of appeal to the Powers, and when at last this had been approved the Council dispersed. It was 6.30 p.m. The tired men stumbled out into the evening air.

Not many minutes elapsed before M. Ollivier's beautiful Declaration began to burn a hole in his pocket. As he reflected in the cool air on the decision which had been taken in the heat of an exhausting Council, he thought it cowardly. Returning to the Chancery, he summoned his wife, his brothers, and his secretaries, and read out to them the 'pathetic and eloquent' document which was intended for the consumption of the legislature on the following day. Cries of astonishment and indignation went up from the domestic circle which had

been thus hastily initiated into a secret of the State. And if such was M. Ollivier's return to his dovecote, we may imagine the discomfort of the Emperor among the war-hawks of the Palace. 'What!' cried the Empress to Le Bœuf, 'do you also approve this cowardice? Dishonour yourself if you must, do not dishonour the Emperor.' In a paroxysm of penitence a fresh Council was summoned to meet after dinner at St Cloud.

It was one of those delicious summer evenings before August has parched the leaves, when the air is hot but not heavy, and the stars shine softly overhead, throwing their pale reflections into the slow, languid waters of the Seine. Here and there groups of men and women strolled and chatted along the quays and shaded alleys of the Bois de Boulogne. A serene peace brooded over Paris. M. Ollivier drove to St Cloud and found that the Emperor's thoughts had taken the same course as his own. The Congress was unsatisfactory; neither the Chambers nor the streets would stand it. 'Mud would be thrown at our carriages,' said the Minister, 'and they would hoot us.' After some moments of silence the Emperor answered, 'See in what a plight a government may sometimes find itself. Even if we had no motive for war which we could avow, we should nevertheless be obliged to resolve on it to obey the will of the people.' The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the other Ministers, and for the first time the Empress took her seat at the Council board. Le Bœuf began by explaining that he had called out the reserves, but that this should not affect the issue; he could recall the order and resign. Then Gramont read the latest telegrams. They showed that the refusal of the King of Prussia to receive Benedetti was being officially communicated to foreign governments. The Council determined that the reserves should be called out. There was no occasion for voting, nor did the Empress open her lips. The final step was left for the morning. At 9 a.m. on July 15 the Cabinet met again at St Cloud, and again the Empress was present. The mood of Paris was angry and unmitigable, and as the Ministers drove to the Palace they were assailed by cries of 'À Berlin' and 'Vive la guerre.' When Gramont had finished reading the Declaration, the Emperor clapped his hands. The war was voted

with unanimity, the Empress alone neither speaking nor casting a vote; but it is characteristic of Napoleon that as his Ministers were on their way to the Legislative Assembly he received Witzthum, the Austrian Minister at Brussels, who was going to Vienna, and asked him to request Francis Joseph to summon a congress that peace might be preserved. But the die was cast. The Chamber vociferously applauded the intrepid spirit of the Cabinet, and by an imposing majority voted a credit of fifty millions to the war.

Such, in bare outline, is the painful story. Thiers puts the responsibility for the war upon the blunders of the Liberal Cabinet; the Emperor more wisely divided the blame between himself, his Ministers, and the Chambers; M. Ollivier brings into special prominence the bellicose attitude of the Conservative party which at the critical moment sacrificed a great diplomatic advantage by pressing the Emperor to ask for guarantees. It is clear that the French might have honourably avoided war after the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern Prince, and that in this sense Bismarck spoke the truth when he told Lord Goschen that the war was not of his making. It is also clear that nothing gave Bismarck greater pleasure than the news that the French were producing fresh demands. But what a satire is this exhibition of inconsequence, hesitation, and division upon the vaunted solidity of the Liberal Empire! The most critical decision in the whole course of the negotiations is taken by the Emperor and the Foreign Minister without the knowledge of the Cabinet, and the Chief of the Cabinet accepts a policy which he does not approve, because when it comes to his ears it is already irreversible. In spite of all that M. Ollivier has written, Gramont's handling of the problem was either wholly incompetent or quite inconsistent with peaceful desires. M. Ollivier is generous to an honourable colleague, from whom he was divided more widely than he seems to imagine; but, at least, at this great crisis of national destiny the two Ministers were united in a common failing. Neither of them kept his head.

H. A. L. FISHER.

Art. 6.—BIRDS AND THEIR COLOURS.*

1. *Concealing-Coloration in the Animal Kingdom.* An exposition of the laws of disguise through colour and pattern. By G. H. Thayer. Illustrated, 4to. New York: the Macmillan Company, 1909.
2. *Farbenphotographie durch Körperfarben und mechanische Farbenanpassung in der Natur.* Von O. Wiener. 'Annalen der Physik.' Vol. 55. Leipzig, 1895.
3. *Evolution of the Colours of North American Land Birds.* By Chas. A. Keeler. With 19 plates. San Francisco: California Academy of Sciences, 1893.
4. *Ueber die Farben der Vogelfedern.* By V. Haecker. Archiv fuer mikroskopische Anatomie, xxxv, pp. 68-87. Bonn: F. Cohen, 1890.
5. *Ueber die Wirkung organischer Farbstoffe auf das Gefieder der Voegel bei stomachaler Darreichung.* By C. Sauer- mann. Archiv f. Anatomie u. Physiologie, pp. 543-549. Leipzig: Veit and Co., 1889.
6. *The Development of Colour in the Definitive Feather.* By R. M. Strong. Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard, pp. 147-184, 9 plates. Cambridge, Mass., for the Museum, 1902.
7. *The Value of Colour in the Struggle for Life.* By E. B. Poulton. Article xv in 'Darwin and Modern Science.' Edited by A. C. Seward. Cambridge: University Press, 1909.

MANY readers of the 'Quarterly Review' have probably seen the simple and yet marvellously effective models of a couple of ducks, exhibited in various museums, by which Mr Abbott H. Thayer was the first to explain that the white colour of the under surface of so many birds and fishes turns the unavoidable dark shadows into an invisible grey. That was a discovery so far-reaching and obvious that everybody wondered why he had not thought of it before. Mr Thayer, being an artist and

* This article contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered in the autumn of 1908 at the Lowell Institute of Boston, Mass. The coloration of birds covers, however, such a wide field that only some of its aspects are here dealt with, others, of great interest, such as the colours of the nestling plumage, seasonal changes male ornamental plumage, and above all, the protective coloration in the usually restricted sense, being scarcely touched upon.

an enthusiastic naturalist, has carried his investigations further, and these have now been published by his son in a volume sumptuously illustrated. His main theses are the following.

Concealing-coloration means coloration that matches the background. Beyond a certain distance all objects show mainly by their silhouette or outlines. The pattern and the bold colours cut up the silhouette and thus make the animal less conspicuous. The general principle of obliterative shading and of picture pattern has been well, perhaps best, expressed in some of his previous writings, when he said that the total abstract effect of the lights and shadows and colours of the surroundings is stamped upon the animal's coat.

'Animals are conspicuous when in the wrong place, or, what comes to the same, when looked at from the wrong point of view, the right being that in which the creature appears at the crucial moment, when on the verge of catching or being caught.' This principle, applicable beyond doubt in many cases, has been illustrated by many surprising photographs and coloured drawings—witness the Blue Jays placed over sunlit snow, on plate vi. But it is a pity that the authors should press this idea too far, even to the verge of ridicule. Nothing will, for instance, obliterate a Scarlet Ibis or a resplendent White Egret; at least that is our experience, who have had the delight of watching such beauties in their haunts, and we must be permitted to doubt whether a red and white cloudy sunset sky is the proper background and crucial moment in the Roseate Spoonbill's life, cf. plate viii.

Concealment is important, but it is not everything in coloration, the wherewithal of which are the colours. To understand how they are produced and how they behave, it is necessary to mention some technical detail by way of introduction.

White is due either to the total reflection of light or to its multiple refraction by small particles which are themselves colourless but possess strong refractive power. Feathers are composed of countless cells with particles of various density within them. The opaque white of the pith of a feather is due to the innumerable air spaces in the pith. If these interstices and air spaces could be done

away with, for instance by compression, or if they were filled with some fluid the refractive index of which is more like that of the ceratine cell-walls, the whole feather would appear quite as colourless and transparent as is the quill or spool. All feathers would be white provided they possessed no pigment, but most organisms produce some pigment or other, and in birds most of this is formed, or at least deposited, in the epidermal structures. The only birds quite devoid of such colouring matter are the albinos; they do not possess even black where it is wanted, namely for the black screen of the retina; and this is the real criterion of a true albino. The difficulty of ridding a bird's organism of the inherited habit of depositing pigment in its feathers is shown by the fact that those species, the final dress of which is white, almost all start with a coloured first plumage, generally tints of brown or grey, mottled as the case may be, and they have to undergo several moults before they succeed in assuming a pure white plumage, and even then some coloured feathers are liable to crop up, spoiling the effect. Familiar examples are Swans, Egrets, Snowy Owls, and certain Gulls.

The commonest pigment is black, melanine, always appearing in the shape of tiny granules, sometimes rod-shaped, often conglomerated, never in solution. It is insoluble in water, alcohol, acids and ether, but it can be dissolved and destroyed in caustic potash and when treated with chlorides. Owing to the difficulty of getting this pigment pure without admixture of other cell-contents its exact composition is still unknown; suffice it to say that, its principal constituents being carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, it belongs to the great carbo-hydrate group, probably allied to the lipochromes but in a more advanced state of oxidation.

This black pigment is not carried from the general system into the feathers, but is produced *in loco*, in specialised members of the ectoderm cells, the so-called chromatophores. These have the faculty of attracting into their plasma certain materials which then condense into extremely small corpuscles, and, by some subtle physico-chemical change, assume colour. They are therefore called chromogenes. The chromatophores, large cells with amœboid protoplasmatic processes, are as a rule situated in the deeper layers of the malpighian stratum,

never in the cutis or mesodermal portion of the skin. Whilst the feather is being built by the proliferating and cornifying cells, the chromatophores send processes towards them and squeeze some of the pigment towards the cells, and some kind of osmosis induces the chromogenes to enter the cells to be coloured. At first the feather cells are still juicy and soft, but later the contents of each cell are quite shut off from the rest of the world. No new matter can be taken in and nothing can be taken out, but this hermetical seclusion of the cell contents does not prevent the enclosed chromogenes, or pigments, from undergoing subsequent changes. Thus it can come to pass that changes of colour without moult, i.e. within a so-called finished feather, take place; not only a deepening or a bleaching of the deposited pigment, but even the appearance of a new colour, or of colour at all if the chromogenes had hitherto been white.

An important group of colours are red, orange and yellow. Since these are due to a direct pigment and possess a fatty basis they are called lipochromes. They are true carbo-hydrates, containing on an average 70 per cent. carbon, 10 per cent. hydrogen, and the rest oxygen; they differ from all the bile pigments by the complete absence of nitrogen. Hence we understand why the colours of the egg-shells have no correlation whatever with those of the plumage. Both owe their colours to totally different sources.

The lipochromes are easily extracted, being soluble in alcohol, chloroform and ether. Quite a number of terms have been invented for their many shades between red, yellow and brown. Their spectral differences may depend upon the admixture of an infinitely small amount of some other body, or the differences in colour may be due to a slightly more or less advanced state of oxidisation. Krukenberg, one of the few workers in this field, came to the conclusion that the fat of birds contains a kind of fundamental or mother-substance of colouring matter, which he called corio-sulfurin. Analogous is the lipochrin of Amphibia. This stuff courses in the vascular system whence it is distributed to the tissues of the skin, feathers and scales, where then, *in loco*, metabolism into the pigments proper takes place, by action of the chromogenes mentioned before.

There are no green* and no blue pigments in the Vertebrates. Blue without exception is a so-called structural colour. The principle involved is that a turbid medium has the peculiarity of reflecting more of the short than of the longer or reddish waves of light, the latter being less refrangible, and, if the turbid medium is too dense, like good milk, it appears white, since all the rays are reflected, therefore unable to penetrate the medium.

In the blue skin of Amphibians and Reptiles the turbid medium is represented by mineral deposits, either waste products allied to urates, or carbonates of lime, stowed away in a stratum of large box-like cells beneath the horny, colourless surface layer of the skin. This mineral-impregnated layer, if not too dense, lets pass and emits yellowish brown or reddish, i.e. impure orange light, but if this light, which spoils the phenomenon, is absorbed by an underlying layer of black pigment, then only the reflected blue will reach our eye under direct light. In feathers such an infiltration with mineral matters does not occur, but the little crystals and granules of the Amphibian box-cells are, in blue feathers, represented by the equally colourless contents of the so-called marrow or pith-cells, which in blue feathers, and only in these, form one continuous stratum of enlarged polygonal cells just beneath the surface layer, and beneath them are spread and closely packed dark coloured pigmented cells of irregular shape. The size of the box-cells averages in height from 0.011 to 0.019 mm., i.e. from $\frac{1}{100}$ to $\frac{1}{50}$ of a millimetre, equal to about twenty to forty wave-lengths of orange light. If a blue feather be well soaked it looks dull grey or brown, nor does it look blue if examined under transmitted light. Further, if we crush such a blue feather, so as to destroy the box-cells, the blue vanishes. Indeed the blue

* The most exceptional of all pigments is the turacin, so called because it colours the wing feathers of the Touracoos, or Plantain-eaters (an African family of Cuckoos), a deep purple-red. When such a bird gets soaked with rain the red colour comes off when rubbed between the fingers, and it colours the water. This pigment is composed of C_4H_4O and 5 to 8 per cent. of metallic copper. Its spectrum is almost identical with that of oxyhaemoglobin, which colours our blood, only with the difference that it contains copper instead of iron. Curiously enough the green feathers of these birds, and only these, owe their colour to a pigment which contains rather much iron instead of copper.

can literally be hammered out of it, a fact impossible with a direct pigment colour.

Green in Amphibians and Reptiles is produced by blue-making box-cells with the addition of yellow pigment cells, or drops of oil, on the top, and with a black screen below. But the green of feathers is not easily explained, since neither the blue box-cells nor green pigment are present. All green-looking feathers, when soaked in oil or water, appear yellow to grey or reddish-brown, the true colour of their pigment, or rather mixture of pigments with additional melanine. This filters out, destroys or absorbs the red rays, while orange and yellow compensate the blue to violet, so that green only remains.

Another kind are the so-called metallic or prismatic colours, generally of great lustre and beauty. Feathers with such colour are usually black, and the colours which they exhibit appear only when seen at a certain angle formed by the source of the light and our eye, the apex being the feather's surface. Change of the angle causes a different colour to appear, and they are called prismatic since they follow each other like those of the solar spectrum. Some feathers have a small range, through only one or two colours, while others comprise the whole spectrum. Thus the beautiful Central American Quezal, or King of the Trogons, ranges, according to position, from greenish-bronze, through golden-green, green, indigo, to purple and then into grey-black. The Humming-Bird, *Oreotrochilus chimborazo*, shows the whole spectrum at the same time, namely violet and red on the head, followed by orange and green on the back, blue, violet and lastly purple on the long tail. Two artists may at the same time paint such a bird grass-green or deep blue.

Such metallic colours are as a rule restricted to those parts of the feathers which are not overlapped by others. These metallic portions have a very polished transparent, colourless surface layer of extreme thinness, less than 0.001 mm. Immediately beneath follow one or more layers of spherical granules differing by their shape from the amorphous, irregular, or rod-shaped granules of the usual black pigment which fills the bulk of the barbules.

The whole phenomenon is simplest in the case of the iridescent feathers which are so very common in birds, e.g. the shimmer on a pigeon's breast.

The colours of feathers do not change, nor do they follow upon each other promiscuously. It is rare that the changes can be observed in the same portion of an individual feather. We have therefore to follow the comparative method by observing the changes in the successive generations of feathers of the same pulp; or, more comprehensively, by noting the entire successive plumages from youth to old age; and lastly, by comparing the allied species of one genus with each other.

In the ordinary course of events, in well-conditioned birds, especially in vigorous males, yellow feathers are liable to acquire with the next moults an orange tint, and they may ultimately be supplanted by red feathers. Red is a kind of terminal stage, a colour which may be intensified, saturated, or, it may be, invaded and smothered by black, but it cannot normally be changed into any other colour. In another direction yellow sometimes pales into white. Green is often supplanted by yellow, by a purifying of the fuscous pigment, and when a green feather contains the blue-making superstructure, the change from the fuscous into yellow pigment leads to the appearance of pure blue. If without blue structure, green through yellow leads to red, and this colour frequently appears in, and ultimately dominates over, an originally green dress.

It is of the utmost significance that, whilst green is followed by yellow or by red, and yellow by red, the reverse does not take place in the natural course of events.

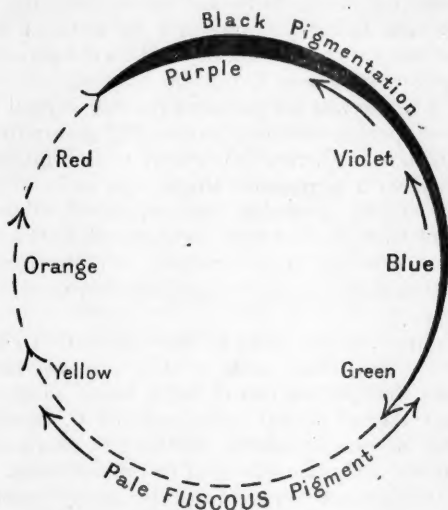
In the visible solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—we have at either end the sensation of some undefinable purple darkness. Green stands in the centre, and, being due to a fuscous, i.e. impure pigment, is an interference colour. On the left side are the pure, direct pigment colours, ending in red. On the other side are blue and violet, those colours which in feathers are due to black pigment with a special superstructure.

This may be expressed in a diagram by the following colour-cycle in which the arrows indicate the natural succession of colours, starting with the not unreasonable assumption that the earliest colour of feathers was, or is, some kind of yellowish brown, fuscous if more con-

centrated, and it is significant how easily brown and green shade into each other. I receive, as I write, a ridiculous personal illustration. On the morning after this sentence was penned, an old pair of yellow boots, carelessly treated, have assumed a strong greenish polish.

Now if there is something in the nature of these pigments, or in the organism, which compels them to change in prescribed directions, the whole process is one of orthogenetic variation and evolution, and we should

DIAGRAM 1.



THE COLOUR CYCLE.

be able to predict in a given case the next possible changes and even the final result. If these changes are small they will probably amount to mere colour varieties, but if larger they may be valued as subspecific, or even specific characters. If they are still in a flux, the individuals will vex the systematist and delight the evolutionist, whilst if they are settled enough and perhaps localised sufficiently to receive a specific name, they are shelved and seem to contribute nothing to the solution of the mystery of species.

Not every individual, although it may live to old age,

reaches the top rung of its specific ladder; some will be found to lag behind in the richness of plumage, while others surpass the usual top level of their kind, thereby assuming what is perhaps normal in an allied species. And so there are species which, compared with their congeners, remain at a lower level. These are instances of what Theodor Eimer happily termed Genepistasis, the standing still on the line of evolution. The opposite is Hypertely, a shooting beyond the mark, the overdoing of a feature, where the momentum gained by some cause keeps on being increased by cumulative inheritance and, not being yet checked by natural selection, causes the species to pass far beyond its congeners.

Only a few instances from the host of birds may be selected. *Chrysoenas* is a genus of feather-legged Pigeons, with three species, confined to the Fiji group of islands. The adult male of *C. viridis* is green with a golden gloss, head yellow with a greenish tinge; the male of *C. luteo-virens* is vividly greenish yellow, head olive-yellow; the male of *C. victor* is bright orange, while the head has deepened to a warm brown-yellow. All the females are green, and that of *C. victor* alone has acquired a yellow-green head.

The immature plumage of some Brazilian Chatterers is mottled. The adult male of *Cotinga cayana* is pale green-blue, mottled all round, with black wings and tail and a maroon-red throat; the male of *C. coerulea* is of the richest deep blue above, whilst the maroon-red has spread over nearly the whole of the underparts.

The Orioles are represented by many species, from Australia to Europe. They start with an inconspicuous dress; greenish yellow, mottled with brown and grey. The young of both sexes are alike, and the adult female does not go much beyond this step, but the males of many species attain striking beauty with their golden-yellow and jet-black plumage. In some the head is entirely yellow; in others appears a small spot of black near the eye, and these spots increase in intensity and extent until the final stage is reached with a completely black head. Similarly advancing differences are shown by the amount of black on wings and tail.

In fact some species stop at a stage which to others means but a juvenile or an immature dress. Not all,

however, recapitulate their whole ancestral wardrobe; on the contrary those which represent a high terminus tend to shorten this process by eliminating the earlier stages. They are precocious, and thus it has come to pass that so many bright-coloured birds, like Parrots, Rollers, Kingfishers, actually start with a bright garb, a process of condensation, omission and hurrying on, which in our Kingfisher has suppressed even the whole of the nestling plumage. A prince is born in purple.

To arrange the birds in progressive series, according to some single character, just as it suits us, is of course no 'proof' that the species were evolved in that order. Most likely they were not. To construct the true pedigree of the dress coloration, all the characters, those which progress, recede, stand still and diverge, should, each with its proper value, form part of the equation, to solve which would be an impossible task (since the forms which have fallen out are irrecoverable blanks). And yet we begin to gather a fair number of deductions which stand being tested. Because there is not a single green feather in any bird-of-prey (although green would be an excellent aggressively protective dress), none of these birds are either yellow, red, or blue.

To pass from the successive stages in the colours of birds to the factors that influence colour, the first which we should *a priori* assume to have a powerful influence in coloration is *food*.

If the pigments are a product of metabolism, they must ultimately come out of what the whole bird is built up with, namely, the food and the water which it drinks. For instance, since the red feathers of the African Touracoës owe their colour to copper, they must have eaten or drunk this metal in the shape of some copper salt or oxide, but they cannot have made this metal element by synthesis. These birds, kept in our Zoological Gardens, where they certainly cannot receive exactly the same kind of varied food which they live upon in Africa, nevertheless produce this colour during subsequent moults. But Red Ibises, in confinement, lose their beautiful red with the next moult. The red and yellow Macaw is liable to supplant the red feathers on back and wings by yellow unless it is allowed a great variety of food, lessening thereby the chance of absence of

that unknown substance which is conducive to the reproduction of the red pigment. All this seems very obvious, yet it is far from simple. A Fowl and a Parrot may both be brought up on exactly the same food, and yet the Amazon's organism reproduces a green plumage, whilst the Fowl cannot make a single green feather. This must be due to the synthetic powers of their respective protoplasms.

The direct influence of food upon the coloration should be simplest to study in those cases in which a ready-made vegetable pigment is eaten, especially applicable to the lipochromes which have a basis of fat or oil. But even then the thing is complicated. It is well known that Canaries moult into more or less orange tints when red pepper is mixed with their food. Similar experiments with white Italian Fowls have shown that their susceptibility varies much, individually and with age. Old birds yield less easily than young birds, and of these some produce yellow to red feathers early, others much later or not at all. This red colouring matter is contained in the well-known red-pepper pods, *Capsicum annuum*. When given as the pure extract this 'Capsicine' has no reddening effect at all; to do this it requires a vehicle, a vegetable fat, olein, which, by the way, occurs also in many animals, being taken into their system directly from the vegetable kingdom. This olein, naturally present in the red pepper, dissolves the colouring matter and makes it possible for it to be distributed into the growing feather cells. Sauermann, who has conducted many experiments with various substances, found that in Canaries fed on carmine the yellow feathers, instead of becoming orange or red, changed into white. The apparent paradox that a slight addition of red to yellow should produce white instead of orange is explained by the fact that the soft, still juicy cell-contents have a slightly alkaline reaction. Alkaline solutions tinge carmine slightly violet; violet and yellow, being complementary colours, give white in the colour scale!

Tar colours have also been experimented with, but the difficulty is to find one which dissolves in the olein as the necessary vehicle. Now, if olein is the only substance capable of solving and conveying lipochromes, and olein is an exclusively vegetable product, it follows that such

colours as red, yellow, and orange, the most typical lipochromes, should be present, or at least commonest, only in vegetable feeders. But since the same colours occur in many strictly zoophagous birds, these must either acquire their olein second-hand—an explanation which may appear perhaps a little stretched—or there are other suitable oily or fatty substances besides olein.

Still, since we know that certain vegetable colouring matters exist which directly affect the colours in feathers, we may assume that there exist many so-called species, or varieties, or at least local races of birds, which owe their respective differences to the food which occurs in their habitats. Such cases may help to lift the veil a little. The young of many birds require several moults before they assume their final adult coloration. This can only mean that their organism is not capable of at once producing, say, a crimson dress, although living upon the same food. It has to learn it, and some specific matter in that food may put the organism into the condition of making that change. It is not such a blunt case as the shoving of ready-made pigment into the feathers, but the more subtle process of the chromatophores being influenced, being enabled to fabricate *in loco*, say red, instead of yellow, out of the nutrient juice supplied to them by the blood. It may be a tonic that is required to make the synthesis, and if this is the case it is also thinkable that these cells will ultimately learn how to make that synthesis without the tonic, be this chemical matter, nervous energy, or sexual. The sombre-coloured hen cannot do what her gorgeously-coloured mate accomplishes in the matter of dress, but she can do it occasionally when relieved of her maternity burdens, and always out of the same food. The question need, therefore, not be shelved as an incomprehensible mystery, since we see our way to dissolving the whole complicated process into a series of understandable stages.

Another factor which seems to influence the coloration of birds is *climate*. We may as well at once confess our ignorance of the detailed working of the countless factors which constitute 'climate.' Temperature, altitude, the amount of moisture and sunshine are but some of the more obvious.

The present writer has had the pleasure of examining

the results of some interesting experiments made by Mr Beebe at the New York Zoological Park. He found that certain Doves of the American genus *Scardafella*, when kept in an artificial moist and warm atmosphere, assumed with the next moult a darker, pigmented plumage, the originally pale species thereby coming to resemble another well-established geographical race.

It has long been suspected that the duller coloration of various kinds of birds in the British Isles, and again in Japan, in contrast with the brighter tints of their continental, especially Siberian, congeners, may be connected with the moister atmospheric conditions. Similar differences apply to not a few North American birds which possess representative species, or races, on the moist Pacific slope, in the colder and drier centre, and in the dry South-West. A number of careful monographic studies have been published on the local varieties of certain North American birds with reference to their environment, but detailed explanations are still beyond our grasp, and direct experiments like the one just mentioned are extremely rare. Moreover, whilst some genera and species seem to be most susceptible to their environmental conditions, as shown by the great number of species, varieties, and local races, and also by their intricate distribution, others appear to be quite indifferent to the most obvious climatic and other conditions.

Let us therefore approach the problem of the influence of climate by the deductive method upon the grandest scale possible. There are but few museums in which animals have been arranged geographically: one of the first and finest forms part of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University, founded by the father of the late celebrated Alexander Agassiz. There is an African, Australian, South American, North American, Indian, Eurasian room, each of which leaves a specific impression upon the visitor's mind by the general effect of the coloration of the creatures displayed. But this plan is not perfect, since these respective continents, even if amended into so-called zoological regions, are not natural entities. A better plan, now coming more to the front, is the exhibition of associations, the faunas of the main environmental categories, according as there are tropical forests, deserts, high mountains, plateaux,

prairies, swamps, etc. Each of these has its characteristic inmates, and these appear wonderfully alike in colour and shape, often also in structure, no matter whether they inhabit the most distant countries, provided the environmental conditions are the same. There is a distinct fauna of the collected inmates of tropical forests, or of deserts, wherever these may be. It is a costly, beautiful, and most instructive plan. For our purpose it is sufficient to lay out separately the birdskins of various countries. Each lot shows some prevailing colour and certain combinations which, occurring in the most different groups of birds, are quite characteristic of those countries. Further, the same colours and combinations reappear in other, perhaps most distant lands, in birds which belong to a totally different stock. Thus, broadly speaking, in South Africa prevail brown and yellow, similarly in Northern India and in the Deccan, whilst good representative collections from the Malaya Islands and from Papuasias impress us with the exuberance of saturated, rich colours in a way which is equalled by the Tropical American Ornis. Everybody knows the characteristic dress of desert faunas, and it is accepted almost as an axiom that in northern climates prevail paleness and dullness as opposed to the vividly and multi-coloured tropics—a generalisation which is too sweeping.

Now, by a comparison of these countries, or, better still, of climatically definable entities, with each other, we can arrive at their greatest common measure so far as climatic conditions are concerned, and by further comparing the results with the prevailing coloration we are enabled to formulate some generalisations as follow:

Opposite conditions of temperature are heat and cold; of saturation, moisture and dryness; of light, sunshine and dullness. These six factors are sufficient to characterise any climate. Hot, moist and dull, or sunny; cold, moist and dull; hot, dry and sunny; cold, dry and sunny. A large and dense forest, although the result of a moist climate, is not a sufficiently explanatory factor without temperature. Compare the forest Ornis of Oregon with that of the Atlantic slope of Mexico; the Ornis of Chile has not bright colour, that country being cool and moist in the south, hot and dry in the north.

Pigmentation increases in hot and moist climates, with and without sunshine, but without the latter the plumage tends to dull, melanistic conditions; with much sun it becomes bright and intense, i.e. the lipochromes require light.

Pigmentation decreases in spite of sunshine in cold and dry climates, and pretty lipochromes, excepting perhaps yellow, are extremely rare.

Pigmentation decreases also in hot and dry climates: lipochromes are plentiful in tropical countries, but they vanish under desert conditions.

Result: dryness decreases, and moisture increases, the pigmentation, because a moist feather retains the chromogene vitality, whilst a dry feather bleaches. In other words, since the sun should bleach any lipochrome, it follows that the moisture retards this process by keeping the chromogenes alive.

After all, then, the above conclusions are but another expression of the well-known fact that light and warmth and moisture are the three factors most favourable to animal and vegetable life; whilst their opposites, darkness, cold and dryness, are unfavourable agents.

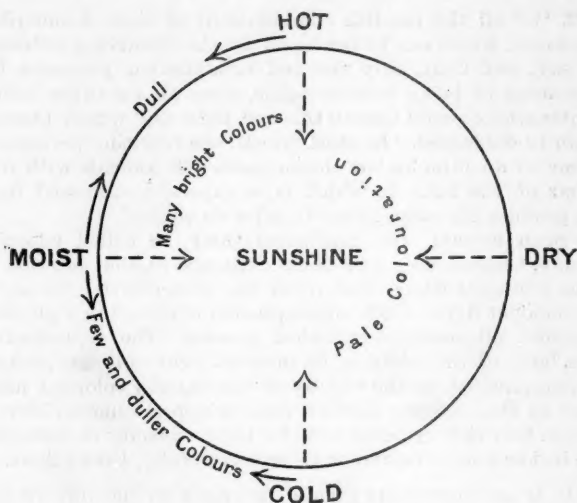
In the accompanying diagram the principal climatic features, hot, cold, moist and dry, are arranged opposite each other, the space within the circle represents sunshine, outside it scarcity of light. Each pair of arrows, either within or without the circle, points at the combined result upon the coloration of the plumage. Thus moisture combined with heat and sunshine is conducive of brightly-coloured feathers; whilst moisture without sunlight means dull, sombre coloration. Dry heat and dry cold produce pale lipochromes. A hot, dry and sunless climate is self-contradictory unless we resort to tropical life nocturnal, underground or in caves. A cold, moist and sunny climate may, to a certain extent, apply to Alpine and Arctic life.

So far so good. The diagram shows most important generalisations, probably true, but application in detail, either to locality or to species, will at once meet with difficulties. For instance, the Hotlands of Southern Mexico are hot, moist and sunny during the four months of rainy season, but without a cloud or a shower during the rest of the year. Again, most birds are migratory,

few are quite stationary, and it is not unlikely that the climatic agents are most effective where and whilst the birds are moulting.

A third probable factor of the coloration of animals is the *coloured light* of their *environment*. If this reflected light has such an influence, the question resolves itself into one of natural colour photography. That this actually does take place has been proved with the pupæ of butterflies. The physicist Wiener has sup-

DIAGRAM 2.



CLIMATE AND COLORATION.

plied the explanation. It is 'probably the non-effectiveness of the light which is reflected by the body and the activity of that light which is absorbed, according to whether the light coincides in colour with the illuminated pigment or not.' Just as there are some chemical substances which are so susceptible to light that they reproduce the colours thrown upon them, so there exist organic pigments, in connexion with a peculiar suitable composition of the cells containing them, which have a similar susceptibility of light. Wiener argued as follows:—

1. 'In order to be changeable such a chromophile body must be able to absorb coloured light.'

Of course not every kind of light, although absorbed, need produce colour, since it may be transformed into some other energy. On the other hand none of the reflected light can produce a change in the substance, unless indeed it stamps itself upon that surface, producing standing light waves, and in this way possibly some of the non-pigmental, iridescent colours may be produced.

2. 'Of all the possible combinations of that chromophile substance, which can be produced by the disturbing influence of, say, red light, only the red combination possesses the advantage of being indestructible, since all the other colour combinations would absorb this red light and would thereby again be destroyed. In other words, the resulting permanent colour of an illuminated chromophile will coincide with that colour of the light to which it is exposed. Coloured light can produce the same colour in suitable bodies.'

'Such colours' (he continues) 'may be called adaptive colours, because they owe their existence to the selection of those pigments which best resist the destructive influence of the incident light. Such an adaptation is therefore a physico-chemical, ultimately mechanical process. The reproduction by a body of the colour of its incident light can be explained, or paraphrased, as the victory of the equally coloured molecules in the struggle against those which assume a different colour, this victory being won by their capacity of reflecting the incident light better, or more successfully, than others.'

It is an enormous stride forwards to be able to say that adaptive coloration can arise through mechanical, functional adjustment! After this has happened Natural Selection may decide whether the product is useful to the bearer and is to be encouraged, in which case inheritance will go on apace.

When speaking of adaptive, protective coloration, we have got so much into the habit of thinking of enemy and prey as to almost completely neglect the much more universal importance of protection from the prevailing physico-chemical forces of the environment.

It is only within recent years that the effects of the various rays of the visible spectrum upon living organisms have been studied and applied with unexpected

effects. Many bacteria and other low organisms are most susceptible to certain rays. We have sunbath cures, a somewhat rough and ready procedure, but also the treatment of measles under red light, a discovery of Finson, the late Danish physician, noble recipient of the Nobel prize.

We may well apply this principle to coloration. Those rays alone which are not reflected by a coloured body can pass through its skin, and their energy must there be converted into something else, be this a chemical or a thermal change. Consequently the fact that creatures are pre-eminently of the colour of their surroundings may mean nothing less than that the rejected colour, the one which we see, is the one which is not wanted as possibly harmful to the organism.

It may be that for a creature living in a red desert the ground reflects too much red upon and into the body, unless the chromogenes have learnt thoroughly to reflect this light in turn, and to let only the rest pass harmlessly through, i.e. that body has become red. The process may be more complicated. It may be that on red ground there is a hunger for green rays, so that as much of the green is absorbed as can be got out of the sunlight, resulting of course in red pigment. The conclusion that a body should be red because this is the colour which it does not want is not more paradoxical than the statement that a pigment is red because it has gorged itself with green rays.

Natural environment is black, white, green, red and yellow, or rather more often of countless tints and tones of brown and grey, whilst blue and violet do not occur. It is known that black pigment cannot be developed in the skin under light out of which the blue rays have been removed by an orange screen. Hence the pale yellowish, or isabelline, tints of desert dwellers.

The principle of explaining certain colours as a sort of direct natural colour photography appears reasonable enough in naked Amphibia, scaled Reptiles, Insects, etc., where the colours lie near the surface. To apply the same to such complicated growths as feathers is enormously more difficult.

We are standing but on the threshold of the problem which implies countless stages of evolution. However,

the case is not dismissed by such a confession of ignorance, since a feather is after all nothing but a glorified scale.

An ornithological gallery well representative of tropical countries gives the impression of a chaos of bright and gaudy colours which are laid on anyhow and anywhere. After some searching examination, the visitor will be astonished to find that amongst the twelve thousand odd species of birds are after all but few kinds which are not only vulgarly dressed, but which seem to upset every canon of coloration, whilst in the majority of birds the colours are exhibited in truly harmonious style. Is this accidental? Monochrome birds are rare, excepting white or black, of which exist examples amongst almost every large group. Monochromes are obviously conspicuous, they should therefore have a hard struggle with natural selection. Perhaps they have. Those who hold this powerful agency responsible for everything must find it difficult to understand why a young Gull should have to struggle through a mottled garb if a pure white dress is best for the species. If it were not the best, natural selection should not have produced it. But, they say, the mottled brownish garb is of the greatest value to the Gull when it wants protection most. This would imply that the whitening of the plumage must keep step with the ripening of the intellect, by the experience gathered during the first three or four years, and that not until the Gull is quite wise will it be permitted to wear the coveted white dress. No, the reasons of the scarcity of monochrome plumages are mainly constitutional. In most cases the presence of melanine stands in the way, very difficult to eradicate, and it seems to be a physiologically uncertain feat to produce and to deposit a new pigment quite uniformly, whilst suppressing all the others which may tend to crop up. A monochrome is always a terminus; the acme of evolution.

Entirely red are an Ibis, a Flamingo and a few Passerines, mostly from tropical America. Yellow is the Fiji Pigeon mentioned before, a South American Parakeet, a Woodpecker, some Tanagers, and one of the Austro-Malayan Bowerbirds. A completely blue plumage is perhaps the rarest of all, attained of Parrots only by

the hyacinthine Macaw; amongst Passerines we have the Indian Fairy Blue Bird, *Irena puella*, some American Sugar-birds and Chatterers; but even in these few cases at least the large wing feathers are black, so that there is no absolutely blue bird. Pure green, without any spots, is well nigh unknown, although green is so very common.

Two strong colours are often combined with good effect. Red and black are frequently associated, severe but distinguished; in not a few cases the red shows melanistic tendency. Red and white mostly make a pretty plumage; the red occurs in many shades, from pink to scarlet and deep maroon. Red and green are common; when present in equal quantities the red as the brighter colour is always found on the ventral surface, perhaps because of the concealing advantage of green on the upper parts. In the majority of dominantly yellow birds the golden colour is set off by the black. Green as basis combines with black, red, yellow or blue.

The production of three first class colours and their harmonious arrangement is a considerable feat. Black, white and red combine frequently, always with a strong and pleasing effect, of which some Woodpeckers are good examples. Green with red and blue is, of course, gorgeous; often successfully found together, sometimes on the same feather, as, for instance, on the armquills of Amazon Parrots. In the majority of tricoloured birds, and still more in multicoloured birds, the problem becomes serious, and yet some manage to carry off all the colours of the rainbow with gaudy but still good artistic effects. Even in the most multicoloured groups of birds the colours more often fall into order than are combined wildly. However, to appreciate this, we must not look at such a bird as a whole; each effect has to be studied by itself. The ornamentation of the tail has nothing to do with that of the wings, nor does the head stand in any correlation with the undertail coverts, which are a favourite place for unexpected colours.

Here is ample scope for most pleasant æsthetic considerations, but, as the necessary detail could scarcely be discussed profitably without many coloured illustrations, we must leave the contemplation of the bird's plumage as a whole, and restrict ourselves to the ornamental

patches. Ornamentation is a vague term, but in most cases we find no difficulty in distinguishing between the ornament and, so to say, the leading motive. The red patch on the head of a black Woodpecker is its ornament, and so are the red quills of a green Parrot. There are certain favourite places which seem to lend themselves to such a display of bright adornment, notably the crown of the head, the shoulders, the bend of the wing, and the neck; other parts generally hidden and occasionally displayed are the armquills and the tail feathers and the rump.

The first, and apparently the only one, to draw attention to the law of ornamental colours in birds was Valentin Haecker. But as his paper was published in a highly scientific journal his æsthetic contemplations fell between two stools. He concluded that the colour of an ornamental patch must be of a higher order than the ground colour.

Let us pass the chief colours in review.

The *two extremes*, black upon white and white upon black, are frequent.

Upon a *black* ground we find yellow, or red, seldom blue, but not green.

Upon *green* are found patches, or facings, of any colour: black, red, orange and blue.

The favourite ornament for *yellow* is black; red occurs sometimes, rather spoiling the effect; blue is rare; green as ornamental patch does not occur.

Orange tends by itself towards red, and it is such a strong colour that it tolerates nothing but its complementary blue.

Red itself being a terminal colour, the only ornaments tolerated are white, and above all blue. These are the two royal colours beyond which no bird can pass unless it effaces them all and becomes black. Never do we find green, yellow, or orange, upon red ground as ornamental patches.

Blue is the acme of all colours and tolerates nothing but black, never red, orange, yellow or green. Blue can be relieved by orange trimmings, but only one, the hyacinthine Macaw has resorted to it with his yellow bare cheeks, and the yellow half-moon on the otherwise black underjaw. And this, the only instance, does not

meet our case since the yellow is found in the skin, not in the feathers.

Green and red as complementary colours should *a priori* be of equal value, but although there are plenty of instances of red patches upon green, there is not one of green upon red. A green dress with red facings looks well, the reverse would be hideous, and so is green upon yellow, while a yellow trimming enhances a green body.

Well then, if ornamentation takes place according to æsthetic principles, being correct according to our notions of beauty, the thought lies near of referring the whole process to selection. Natural selection cannot be appealed to: the immature birds, struggling through several moults of a patchy, unharmonious, nay ugly, dress, do just as well as their adult beaux-ideals. And it would be baseless to presume that a lower species (lower in the sense of genepistasis), e.g. the slaty blue Macaw, is less well off than its hyacinthine cousin. There remains sexual selection. That birds enjoy, even appreciate, colours we cannot doubt; witness the Australian Bower-birds, which adorn their elaborately constructed reception huts with bright shells, or with fresh leaves and flowers, which are renewed when faded. And yet, to hold selection responsible for the details of coloration would lead to absurdities. It would, for instance, mean that every Order, every Family, Genus or Species has its own taste, and that every one individual strives to improve its yellow patches into orange and these into red as still more effective. Since amongst closely allied species some retain yellow patches, which in others are normally supplanted by the higher colour, can it be suggested that one species is gifted with a more highly developed sense of colour, while another is indifferent, perhaps has a vulgar taste, like some *Ptilopus* Pigeons, and that, maybe, another is colour-blind?

There is also beauty in shape and sound. In sound we speak of harmony and discord, the reasons for which can be expressed in figures and in diagrams. With colours this is not possible, since all the colours of the spectrum from red to violet are crowded into about one octave of light vibrations. A thing appeals to us as beautiful, harmonious, on account of its proportions in size and component parts; or we are pleased with it

because we can easily understand its purpose, and its fitness appeals to us. A tulip is one of the most adorable flowers in the simplicity of its structure. Not so the Golden Rod, the yellow of which probably surpasses that of any tulip, but on nearer inspection that bloom is a positive worry.

There are countless things beautiful in Nature, and there are also a few which are downright ugly according to all the canons of judgment; there are further countless creatures which according to these same canons are unsurpassed in beauty and which yet no eye had ever seen until the microscope was invented, for instance, the Radiolarian shells in a piece of chalk, or those which swarm in the ocean until they sink to the bottom as ooze. Many of them would furnish exquisitely beautiful and graceful models for filigree art in silver or gold. And there are also colours and their combinations carried by many animals, never seen in the natural course of events, but present because they are in the nature of things.

The colours of flowers are to a great extent due to the selective agency of the visiting insects, but this factor is inapplicable to the self-fertilising plants, many of which are just as handsomely coloured; and what about their shape, symmetry, and numbers of petals, which, barring the well-known fertilising contrivances, have nothing to do with insects? A petal by itself, with a blob of another colour, may have no claim to be considered pretty, but if multiplied three, five, or six times around a centre the 'flower' excites our admiration. It is the principle of the kaleidoscope with its surprising results of a few jumbled-down things of various shapes and colours.

This may originally be an accident, but this accident has become the rule in each particular species, and the whole flower has become one entity to which the component parts have become subservient, so much that if for some reason the equality of the petals is disturbed—say, if in a five-petalled flower two are enlarged and assume a new shape—then the whole flower assumes a new kind of symmetry.

The advantages of, and reasons for, symmetry may be manifold, but they do not concern us. Most animate things possess symmetry. Symmetry is repetition, and

it is less fatiguing to behold repetition than to be confronted with irregular arrangements; hence its pleasing effect. It also stands to reason that it should be easier for an organism to repeat itself or its parts than to incessantly produce something new. The inheritance of the characters once acquired will look after that.

Symmetry is consequently the outcome of, or an expression of, an equilibrium, of rest self-attained in the usual course of events; something good, therefore pleasing, but also good, whether there is anything to be pleased by it or not.

Let us return to the colours. We have seen that they are evolved out of each other, or follow one upon another, not haphazard, not the wrong way round, but in a predestined way, because the pigments are subject to unalterable chemico-physical laws. Now, since this is a natural process, it is pleasing to a highly-developed eye [it is unprofitable to speculate on the sensory impressions of a snail or a beetle, many of which creatures are also beautifully coloured] which perceives, because it is tuned to colour-vibrations, and it can have been thus tuned only by such vibrations. If there were no colours, there would be no colour-perceiving apparatus, and our retina would be very differently constructed. Consequently, if colour and retinal structure are cause and effect, the natural change of one colour into the next will have the least distressing, i.e. the most pleasing, effect upon the disturbed retina, or, let us put it boldly, upon the interpreting mind. And gradual change of one colour into the next amounts to the same as the succession of these colours in their scale. If yellow tends to turn into orange and this into red, then the eye, or the mind, is prepared for red upon yellow, whilst a yellow patch upon red produces a shock, and this is the explanation of the secret why red upon yellow looks well.

Further, there are the complementary colours. Our eye, when tired by red, seems to call for green; in reality, since it cannot 'take in' any more red, it is paralysed by it, so that if suddenly subjected to white light the same effect is produced as if the red had been knocked out of the spectrum, with the result of the apparition of green. Now, if the ornamental patches often followed this complementary principle, this would

be a very hard nut to crack; it would almost force us to enlist the selective censorship of the birds themselves. However, if the complementary system were a factor, then green upon red should be just as common as red upon green, which alone does occur.

It appears, therefore, that the colour combinations and ornamentations in birds are not what they are because they are intended to be beautiful, but that they strike us as such, because they still follow the same sequence of evolution by which they incidentally have trained and tuned our eyes. The patches are ornamental as the result of a straight process of evolution upon predetermined lines, and they, the patches, are not originated and preserved because they are ornamental. Perhaps this is expressed clumsily, but it nevertheless amounts to saying that beauty exists for its own sake. No doubt it can be enhanced by selection, namely, by the censorship of taste, but it is more often quite independent of taste. On the contrary, taste seems to be determined by the available material. We paint the devil black, whilst to the African's mind he is white; and in the eyes of the Hottentot the enormous increase of adipose tissue is a commendable feature of his spouse principally because that tendency to fatness is for some unknown reason in the nature of his kind.

It is not credible that the appearance of a few faintly-discoloured feathers on the crown—and it is thus that such ornamental patches begin—should tickle the fancy of a hen bird, and it still remains to be shown how much truth there is in the whole somewhat fanciful story of sexual selection. It is much more likely that all the birds, the most gorgeous and the most humbly dressed, are quite contented with their lot, and consider themselves, each species according to its kind, quite beautiful. And we, who have nothing to do with the matter, can predict in not a few cases what further changes in their dress will take place in time to come, no matter whether the birds like them or not, thus causing new varieties, races, species, new in the true sense of the word and not only 'new to science,' which clumsy term is to convey the fact that the particular species had hitherto escaped the collector.

That the whole colour question of the plumage is one

of evolution is plainly shown by the instances of such combinations which, from an æsthetic point of view, are lamentable failures. In some cases the failure is transitional, for example, where the wrong kind of blue appears upon green, when a little change towards the violet end of the scale may improve matters. In other cases the whole problem is one of enormous complexity. Some of the markings, singly or collectively, may be of protective value, or necessary for some unknown purpose, or the production of better colours in that particular place may be incompatible with constitutional or other prevailing conditions. In some groups of birds the colours have run riot. Not only are there all the colours of the rainbow and many others besides, in one and the same plumage, but they are jumbled together, or put side by side in bewildering, often jarring disorder. As this statement may be challenged as too biassed it requires some detailed justification.

The two largest groups of birds in which colours have most frequently run riot are the Parrots and, among the Pigeons, the feather-legged genus *Ptilopus* and its kindred which have their headquarters in the Pacific Islands.

Of the Parrot tribe let us consider three of the largest Macaws of our Zoological Gardens. First the 'red and blue Macaw,' *Ara chloroptera*, the largest and heaviest of all. Its prevailing colour is a saturated, rather dark red; the wings and mantle are green, shading into blue on the rump and the upper tailcoverts; the tail itself is red like the head and all the underparts. The total effect is somewhat severe, but there is nothing jarring in it. In his close relative, *A. macao*, the 'red and yellow Macaw,' the green is to a great extent supplanted by bright yellow; many of these feathers are coloured half and half, especially the larger wingcoverts, while on some of the lesser at least the edges are still half green, and with age the yellow becomes more and more dominant. This bird actually shows red, yellow, green, and blue to deep indigo, and black on the big flight-feathers. There is not much doubt as to what changes will still take place provided this species lives long enough. The green is bound to disappear, yielding to the coming yellow, so that this Macaw will glory in the powerful combination of the three fundamental colours—red, yellow, and blue. We even can go

one step further. The yellow, as already indicated on some of the wingcoverts may be superseded by red, and then this bird will be dressed in nothing but the two royal colours red and blue, beyond which no bird can go. All this is an expression of orthogenesis, and, as such, clear enough. As to the want of 'good taste,' the green in *A. macao* is wrong, but explicable and amply 'excused' as a case of lingering inheritance. In *A. militaris*, the 'red and green Macaw' of Mexico, the coloration is patchwork, in a very unsettled condition, in spite of which he is as successful as the others. It is a transitional species, its adult and apparently permanent coloration happening to be what in another species would be an immature phase, only with this difference that the change of one species into another is not accomplished within a few years or moults, but requires an unknown number of generations.

We are not arguing in a circle when we have just now concluded that one species compared with another behaves like an individual, of which we know that it recapitulates during its own life those stages which its ancestral species presumably have passed through. Provided the chance of observing an individual during a number of successive moults, we find that yellow feathers, scattered, or cropping up, within a green dress tend to change into red, and are ultimately supplanted by red. Therefore given three species, say red, yellow, or green respectively, we conclude that the yellow one is intermediate, transitional, between the others, and if, as in the case of one *Ara*, half-yellow half-green feathers seem out of place in the harmony of colours, we are fairly justified in assuming that this may not be a final but a passing stage, a discord, but a discord having its place in the nature of things.

In most of the multicoloured *Ptilopus* pigeons the dominant colour is a somewhat mottled green, and many are entirely of this colour when young. The only ornament of the female of *Ptilopus formosus* is a lilac head; in the adult male is added a reddish collar on the hind neck, the chest is black and violet, the belly white and the under tailcoverts white and green. It is not at all a pretty combination, the colours of these birds, especially the lilac, being suggestive of crude aniline dyes, while there is no pure blue. The numerous species present

a kaleidoscopic jumble, quite bewildering. The head lilac, or pink, or grey with a black crown, combined with under tailcoverts white and green, yellow, brown, or pink, rest of under parts green, yellow, white, and the upper parts varying between green, grey and yellow. And yet, by paying attention to one part at a time, it is possible so to arrange the species as to show the drift of these changes; for instance, changes from green through yellow towards red; pink or red instead of lilac; an unmistakable tendency of the under parts to become white, beginning perhaps with a grey wash or with whitish tips to the green feathers, until such a strikingly handsome species as *P. jambu* is produced; pure white below, with a pink blush on the lower neck and chest; the whole head deep pink-red, all the rest of the upper parts pure green and the under tailcoverts rich cinnamon-brown. Just as with the Parrots, there are among these pigeons some with an ancestral humble dress, others with an abundance of colours with jarring, even vulgar, effects, and lastly some beauties in perfect taste, crowning efforts which have been effected by the suppression of superfluous colours.

It is safe to say that multi- and richly-coloured birds have gained their truly harmonious dress only through many vicissitudes. It looks as if Nature had first to exhaust all the possibilities before approaching something like perfection. The genus *Ptilopus* has an enormous range, comprising Australia and hundreds of large and small islands, where the kaleidoscopic game has been and is being played incessantly, with the result that there are now some seventy species to whose welfare it does not matter in the least whether the under tailcoverts are pink or yellow, and it is against countless odds that in two distant lands the same combinations are hit upon. Such a large genus is but the expression of the making of species in very active operation and freed from the control of selection.

Art. 7.—SOCIALISM.

II. ITS PRESENT POSITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

1. *Modern Socialism*. By R. C. K. Ensor. London and New York: Harper and Brothers, 1910.
2. *Socialism and the Social Movement*. By Werner Sombart. Translated by M. Epstein, Ph.D. London: Dent, 1909.
3. *A Critical Examination of Socialism*. By W. H. Mallock. London: Murray, 1908.
4. *Collectivism*. By P. Leroy Beaulieu. Translated by Sir Arthur Clay. London: Murray, 1908.
5. *Das Philosophisch-ökonomische System des Marxismus*. Von Dr Emil Hammacher. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1909.
6. *Socialism and Religion*. By the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, the Rev. Percy Dearmer, the Rev. John Clifford and John Woolman. London: A. C. Fifield, 1908.
7. *Report of Tenth Annual Conference of the Labour Party*, February 9, 1910. London: The Labour Party.
8. *The Socialist Annual for 1910*. London: Twentieth Century Press.

IN the previous article* Socialism was regarded as a particular and extreme manifestation of a great fermentative process which is changing our views of life and causing us to attribute to physical and material conditions a new importance unrecognised in the earlier stages of our civilisation. This change is general; it is both older and wider than Socialism, and it has manifested itself in many directions quite independent of that movement and altogether apart from the economic structure of society, which is the particular concern of Socialism, if the term is to have any definite meaning at all. Further, the rise of Socialism was traced from its earliest antecedents through the first period of organisation and failure in the second quarter of the nineteenth century down to its revival under the influence of Marx. If any exact date is to be assigned to the beginning of the new movement it must be the year 1864, when the International Workmen's

* 'Quarterly Review,' April 1910.

Association was founded in London by Marx ; but very little came of it for years, and the Association itself expired of inanition in 1876 after a struggling existence marked chiefly by the inevitable conflict between the Collectivist and the Anarchist types of Socialism represented by Marx and Bakunin respectively. It was after this that the movement began to make effective progress, slowly at first but with increasing momentum down to a recent period.

The features which broadly characterise the advance of Socialism during the last thirty years, as an organised movement having for its object the economic reconstruction of society, are its wide international range, the effective participation of the working classes, and, with certain exceptions, a growing reliance on political action accompanied by the growth of political strength. In all these points the influence of Marx's leadership and inspiration can be traced in some measure, but the international character of the movement was especially his work. The earlier forms of Socialism were confined to England and France, except for some transplanted experiments in America, and they were quite independent even in those two countries. The international note was first loudly struck by the Communist Manifesto drawn up in 1847 by Marx and Engels and issued in several languages. It was itself international in origin, having been issued in Brussels but arranged in London by German Socialists who were refugees from Paris, and it called on the 'proletarians' of all lands to unite. The conception of a common interest independent of nationality follows from the theory of the class war, which formed the historical basis of Marx's doctrine, as explained in the previous article. In itself it was not new ; the class antagonism between capitalists and wage-earners had been recognised as an economic development years before in England and that between workers and the idle rich in France. But neither its historical significance, the idea of which Marx derived from Hegel, nor its international application had been perceived ; these must be credited to the new teaching, and both were fruitful. The manifesto pointed out that the interests of the proletariat were class interests common to all countries, and that the members of this class, scattered as they were in different lands and divided

by international competition, must join hands to effect their own emancipation.

The attempt to carry on an international organisation failed, as we have seen; but the appeal was not lost. In one country after another the propaganda took root and spread, and by degrees the working classes began to accept it. Germany led the way, and the trade unions, which developed rather quickly there in the sixties, became an important agency. But the claim constantly made on behalf of the Marxian revival of Socialism that it was a spontaneous Labour movement, and therefore distinguished as such from the earlier phase, is quite untenable. The leading spirits in the second period—Marx, Engels, Lassalle and Liebknecht—no more belonged to the proletariat or the working classes than the leaders in the first period. They appealed to Labour and to some extent realised the importance of organising it. And so did the earliest Socialists in England. The notion that the latter were all Utopians and engaged in promoting impracticable schemes and founding little model communities is an historical error due to insufficient research and the mistaken belief, repeated in numerous text-books, that Robert Owen represented the whole movement. We have already seen that the English intellectual school had got all the essential economics of the Marxian doctrine quite clear long before Marx, who took his arguments from them. They also appealed to the working classes to organise and emancipate themselves by throwing off the yoke of private Capitalism, and that by constitutional political action, wherein they were more modern than Marx. In 1831 a 'National Union of the Working Classes' was formed in London for this purpose with the motto 'Each for all and all for each;' members paid at first a penny and afterwards twopence a month. For some time it was very active; it had several branches and held weekly meetings. But it was not a spontaneous Labour movement in spite of its name; the organisers did not belong to the working classes, who responded indifferently to the agitation. They were not yet sufficiently used to organisation. That only came by the slow and painful growth of trade-unionism, which really was a spontaneous Labour movement. The great advantage possessed by the revival of Socialism in this

connexion was the more advanced stage of Labour organisation; it has climbed on the back of the trade unions. That is clear from the fact that it did not make any appreciable way with the working classes until trade-unionism was finally established and growing vigorously. The failure of the International shows that Socialism had little organising power of its own among them, and its subsequent growth in different countries on different lines shows where the organising power really lay. What the Marxian doctrine contributed was a common inspiration. International activity was only resumed after an interval of several years, and then it took the form of discussion at Congresses, which gathered together the several national units instead of organising them from a centre. These meetings, started in 1889, and subsequently continued at irregular intervals, are now held every three years under the name of the 'Red International.'

With regard to the third point mentioned above as characterising the modern movement—namely, its political character—the influence of Marx is less clear. His theory of the historical chain of events and of evolutionary change is more in keeping with constitutional than with violent action; but, for himself, he remained under the domination of the violently revolutionary ideas with which he had become saturated by passing through a revolutionary epoch at a very impressionable age, and he confidently looked forward to a catastrophic overthrow of the existing order. Hence his remark that he was not really a Marxian. The Communist Manifesto announced violent revolution in the plainest terms.

'Communists do not stoop to dissemble their opinions and their aims. They loudly proclaim that these aims cannot be attained without the violent overthrow of the whole existing social order. Let the ruling classes tremble at the thought of a communist revolution.'

Considering that this manifesto has been a sort of Koran to the Socialists, and is so to this day—especially to those who have never read it—the popular conception of Socialism as a violent menace to every existing institution is thoroughly justified. That is not the course the movement has pursued or is pursuing as a whole. The revolutionary element, represented by the Anarchists,

has been generally overshadowed by the constitutional parties representing Collectivism. Both appeal to Marx, and can find support in his inconsistent utterances, which cannot be reconciled. The truth is that he never thought out the future. He devoted himself to explaining the past and the present, and to proving that they lead inevitably to a certain future, but what that was and how it was to be attained he only intimated in general terms, leaving his successors to quarrel over it, which they have done ever since.

The generally constitutional character of present-day Socialism is sufficiently proved by the facts that it is represented in nearly all European countries by regular parliamentary parties, and that its strength is usually measured by the success of Socialist candidates at the polls or, more accurately, by the number of votes given them at General Elections. The following table is taken from the 'Socialist Annual' for 1910, published by the Social-democratic party in England. The accuracy of some of the figures is open to dispute; but it is sometimes difficult to estimate the number of votes cast for a particular party, and the position of individual members is sometimes doubtful. The table is given as representing the estimates of Socialists themselves.

PARLIAMENTARY STRENGTH OF SOCIALISM.

| Country. | No. of Socialist Members. | Percentage of total Members. | No. of Votes at last Elections. |
|-------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Austria | 90 | 17.6 | 1,041,948 |
| Finland | 84 | 42.0 | 336,761 |
| France | 55 | 9.4 | 1,120,000 |
| Germany | 45 | 11.3 | 3,259,023 |
| Italy | 44 | 8.6 | 338,865 |
| Belgium | 35 | 21.1 | 492,210 |
| England | 34 | 5.0 | 334,920 |
| Sweden | 34 | 14.7 | 75,000 |
| Denmark | 24 | 21.0 | 92,648 |
| Russia | 16 | 3.7 | — |
| Norway | 11 | 9.4 | 67,435 |
| Luxemburg | 10 | 22.2 | — |
| Holland | 7 | 7.0 | 83,036 |
| Switzerland . . . | 7 | 4.2 | 100,000 |
| Turkey | 6 | 2.4 | — |
| Chili | 3 | 3.2 | 18,000 |
| Servia | 1 | 0.6 | 3,133 |
| Argentine | 1 | 0.8 | 3,500 |

There have been three General Elections since this table was compiled—in the United Kingdom, France and

Spain. The net result has been to increase Socialist representation somewhat, but in England, or more correctly Great Britain, it has had rather a set-back. In France, the Unified or Collective Socialists, with about the same number of votes as at the previous election, gained twenty seats, and in Spain one Socialist Deputy was elected to the Cortes for the first time. In the United States the Socialists cast about half-a-million votes at the last Presidential election, and they have representatives in some State Legislatures.

It is impossible to estimate with numerical precision the real political strength of Socialism, because there are so many shades of opinion and no clear line of demarcation. The ambiguous relations between trade-unionists and Socialists in the British Labour party are one instance. In the French Chamber there are several more or less Socialistic parties—Socialist Radicals, Independent Socialists and Unified Socialists; and in some other countries similar ill-defined sections exist. But the broad fact emerges that Socialism has become a political force. It has reached that position quite recently and by rapid strides, practically within the last twenty years. Germany leads; the movement there is older, more deliberately and consistently political and more homogeneous than elsewhere. That lies in the character of the people, who are more accustomed to authority, discipline, and ordered action than any other. The theoretical character of the Marxian doctrine, which is a thoroughly German production, also appeals to them more; they understand it better and cling to it more steadily than the more independent or impulsive peoples of different race. Handed down in person, it has been a great bond of union. The Social-democratic party, which elected two members to the Reichstag in 1871, has managed to hold together, though not without difficulty, ever since. Its great accession of voting strength occurred between 1887 and 1903, when the number of seats secured rose at successive elections from eleven to eighty-one, and the votes from 760,000 to 3,000,000. The previous rate of progress was not maintained at the last election in 1907, when the votes only increased by 250,000 and the number of seats secured fell to forty-three.

Modern Socialism in France dates from 1876, when

M. Guesde returned from five years' exile full of the Marxian doctrine, which he has preached ever since. The parliamentary movement did not begin till 1885, and only reached substantial strength in 1893, when the various Socialist parties polled 440,000 votes and elected forty-three deputies; in 1889 they had seven. In 1906 the votes had risen to about 900,000 and the seats to fifty-four. More lucky than the German Social Democrats, who at the last election lost heavily in seats on an increased aggregate poll, their French comrades, as already stated, gained twenty seats at the election this year with an increase of some 100,000 votes, and now number seventy-four. But on account of the numerous and kaleidoscopic changes in the composition of the French Socialist parties, caused by alternate dissensions and agreements, the figures of earlier and later years are not strictly comparable. In 1905 most of the warring sections came to terms, chiefly through the influence of M. Jaurès, an independent or moderate Socialist, and formed a united *parti socialiste* with a defined programme, which considerably simplified the situation; but there are still independent Socialist deputies, who represent a milder type. There is, however, no doubt that Socialism is a much stronger parliamentary force in France than in Germany, whatever the relative numbers may be; the general atmosphere of the Chamber is more favourable. Since 1899, when for the first time a professed Socialist became a Cabinet Minister in the person of M. Millerand, there have been Socialists in the Government; and last year, when M. Briand became Prime Minister, the chief office for the first time fell into their hands. The French Government now contains three nominal Socialists. They are all denounced, with the usual wealth of invective, as renegades, which is not the least instructive point in the situation. As soon as any Socialist secures a position of serious responsibility, whether he be a Burns or a Briand, he becomes a 'renegade.'

In Great Britain the revival came later. The first signs of it only date from 1881, when the Social Democratic Federation was founded, though without the word 'Social,' which was adopted in 1883. The inspiration was wholly German and Marxian. As a political movement Socialism did not make perceptible progress

until after the formation of the Independent Labour party in 1893. The rise of this body is particularly interesting and significant. It owes less to stimulation from above and more to spontaneous trade-union action than any other Socialist party. It originally arose out of the movement called the 'new unionism,' which came into prominence in 1889 in connexion with the strikes of dockers and gasworkers in London. The leaders were trade-unionists who were also Socialists. They got their inspiration from the Social-democratic teaching imported from Germany, but they were genuine Labour leaders, unlike the chiefs of Social Democracy, whether in Germany, France, or England. The movement grew; small organisations sprang up in various places, and in 1893 they were brought together, chiefly through the influence of Mr Keir Hardie, who had been a working miner, and formed into the Independent Labour party. Its object, deliberately chosen and steadily pursued, was to win over the trade unions to Socialism and enlist their voting and pecuniary strength in pushing a Socialist programme in the political field. They were unsuccessful at first, and in the General Election of 1900 only succeeded in getting one member returned, Mr Hardie himself. The trade unions were still shy, but a device had been found for overcoming their reluctance by the formation of a joint committee representing both trade and Socialist organisations, and this bore abundant fruit in 1906. The Taff Vale judgment had then supervened and had turned the unions strongly towards political action in order to obtain an alteration of the law. They found the joint committee ready to their hand and joined it in large numbers; in the election they supported it at the polls and with pecuniary levies. Twenty-nine of the committee's candidates were elected in place of four in 1900, and it took the name of the Labour party. At the same time a number of trade-union representatives, principally miners, were independently elected, bringing the total Socialist and Labour representation up to fifty-three or fifty-four. At the end of 1909 most of the miners' representatives were induced to join the Labour party, bringing it up to forty-six. This number was reduced to forty at the last election, so that, while gaining in homogeneity, the aggregate Socialist and trade-union repre-

sensation has lost in numbers. The Labour party is, however, more genuinely representative of the working classes than similar bodies in other legislative Chambers; and it has risen into power more rapidly. The reason is the superior antecedent organisation on which it rests. The total membership at the present time is returned as 1,486,308, of which 1,450,648, or 97 per cent., are accounted for by the trade unions. How far this body represents Socialism is another question, to which we shall return later on.

In Austria the beginnings of the movement were simultaneous with those in Germany, and in 1869 Liebknecht was already carrying on the Marxian propaganda in Vienna. But for several years more energy was devoted to internal dissensions between the Collectivist and the Anarchist wings than to promoting the cause. Union was only effected in 1888, after which the Social-democratic agitation began to have a real political significance. It was directed chiefly to electoral reform and the demand for adult male suffrage, and was largely responsible for the Reform Bill brought forward by Count Taaffe in 1893. In 1897 the elections under the new franchise resulted in the return of seventeen Socialists to the Reichsrat. These were reduced to ten in 1901, but the agitation for universal suffrage continued and came to a head in 1905, when street riots occurred. The suffrage was granted in 1906, and Socialism at one bound leapt into parliamentary importance. In the elections of 1907 the Socialists polled over a million votes and secured eighty-seven seats.

In Belgium Socialism first appeared in the political field in 1885, when a *parti ouvrier* was formed. Here again internal dissensions were carried on for years, and no appreciable success was attained until 1894, when the party secured twenty-eight seats in the Chamber, with some 300,000 votes at the polls. In the same year a Social-democratic Labour party was founded in Holland, which won seven seats in 1901. The Belgian Labour party, after some ups and downs, raised its vote to 470,000 in 1906 and returned thirty representatives to the Chamber; they have since increased to thirty-five. The progress subsequent to the initial success in 1894 has not been very rapid.

In Italy the first Socialist was elected to Parliament

in 1882, and ten years later a party was formed of the Social-democratic type. In 1903 it had thirty-two representatives in Parliament, and at the last elections in 1909 these were raised to forty-two and subsequently to forty-four. The movement in Italy has been marked by more violent dissensions than in any of the countries previously mentioned, but the growth in political strength has been considerable and fairly steady.

It is not necessary to extend the list of countries to a tedious length. The foregoing chronological and statistical details will suffice to show the general advance of Socialism as a political movement. It has all come about within a very short time, virtually within twenty years, and to a large extent within the last ten. It looks as though the cause were capturing the working classes wholesale, and marching forward with rapid and certain steps towards its goal. That is the first impression given by a glance at the facts, and it is enough to explain, if not to justify, the exultation of those who seek, and the alarm of those who dread, that consummation. But is it so? Is the dream of Marx actually in course of fulfilment? Are the 'proletarians' of all lands uniting to demand the abolition of private ownership in the means of production?

Before endeavouring to answer that question and to gauge the true import of the great movement which is unquestionably going on, let us make sure of the end which the Socialist organisations and parties have in view. The best way to do so is to take their own official programmes. Several are given by Mr Ensor, whose 'Modern Socialism' is an excellent handbook and guide to the subject. It will suffice to quote that of the Social-democratic party of Germany, which is the oldest, largest, most homogeneous and important organisation. At the famous conference held in Erfurt in 1891 a programme was voted which still holds the field in regard to principles. After referring to the displacement of small industries by large, the consequent divorce of the worker from the ownership of his tools, the development of machinery and the growth of the productivity of labour, it continues:

'But all the advantages of this transformation are monopolized by capitalists and large landowners. For the proletariat

and the declining intermediate classes—petty bourgeoisie and peasants—it means a growing augmentation of the insecurity of their existence, of misery, oppression, enslavement, debasement and exploitation. Ever greater grows the number of proletarians, ever more enormous the army of surplus workers, ever sharper the opposition between exploiters and exploited, ever more bitter the class-war between bourgeoisie and proletariat, which divides modern society into two hostile camps and is the common hall-mark of all industrial countries. . . . Only the transformation of capitalistic private ownership of the means of production—the soil, mines, raw materials, tools, machines and means of transport—into social ownership, and the transformation of production of goods for sale into Socialistic production, managed for and through society, can bring it about that the great industry and the steadily growing productive capacity of social labour shall, for the hitherto exploited classes, be changed from a source of misery and oppression to a source of the highest welfare, and of all-round harmonious perfection. . . . The battle of the working class against capitalist exploitation is necessarily a political battle. . . . To shape this battle of the working class into a conscious and united effort, and to show it its naturally necessary end, is the object of the Social-democratic party.'

Next to Germany, it is in Austria and France that Socialism is numerically strongest, and the programmes of the party there are virtually identical with the foregoing, as is that of the Social-democratic party in England. These have a common origin and represent the orthodox position of Social Democracy. Increasing misery, oppression, and robbery of the workers through the present system of production, leading to its overthrow and the substitution of collectivist production, by means of the class war made conscious and turned to political action; the function of the Social-democratic party is to educate the workers in class consciousness and organise them politically to that end. Does the growth of electoral and parliamentary strength which has been set out above indicate that they are succeeding? It certainly indicates change of some sort, but to estimate its nature correctly requires a closer examination of the facts.

Socialism here appears as a political party, appealing to the electors in the same way as other parties. It

specially appeals to the working-classes, as we call them for want of a better term, and it does so in a very persuasive way. It flatters their pride and inflames their cupidity. It tells them that they are the salt of the earth, that they produce all wealth, and if they had their rights would own it all; but at present they are robbed by capitalists and landowners, who live in luxurious idleness on the results of their toil. If they support the policy propounded by their only true friends, all that will be changed; the wealth now enjoyed by the idle rich will become theirs and with it all the good things of life; at the same time they will be emancipated from thralldom to the employer, who grinds them to death in his horrible factory; they will be free and happy. All this is backed up by a learned and impressive argument which proves with mathematical certainty that these things must be so. The surprising thing is not that so many but that so few vote for this eloquent canvasser and his alluring policy. No one else can offer such a glittering prospect. He is a comparatively new-comer and leaves all the older parties bankrupt of attractions. But in spite of these advantages it is evident from the tremendous energy expended on the campaign that the policy does not meet with a very ready acceptance. It is evidently liable also to the same vicissitudes at the polls as other policies. There is a great difference between convinced adherence to the doctrines of Socialism and merely voting for Socialist candidates or programmes at an election. The earnest Socialist has no doubts and never wavers, but the elector who supports the policy on one occasion is free to refuse his support on another. And that obviously happens. It is to him an alternative to other policies, and he may vote for it on the principle of 'giving it a chance'; but when nothing comes of it he reverts and gives some one else a chance. Hence the ups and downs in different countries and different constituencies at successive elections. In 1903 the Socialists won a great triumph in Saxony because a great many shopkeepers voted for them for reasons of their own; but at the next election they reverted.

The Socialist societies, whose members subscribe to the articles of faith in full, represent the firm body of adherents, and their membership is only a fraction of the

Socialist vote, probably not more than one-tenth all round. The *data* are too defective to permit of a precise and comprehensive statement; but a careful computation of the relative numerical strength of the two in Germany, where organised Socialism is incomparably stronger than anywhere else, was made in 1906 by Dr Michels for certain great towns. He found the relation of organised to voting strength expressed by the following percentages: Nuremberg, 23·2; Hamburg, 18·0; Bremen, 14·8; Munich, 13·3; Breslau, 12·4; Berlin, 11·0; Leipzig, 10·4; Elberfeld-Barmen, 9·3; Düsseldorf, 7·5; Frankfurt, 7·2. In Saxony the percentage was 8·8; in Baden, 8·7; Anhalt, 9·3. In France the enrolled Socialists numbered 52,000 in 1906, when the candidates polled about 900,000 votes. It is a clear inference that large numbers of electors vote for the party as such without committing themselves to the doctrines, and many of them probably do so because they are dissatisfied with the other parties. Socialism, in fact, appeals to all the discontented elements in an electorate and draws support from many classes. It is nowhere a pure class movement of the 'proletariate' and never has been, as we have said before. It includes a varying proportion of persons belonging to all classes—the learned professions, authors, journalists, artists, teachers, men of science, officials, employers, merchants, tradesmen, clerks, landowners, and aristocrats. These classes have always furnished the great majority of the most enthusiastic and influential leaders; they are still the guiding force, and in some quarters they are becoming predominant. Quite recently this element seems to have increased rapidly, at any rate in some countries, as though a new generation of the educated classes were growing up attuned to the spirit of Socialism. Those of them who have the temperament imbibe the doctrine more readily and hold it with more conviction and more enthusiasm than the working classes, and when members of the latter become leaders and deputies they practically leave the ranks of the workers and become bourgeois.

The relations between Socialism and the trade unions which do partly represent Labour are very complicated and ambiguous. Broadly speaking, Socialism undoubtedly owes the greater part of its growth in numerical and political strength during the last twenty years to the

trade unions, which have been assiduously courted and cultivated. But there are many cross and counter currents, and the situation differs greatly in different countries. In Germany the connexion is closer than elsewhere, except, perhaps, in Austria. The two have grown together and have exercised a mutual influence. Trade-unionism began as a spontaneous movement in the early sixties when Lassalle was busy organising a Socialist *Arbeiterverein*, the founding of which in 1863 is still reckoned as the birth of Social Democracy. But the real advance both of trade-unionism and Social Democracy has taken place since 1890. The growth of the unions in the last few years has been extraordinary. In the five years 1903-8 they almost exactly doubled their membership, which rose from about 1,208,107 to nearly 2,400,000. This is largely due to improved economic conditions, which enable the workmen to organise. But from the Socialist point of view the movement is by no means homogeneous. The unions which support the Social-democratic party and form its backbone are far the most numerous, and they increased from 670,000 in 1901 to 1,830,000 in 1908; but the remaining 500,000 are either pronouncedly hostile or expressly independent. Even the so-called Social-democratic unions are not in any way bound to Socialism.

In France the case is entirely different, but the division between the unions and the Socialist parties is much more pronounced and more embarrassing to the latter. The powerful association of trade unions and trades councils known as the *Confédération Générale du Travail* is bitterly opposed to State Collectivism and to all political action. They take the ground that all politics are mere deception of the workers, that only the 'direct action' can benefit them, that the State is the great enemy, and that if it had economic as well as political control over them through ownership of the means of production, their condition would be absolute slavery and infinitely worse than it is already. They prefer private ownership to that, but their professed aim is autonomous group ownership by trades. This organisation represents a modern form of the old anarchical tendencies, but it is a genuine trade-union development; it has two or three intellectual spokesmen, but its propaganda and its business are conducted by trade-unionists, and it owes

much less to inspiration and direction from above than the Social-democratic movement. It is called Syndicalism from *syndicat*, the French word for trade union, and it has been taken up in Italy with much warmth. The Socialist Labour party in Scotland, a young organisation, takes its stand on the same principles, but is not strong. In the United States also there is a similar body. The Syndicalist movement is a new counter-current to State Collectivism which is not to be overlooked. In practice its activity is devoted to organising strikes for higher wages and shorter hours, which are purely trade-union objects.

With regard to England, where trade-unionism is much older and stronger than modern Socialism, the case is again different. The rise of the 'new unionism' and the formation of the Labour party have been explained above. The junction of the two elements has produced an effective and serious political force, but how far it is really socialistic is a very difficult question to answer. The numerical preponderance of the trade-union element is enormous. At the last annual conference held in February of this year the Socialist membership was returned at 30,982 out of a total of 1,486,308 or about 2 per cent. And it must be remembered that the Labour party by no means includes all the unions. Their total strength is returned at or about 2,400,000, which means that about a million remain outside the movement. Of those inside, some of the leaders are convinced Socialists, others are half and half ; some are trade-unionists first and Socialists afterwards, others the other way round ; some believe that they are not Socialists, some do not know what they are. The party is undoubtedly led as a political machine by the more educated and astute Socialists, but they have to walk very warily. The Social Democrats openly deride them as mere time-servers. The rank and file of the unions take no part ; they are more interested in football and racing than in unionism or politics, which bore them, and they leave all the business to the paid officers. These are often of the stuff of which Socialists are made, enthusiasts, talkers, agitators ; that is why they are officers. The great body of the members let them do as they please so long as they are not bothered too much themselves. But there is a strong

anti-Socialist current, revealed by the Osborne case; and it has now developed into organised opposition. The Labour party depends on subscriptions from the trade unions, which were raised by compulsory levies now pronounced illegal. Out of 13,622 $\frac{1}{2}$ subscribed to the Parliamentary Fund in 1909, the Socialist societies contributed 258 $\frac{1}{2}$; the rest came from the unions. Some members object to being compelled to support a policy they detest, and they have formed the Trade Union Political Freedom League 'to protect the unions from party politics, their funds from wrongful use, and the members from political tyranny.'

Enough has been said to show that the relations between Socialism and Labour are very confused and uncertain, and that the task of rousing the 'proletariate' to the class warfare is far from complete. On the one hand the 'proletariate' remains to a large extent indifferent with distinct and growing elements of hostility, and on the other the growth of the movement has been due in a considerable measure to the adhesion of non-proletarian elements. Is the class warfare advancing at all? Is the movement proceeding in the direction defined above in the passages quoted from the authentic Social-democratic programme?

A broad and dispassionate survey of the field reveals a distinct movement, but not in that direction. The internal history of the Socialist agitation since Marx presents a series of conflicts waged between ideas or policies distinguished by different degrees of violence; and the whole course of development has tended to the triumph of evolutionary over revolutionary methods, and the preference of small steps to large ones. The first series of conflicts was between the Anarchist and the Collectivist sections, and they ended in all cases with the defeat of the former. The difference between the two is more than one of policy, but it necessarily presents itself in the field of action as one of policy. The Anarchists were so completely beaten that they have been outside Socialism ever since. Then appeared a cleft between the more thorough-going Marxians, the Social Democrats, who favoured political and constitutional methods but aimed at a grand revolutionary stroke when the power was secured, and a more moderate school, who

thought the best policy to proceed by short steps and work up to the full programme by degrees.

These Socialists, commonly called Reformists or Opportunists, do not believe much in the class war or the rising of the proletariat; their policy is to secure actual measures piecemeal from existing Governments as instalments, and to bring Socialistic administration to bear in local affairs. The conflict between the two still continues, but there is no doubt at all which is winning, because the one side is getting measures here and there and acquiring control of local administration, while the other is still shooting at the moon. In some countries there is now nominal harmony, as in Germany, France, and Belgium; but it is secured or maintained by enunciating the Social-democratic dogma while really pursuing the Reformist policy. Each of the manifestoes quoted above has attached to it a long list of measures which are demanded in the meantime as something to go on with, or steps towards the revolution. The last congress of the 'Red International' itself, held at Stuttgart in 1907, confined itself to discussing such questions as female suffrage, emigration, colonies, trade unions and militarism.

The Reformists are plainly winning all along the line in fact, if not in appearance. And they tend to increasing mildness; they find it pays. The programmes of the Belgian Labour party, which is the most successful of all, and the Independent Labour party in England, which is the youngest of the more important Socialist organisations, are distinctly milder in tone than the more orthodox ones quoted above, though they hold to the collective ownership formula like the rest. That of the Independent Labour party, which has handled the great English trade unions so skilfully, has a notable omission; it says nothing about the class war, which is the backbone of Social-democratic politics. In short, as the movement advances and gains numerical strength, so it undergoes modifications and shifts its ground continuously. A process of general and unmistakable curvature goes on. Socialists seem to regard this as a mere question of tactics. The several sections still cling to the objective, which is their one common hall-mark, the transference from individual to collective ownership of the means of production; and those who favour the most dilatory

tactics pride themselves on deceiving the general public. But it is to be observed that while the political curvature has been going on, another thing has happened. The Marxian argument, on which the Collectivist formula was based, has gone to pieces. That argument was a logical and coherent structure, and the formula was its logical outcome, but one by one the constituent parts have crumbled away; one by one the premisses which are its foundation have proved unsound, until at last, as Prof. Sombart puts it, the whole thing collapsed as silently as the Campanile at Venice. The destructive process has been accomplished largely by the course of events, partly by criticism from within on both the Reformist and Anarchist wings, partly by hostile criticism from without, such as that of M. Leroy Beaulieu and Mr Mallock, but still more effectively by the sympathetic but searching analysis of friendly critics such as Prof. Schaeffle, Prof. Sombart and Dr Hammacher.

It is hardly necessary to prove this at length, because some points are frankly given up all round and are no longer so much as mentioned; others are not seriously defended, though they may still find a place in the official pronouncements; others are only maintained by the ultra-orthodox with a sort of despair which recalls refugees clinging to a raft saved from a shipwreck. But we must glance briefly at the more important points.

The philosophic materialism, which was Marx's starting-point, is fundamental, for philosophy is the quintessence of knowledge. Socialism rests indeed wholly upon a materialistic view of life; all its ultimate hopes and aspirations are based on that, because the mere economic reconstruction, which is only the means to an end, cannot have the results expected from it on any other hypothesis. But in philosophy materialism has lost whatever authority it ever possessed; it no longer counts. Some Socialists are conscious of a defect here and repudiate materialism, but what they do not perceive is that the materialistic conception runs through the whole edifice, which must fall down if it is withdrawn. Something is left, but it is a heap of stones. Few Socialists study philosophy or understand its bearing; but those who know better are recommended to Dr Hammacher's profound and minute analysis of the Marxian system.

Intimately associated with the philosophic basis is the conception of history as a series of economic class wars. Probably no one any longer entertains this palpably fallacious thesis. All the great turnings in the road we call history are made and marked by the appearance of ideas; in countries where no ideas appear there is no change, and no history except natural cataclysms or external interference. In western history the salient points are the conquest of heathendom by Christianity, the ascendancy of the Church, the age of chivalry, the Crusades, the Renaissance, the revival of art and literature, the Reformation, the birth and development of science, exploration and the opening of the new worlds, mechanical invention and its application to commerce and industry; these are the things that count, and they all spring from ideas. The Marxian history of Capitalism, leading to the supposed class war between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, is not less fallacious. Some large industries—building, quarrying, mining, smelting, shipbuilding, pottery, glass and others—were always capitalistic and employing wage-earners long before the beginning of Capitalism assigned by Marx; and the principal agents in the growth of the system, right through the industrial revolution, were not mere capitalists but workmen of exceptional capacity. If Marx had taken the trouble to trace the origin of any of the factories about which he wrote so much and knew so little, he would have found, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a workman at the far end. And just because they were workmen themselves they treated those they employed so harshly. A writer in the 'Poor Man's Guardian' at the height of the industrial revolution in 1831, remarks:

'How many individuals have been known to raise themselves from the lowest walks of life to the greatest heights of affluence, rank and station in Society; yet it is invariably the case that such men are greater tyrants and oppressors of that class from which they sprang than those who were born in affluence.'

To this day businesses are constantly being established by capable, industrious, and thrifty workmen, and they are more successful than those based on capital only. Nor has the large concern eaten up the small, as Prof.

Sombart and others have shown. Moreover, at the present time a revival of home industries in various directions is going on. The predicted concentration of wealth in ever fewer hands has not taken place, but the contrary. As to the class war between the 'proletariate' and the 'bourgeoisie,' no line can be drawn between them, and both words are constantly used in various senses by the same writers. The supposed distinction between them and the solidarity of each do not exist in real life. The conception has, in fact, lost the large meaning given to it by Marx and sunk to be a mere gospel of hatred and envy of the rich. This is so obvious that some Socialists are rather anxiously repudiating it.

The theory of increasing misery, which was an essential part of the doctrine, has fared even worse. It is still repeated in the programmes, but is so glaringly contradicted by patent and incontrovertible facts that even the great parliamentary champion, Herr Bebel himself, has abandoned it. The contention now is that the condition of the working classes gets worse relatively to the prevailing standard. But that also is contradicted by both statistical data and general experience. Nothing in our time is more remarkable than the steady approximation of classes among the great mass of the population. Visible distinctions, once unmistakable, are disappearing day by day, and it is becoming more and more difficult to tell what class persons belong to. The theory of increasing misery and the dismal, unmanly whining of Socialism are exceedingly repugnant to self-respecting workpeople. Even the Social-democratic German unions have quite recently resented it and fallen foul of Herr Kautsky on the subject. Still more recently Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labour, has fiercely attacked the whole theory and covered it with ridicule on behalf of the American trade unions.

Another section of the Marxian edifice seems to have disappeared altogether; and that is the proposed abolition of money and the substitution of labour-time as the standard of value and payment by labour cheques. Unless all nations adopted the same standard simultaneously this would put an end to international intercourse, commerce, and foreign travel. It is not surprising

that the proposal has disappeared; yet Marx 'expressly declares that his treatment of labour as the substance and standard of value is the corner-stone of his whole system' (Schaeffle). The proposition that 'labour' produces all wealth is no longer seriously maintained, though still disingenuously dangled before labourers. In serious argument the share of ability and direction is recognised.

The collapse of the Marxian theoretical system has left nothing to take its place. The elements which it syncretised and concentrated are dispersed again and spread out fan-wise; at one extremity Syndicalism, at the other a vague sentimentality merging into Radicalism, and between them a medley of Social-democratic and Labour parties, divided, restless, unstable, repeating formulas which have lost their meaning, and hugging the dead bones of a 'scientific' creed from which the life has departed. The only common ground that remains is the purpose of suppressing individual ownership in the economic scheme of society, and substituting social ownership in some form or other. With ownership goes responsibility; either involves the other, and any step taken consciously and on principle towards establishing collective ownership or responsibility in place of individual ownership or responsibility must be called Socialistic. That is the criterion for determining the question, which is found so puzzling, whether particular measures are Socialistic or not.

Is there any prospect that the proposed transference will ever be effected? Is it feasible or desirable? The breakdown of the Marxian theory really answers the first question. The attenuated and shifting arguments to which Socialists have been driven lead to a maze of inconsistent and illogical propositions. In his 'Critical Examination of Socialism,' Mr Mallock discusses many of them, from a hostile standpoint, with great dialectical skill. He particularly deals with the difficulties of the Collectivist State in securing the requisite ability to conduct the colossal and multitudinous business affairs of an entire nation. It would really have to be all nations together, because commerce embraces them all and none could take the plunge before the others without being ruined. Socialists do not treat the difficulties seriously. They do not realise the exceeding intricacy

of the machine, which has been admirably explained by Mr J. A. Hobson in his book, 'The Industrial System.' It consists of millions of interacting wheels, and the lubricating oil which enables it to work at all is the personal interest of each unit. Socialists usually get over the difficulty by boldly assuming that zeal for the common good will replace the present incentive. That is to say, they rely on the application of those very qualities the absence of which is the reason for the change they propose; and they prepare the way by telling all who work that they are going to have an easier time and by asking for their support on that ground. We are told at one moment that less effort will produce better results, at another that more effort means greater ease; that a partial choice of employers and employment is slavery, but none at all is perfect freedom; that what men decline to do voluntarily they will do with joyful alacrity under compulsion; that the withdrawal of the motives that actuate them will incite them to activity; that the inculcation of class hatred, envy and greed fosters the spirit of unselfishness and brotherly love; that the cart drags the horse, and that the social system is the cause not the effect of human impulses; that by relieving men of individual responsibility you will make them more moral. All these and sundry similar illogicalities are involved in the *a priori* arguments for Collectivism. But the chief ground on which its feasibility is maintained is the *a posteriori* argument that collective ownership is already in successful operation. Socialists point to state railways, municipal services and so on as proofs of their contentions, and by an easy transition extend the process to all commercial and industrial undertakings.

To an attentive and dispassionate observer of publicly and privately operated concerns the evidence proves the exact contrary. States and municipalities take over certain local services, which have previously been brought to maturity by private enterprise and run them sometimes satisfactorily, sometimes very much the reverse. It is conceivable that they might take over more, and even likely that they will. But certain conditions are necessary. At present all these concerns possess two indispensable aids to efficiency; they are able to adopt improvements perfected by private enterprise outside,

and they can discharge unsatisfactory servants because there is alternative employment. But for these facilities there would be stagnation on the one side and decreasing efficiency on the other. Even as it is, there is a constant tendency to both. That zeal which we are told to expect is conspicuously lacking; there is no incentive to it, but rather the contrary; routine dominates, change is never voluntarily initiated and generally resisted. The Post Offices in different countries are a glaring instance; all the improvements adopted have originated outside and been forced with difficulty upon them; most of them are conducted in an exceedingly unsatisfactory manner. At the same time the *employés* are no more content than any others, and that holds good of all the public services. In France, where they are more extensively developed than elsewhere, the *fonctionnaires* are so dissatisfied that they form illegal unions and insist on joining the revolutionary anti-state *confédération générale*; that was the cause of the postmen's strike last year. As to municipal services, while some do fairly well, many are only able to carry on because they are monopolies with the rates behind them; if they were private concerns they would have to go into liquidation. Industrial concerns in public hands, such as shipbuilding, small arms and clothing are only kept up to the mark by private competition; they exhibit the same lack of initiative and the same tendency to stagnation as the other services. Where they possess a complete monopoly, as in the production of matches in France, their extreme incapacity is a public scandal; all the world smuggles matches because those made by the Government are so intolerably bad.

Now, Socialism proposes to turn all commercial and industrial concerns into public services. The result would be to abolish those conditions which alone keep the limited ones now existing in a state of partial efficiency, and to expose all to the same forces of stagnation and deterioration. There would be a slackening at one end of the scale from lack of effective control over idleness, insubordination and other demoralising tendencies which are now restrained by the power of discharge; and at the other end the highest efficiency and all advance depending on individual enterprise would be checked. Advance,

it is to be noted, depends not merely on invention or discovery, but to a far greater degree on enterprise, on the vision which sees possibilities and takes risks to realise them. The men who effect it have special gifts, distinct from invention and directive ability, though they may and often do possess these. They are enterprisers, innovators, men of ideas, who need free play to develop themselves.

Socialists recognise the need of free play for the individuality of artists and authors, and promise it them in full measure. They do not see that analogous qualities exist in business men and need the same freedom. Without it there would be stagnation. It is not money such men are after, but the performance of function, the realisation of their ideas; and they could no more work under State direction or control than an artist under orders as to what to paint, how and where to paint it. They may fail to realise themselves now, but under Collectivism they would never get a chance at all because the State could not take the risk. Sir F. Younghusband has recently said that officials 'have the heart taken out of them.' That exactly expresses it. If they have the gift of ideas it is crushed out of them; they are made the slaves of routine. It is argued that the State attracts men of ability by the advantages of short hours, security, pensions, etc. What type of man do these things attract? The official type, the easy-going man of routine. To the enterpriser they are about as attractive as the comforts of the cage to a wild bird. The community must lose by caging men of this type and wasting their gifts. Socialists object to a stage censorship and any control over literature. But under their own system there could be no free Press, and every manuscript, every item of news must pass through a Government department, which must make a selection, because it could not print them all. When the realities of life are approached the scheme at once begins to crumble away again.

But, it will be said, that does not touch the question of private capital which extorts a share of the product for nothing. It is not for nothing, as Mr J. A. Hobson has very clearly shown, The investor is a man who has some money which he might spend on himself, but he

refrains from doing so and lends it to some one else to be applied to public services or further production. The interest he receives is the consideration to which he is entitled for refraining from spending the money on himself; and as long as he refrains he is entitled to go on receiving it. Capitalists are always supposed to be idle and rich, but the vast majority of investors are hard-working people of all classes who earn the money they invest. Let us take two or three cases of capitalist production, not hypothetical ones but from real life, and see where the injustice comes in.

A. has made some money by taking up land in Canada and working it himself; he has fairly earned it by all the rules of Socialism, and it is his own to spend. But he sees an opportunity of establishing an agricultural industry near a poverty-stricken town in the old country. He puts his money into that, builds his factory, takes the people out of the workhouse and the streets, teaches them the work and pays them good wages. His business at the same time helps the neighbouring farmers and so increases employment. Is he not entitled to the profit? Who is robbed or exploited? No one; everybody is benefited—the workers, the community, the farmers, and the consumers. The thing prospers and can be extended with the help of more capital; another man agrees to invest the required sum in consideration of a share in the returns. Again everybody is benefited; no one is robbed or injured. B. has brought an important machine into practical working and makes a fortune by selling it to other people who are glad to buy it. But he has further ideas, and is seized with a desire to utilise a waste product which exists in great quantities but is of no use to any one. He expends his whole fortune in pursuing this aim and eventually succeeds. He thereby gives employment to five thousand people and enriches the world by turning rubbish into a valuable thing. Who is injured or exploited? Who is entitled to the product? Neither of these men could have done what they did without capital, and no government would have taken the risks of doing it. C. is the owner of a cotton mill in America. Under stress of competition he takes out his old machinery and installs a complete set of the newest Lancashire machines, which are very

costly. He thereby increases his output or reduces expense by $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and at the same time makes the work lighter for the operatives. Who has earned the difference?

But there remains the ethical argument, chiefly used by the modern English Christian Socialists, who accept the Collectivist formula and argue that it is practical Christianity as taught in the Gospel and practised by the early Christians. They confuse two opposite things. The early Christians voluntarily gave up property and shared their goods under the impulse of a great religious emotion. Collectivism proposes to compel people to give up and share precisely because they have not got the impulse; and Christian Socialists think the two things the same. They call the present system Individualism, but Individualism is not a system; it is a theory or way of looking at things. The actual system is a compromise between individual and social needs; Socialism, which is a system, would make the latter supreme and destroy the balance. They say it would promote brotherly love. Well, we can test it; does it? Does any one feel a glow of affection for the municipal tram-driver or State railway official as distinguished from others, or he for any one? On the contrary, no one cares in the least whether he is a public or a private servant, and you only recognise that he is the former by his less obliging and more arbitrary demeanour. Are you drawn to the post-office people more than to the shopkeeper with whom you habitually deal? On the contrary, your relations in the latter case are friendly; in the former they are absolutely cold except when they are disagreeable. The truth is that business relations are a great cement and the agent of far more mutual obligation, esteem, and goodwill than of strife, brow-beating, and dishonesty, which only affect a small part of the whole. To reduce all business to the cold, indifferent relations of a public office would divide rather than unite, and do nothing to soften the competition for applause, fame, admiration, sexual love, and many other non-economic objects which cause infinitely more jealousy, heart-burning, intrigue, and violent crime than business. The Gospel makes little of material things, of poverty and riches; Socialism makes them supreme. Christianity makes each indi-

vidual responsible for his own deeds; Socialism makes the system responsible and puts an excuse in every one's mouth. There is good reason for the hatred of Christianity which Socialists used freely to express and still feel, though they now profess indifference from motives of expediency.

In conclusion, the Collectivist State is neither practicable nor desirable. Prof. Schatz puts the case with biting sarcasm.

'Driven from their own field, miracles have taken refuge in political economy. You will hear it said, as a perfectly natural thing, that by working less you gain more, that by producing dearer you can sell cheaper, that by paralysing initiative you form strong wills, well-seasoned minds and powerful nations, that by entrusting affairs to incapable hands you secure good administration, that by promising the people to give them the moon you show a sincere love for them, that with poor individuals you make a rich society, that by disorganising the whole of which we are part you work usefully to make us happy.'

In Australia the Labour party, which is now in power and has long adopted a full Collectivist programme, is about to demonstrate its impracticability by not attempting it.

But the great current of change, of which Socialism is the surface froth, will go on; let no one doubt it. It will more and more diffuse material wealth and well-being, and in the process it may well be that the idle rich will gradually be shorn of some part of their idleness and riches. But this change will proceed by gradual and rational reforms or re-adjustments. The essential difference between Socialism and social reform in this connexion can be expressed in a nutshell. Capital is power, which may be used, like other forms of power, for good and for evil. The right remedy for the latter is to restrain the misuse of the power, not to destroy it which would impoverish mankind. The mistake Socialists make is to assume that private capital is necessarily bad and public capital necessarily beneficent. You might as well say that private action is always foolish or base and public action always wise and virtuous. The true criterion is not the form of ownership, but the use made of it.

Art. 8.—THE HISTORY OF THE SIKHS.

1. *Origin of the Sikh Power in the Panjab, and Political Life of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.* By H. T. Prinsep and Captain William Murray. Calcutta: G. H. Huttmany, 1834.
2. *A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej.* By Joseph Davey Cunningham, late Captain of Engineers in the Indian Army. London: Murray, 1849, 1853.
3. *Ranjit Singh.* ('Rulers of India Series.') By Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892.
4. *The Sikhs.* By General Sir John J. H. Gordon, K.C.B. London: Blackwood, 1904.
5. *The Sikh Religion, its Gurus, Sacred Writings, and Authors.* By Max Arthur Macauliffe, I.C.S. (retired). Six vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909.
6. *Census Reports of India, and the Panjab, 1881, 1891, 1901.*
7. *The Imperial Gazetteer of India.* Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1907-1909.

IN his 'Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India,' Sir Alfred Lyall pointed out that the rapid expansion of the power of the Sikhs illustrates the almost invariable process by which in Asia every great proselytising movement tends to acquire a political and militant character. This movement, in the case of Sikhism, it is proposed to trace briefly, to show its origin and meaning, the progress of the Sikhs to nationality, and their absorption under British rule. Since then their militant spirit has found employment in the Indian army, where they are greatly valued as soldiers. Their religion, an offshoot from Hinduism, has features of special interest, and has never been so fully explained as in Mr Macauliffe's six volumes, lately published. Though the number of the Sikhs is comparatively small, they form an important minority among the subject peoples of India.

India has always been the land of philosophic speculation and religious thought. Long before the appearance of Sikhism, Buddhism and its contemporary Jainism succumbed to the revival of Brahmanical Hinduism.

The Muhammadans invaded India and introduced their monotheistic creed. Living in a Hindu country, they felt the influence of Hinduism, while retaining their essential belief in the unity of God. Holy men, Hindu saints and thinkers, appearing at intervals through the centuries, contested the superstitions and religious practices they found prevalent. Abandoning the worship of idols, they arrived by meditation and study at theistic conclusions. Religious zeal, bigotry, persecution, were common ; the idea of reformation was never absent.

At Talwandi, thirty miles from Lahore, situated in a forest remote from the tumults and excitements of the political world, Nanak, destined to be the founder of the Sikhs and their religion, was born in 1469, a Hindu, of the Bedi section of the Khatri caste. In retirement and the society of religious men he became imbued with the latest teachings of philosophers and reformers, who had attacked priestcraft, idolatry, and polytheism. Indifferent to all worldly concerns, he disdained practical work ; a very brief period of official employment was sufficient for him. He donned a religious costume and suddenly announced 'There is no Hindu and no Musalman' ; he desired to found a religion which should be acceptable both to Hindus and Muhammadans, without altogether conforming to either faith. He revolted, like Buddha, against sacerdotalism, and found the Jats willing to accept his doctrines. He wandered in Upper India for twelve years with a companion, preaching as he went, conveying his instructions in hymns uttered on every occasion. After revisiting his home, he travelled to Southern India, Ceylon, Kashmir, Mecca, Medina, Baghdad. He claimed to be a guide to salvation, and came to be universally regarded as a man of God. Societies of his followers began to be formed ; he, as their Guru, or spiritual guide, called them Sikhs, from the Sanskrit *Sishya*, meaning disciples, a religious, not a racial distinction ; he died at Kartarpur in the Panjab in 1538, having selected Angad, a favourite convert, to be his successor as Guru.

Nanak travelled to regenerate the human race by asserting the unity of God, the primal, omnipotent and omnipresent. He established a separate religion, setting aside the Vedas and the Koran ; he claimed no inspiration

or divine attributes, but ascribed miraculous effects to his words. He led his followers to salvation by repeating the true name of the infinite God. Against idolatry, ceremonial observances, distinction of caste, and hypocrisy he constantly inveighed, as well as against superstition, magic, and pilgrimages to sacred streams; he practised humility and inculcated universal charity, toleration of all rational creeds and usages, the equality of all men, the conscientious performance of duties and purity of life; he prescribed a high ethical code, praised domestic life, and advocated no celibacy, asceticism, or seclusion from the world; he ate the flesh of animals, acknowledged the transmigration of souls and Nirvan, enjoined devotional services and composed them. His doctrine was based on peace and quietism; he declared himself an enemy to war, and was generally beloved; his relations with the Emperor Babar were cordial, though their religions differed. Sikhism crystallised round Nanak's principles after his death. He was glorified, credited with miraculous powers, almost deified.

Angad, the second Guru, had been a priest of Durga until he came under Nanak's spiritual influence, was converted, and received a new name and adoption. As Guru, he worked miracles of healing and was highly revered. To confer a special written character on Nanak's compositions, he modified a Panjabi alphabet, called it Gurumukhi, and adopted it, instead of Sanskrit, to record what fell from the Guru's mouth. The next Guru, Amar Das, was seventy-three years old when selected by Angad as his successor. In his time Hindu enquirers came from every part of India for instruction. Through jealousy of his fame the local Muhammadans persecuted the Sikhs, but the Guru counselled patience. He instituted annual gatherings of Sikhs, and partitioned the Sikh spiritual empire into twenty-two districts. He received a State visit from Akbar, but the Hindus showed hostility; he placated them by visiting Hardwar, their place of pilgrimage. His religious rules resembled those of Nanak. His son-in-law, nominated as the fourth Guru, under the name of Ram Das, dealt gently with Sri Chand, son of Nanak, who had established the recluse schismatics, the Udasis; he excavated the tank at Amritsar, as a supreme place of

meeting, to be God's home, and to confer all spiritual and temporal advantages on bathers. A city was constructed, at first called Ramdasapur and finally Amritsar; he appointed his third son, Arjan, to succeed as fifth Guru. Previous Gurus had nominated whomsoever they pleased to be their successors. Henceforth consanguinity, was the rule of succession. Arjan (1581-1606) founded, in the midst of the tank at Amritsar, the Har Mandar, now known as the Darbar Sahib, or the Golden Temple, one of the sights of India familiar to all tourists. He ordered the Sikhs to live at Amritsar, but he also founded other Sikh cities; he assumed a more princely status than that of his predecessors. To separate his followers from the Hindus, he collected the hymns of the previous Gurus and arranged them in a Granth, that is, volume, called the Granth Sahib (lord, master), for the guidance of Sikhs in their religious duties. This was distinguished as the Adi (first) Granth, when Guru Gobind later had his Granth compiled and declared the whole Granth Sahib to be the embodiment of the Gurus, to be held in extreme reverence; crowds were converted to Sikhism in the Panjab and Hindustan. Akbar inspected the Granth and praised it, visited Arjan, and showed him respect. Jahangir's ear was poisoned against Arjan, because the latter had helped the Emperor's rebel son Khusru; he summoned the Guru, and ordered him to alter the Granth. On refusing, Arjan was imprisoned and tortured so severely that he died. Arjan's death was the crisis of the history of the Sikhs. Thenceforth the hatred between them and the Muhammadans became irreconcilable; persecution provoked resistance. By systematic levy of contributions Arjan had accumulated considerable funds for his followers. Har Gobind, the sixth Guru, was only eleven at Arjan's death; he adopted martial dress and enlisted soldiers as his father had advised. He saved Jahangir from a tiger, and was apparently on friendly terms with him at Delhi and Amritsar, but the Emperor, acting under evil influence, imprisoned the Guru in the Gwalior fortress. Shah Jahan sent an army against Har Gobind, who regarded the fighting as 'a war for our religion.' A warlike spirit now dominated the Sikhs, Nanak's peaceful principles were abandoned; there were several engage-

ments in which the Sikhs were victorious; their numbers in consequence greatly increased. Har Gobind adopted his son's grandson, Har Rai, on the principle that 'succession dependeth on the Guru's pleasure.' Har Rai died at thirty, and Har Krishna at eight years old. The latter, young and ill of smallpox as he was, indicated Teg Bahadur, youngest son of Har Gobind, as ninth Guru. He repaired to Delhi, at Aurangzeb's summons, and gave himself up to the Emperor, who wished to convert Hindus and Sikhs to Islam. Teg Bahadur declined to conform and defied the Emperor. After appointing his son Gobind to succeed, he was tortured and executed by Aurangzeb's order. A prophecy uttered by him is often quoted. Being charged with looking out of prison on to the imperial zanana, he denied the charge and said, 'I was looking in the direction of the Europeans, who are coming from beyond the seas to tear down thy *pardas* and destroy thine Empire.' A Sikh writer states that these words became the battle-cry of the Sikhs in the assault on Delhi in 1857, so that Teg Bahadur's prophecy was gloriously fulfilled.

Gobind Singh, the tenth and last Guru (1676-1708), was, from a worldly point of view, the greatest of all. Under his rule the quietist sect of the religious Nanak, which had already become a military body, developed into a political organisation. Succeeding at the age of ten, Gobind soon undertook martial exercises; he constructed a big drum which he called Ranjit (victorious on the battlefield); his worshippers increased; numbers flocked to his army; he soon quarrelled with the hill Rajas, and fought constantly with them and the Muhammadans whose tyranny the Sikhs resented. He endeavoured to array the whole population against Islam. Over both the hill chiefs and the Muhammadans, singly or allied, he was generally victorious. He instituted the *pahul* as the ceremony of initiation—by water stirred with a two-edged dagger—into the Khalsa, the association of the pure, the elect, bound together by the communion of holy food. Khalsa of God! Victory to God! was his cry. He enjoined the practice of arms and the wearing of certain articles, and called on his followers to devote themselves to steel. Personal courage in the fight for the cause he stated to be the highest of virtues. The change in Sikhism he

attributed to the necessity for self-defence, for brave deeds, and active devotion to the faith. He maintained Nanak's principles of the unity of God, religious toleration and disregard of caste, and received all classes into the Khalsa; the allegation that he worshipped Durga is not admitted by the orthodox Sikhs. He was relentless in his hatred for the Muhammadans who had killed his mother and sons at Sarhind. As a martial distinction, he called his baptised followers Singhs (lions) instead of Sikhs. He had martial hymns translated from the Sanskrit to rouse their military ardour, thus intimating that Nanak's principles of quietism and humility were obsolete. He codified his injunctions for obtaining salvation. He instituted the *gurumáta*, or national council, open to all Sikhs. He also prophesied :

'The English shall come with a great army. The Sikhs too shall be very powerful, and their army shall engage that of the English. Sometimes Victory shall incline to my Sikhs, sometimes to the English.' And again: 'Then shall the English come and, joined by the Khalsa, rule as well in the East as in the West. The holy Baba Nanak shall bestow all wealth on them. The English shall possess great power, and by force of arms take possession of many principalities. The combined armies of the English and Sikhs shall be very powerful as long as they rule with united counsels. The Empire of the English shall vastly increase, and they shall in every way attain prosperity.'

He was well received by Bahadur Shah, Aurangzeb's successor, and travelled with him to the Godavari. At Nander, on that river, he was stabbed by an Afghan and died of the wounds. As he felt his end approaching, Gobind proclaimed the Granth Sahib, the visible body of the Guru, to be obeyed, so that there were no more personal Gurus. His disciple, Banda, assumed the secular leadership of the militant nation, rallied the Sikhs, and gained victories over the Imperial troops and hill chiefs. Divisions arose among Banda's followers. When he was captured and brought before the Emperor, Farrukhsiyar, he was imprisoned and executed with horrible torture in 1716.

Since Guru Gobind Singh's time there have been two great religious divisions of the Sikhs, (1) the Sahijdharis, who include the Nanakpanthis, or followers of Nanak, the

Udasis, and other schismatics, and (2) the Gobindi Singhs, or Sikhs proper, who have received the initiatory baptism instituted by Gobind, and carry the prescribed articles. The latter are those whom Europeans commonly call Sikhs. After Banda's death the Sikhs were severely handled by the Muhammadans. Hunted like wild beasts, they are understood to have subsisted chiefly on plunder. Those who escaped fled to the mountains and remained in concealment until after the invasion of India by Nadir Shah, the Persian, in 1738-9. Then they emerged, to take advantage of the confusion in Upper India. They plundered, retreated to their hill forts, and sallied forth as they pleased. Their severe persecution by the Muhammadans did not crush them; on the contrary, it made them more desperate and daring. Sikhism was then literally a religion of the sword. The invasions of Ahmad Shah Abdali from Afghanistan, from 1747 onwards, and the struggle for Empire which ensued, favoured the rise of the Sikhs; their depredations were renewed; they preyed on Mughals and Afghans alike, and made stolen visits to their temple at Amritsar. Their courage and enthusiasm as a religious brotherhood survived any defeats. There was a scramble for the Panjab between Afghans, Mughals, Marathas and Sikhs. After the battle of Panipat in 1761, when the Afghans annihilated the Marathas, the Sikhs batten upon the disorder which ensued. The ancestors of Ranjit Singh then established a chieftainship and became Sikhs. Ahmad Shah Abdali in 1762 defeated the Sikhs with great slaughter, demolished the temple, Har Mandar, and desecrated the Amritsar tank. On his departure the Sikhs reappeared and held a general council at Amritsar, restoring their temple and tank; forty thousand of them attacked Sarhind in 1763 and left not a house standing. They were actuated by feelings of revenge for the murder of Gobind's mother and sons.

When Ahmad Shah finally retired from India to Kabul in 1767 (he died in 1773), the Sikhs held undisputed sway in the Panjab, which they permanently occupied, treating the Muhammadans as inferiors. The Marathas under Madhoji Rao Sindia (1730-1794), checked the spread of the Sikh dominion south of the Sutlej, and made the Sikhs tributaries. The latter, who shared in

the general turmoil, are constantly mentioned as a body of warriors from 1767 to 1803, when they tendered their allegiance to Lord Lake. When he broke the Maratha power in 1803, the English, succeeding the Marathas, confirmed the Sikh States in the territories which they then held. The Sirdars, or chiefs of the Sikh nation, were the elected heads of the twelve confederacies or associations, called *Misls* (equals), which comprised all their relations and followers, held lands, including Sarhind, up to the Jamna, and could bring seventy thousand horse into the field. The best infantry of the Khalsa, the army of God, were the Akalis, fanatical zealots who also formed a National League at Amritsar to watch over the general conduct of the Khalsa. Every *Misl* acted independently or in concert as required; the chiefs held regular assemblies and councils. There were settled systems of land tenures within the *Misls*. Their chiefs fought incessantly among themselves and within the confederacies as well as against the Muhammadans.

Another chapter in the history of the Sikhs is now reached. In one of these associations Ranjit Singh, the future 'Lion of the Panjab,' was born in 1780. As a child he nearly died of smallpox, but escaped with the loss of an eye. His father, Maha Singh, acquired territory and local ascendancy. On his death in 1792 Ranjit Singh was kept in tutelage until at seventeen he assumed in person the conduct of affairs. The Sikhs, and Ranjit Singh among them, were exposed to some danger when Shah Zaman of Kabul invaded India as far as Lahore. Ranjit, however, by an opportune service rendered to Shah Zaman, obtained a grant of that city in 1799, promptly secured possession, and made it his capital. Henceforth Ranjit Singh's career was one of continuous aggrandisement at the expense of other Sikh Sirdars, whom he reduced to fealty and subservience to his supremacy. He assumed the title of Maharaja in 1801. The confederacies and general council were discontinued; there was no use for them in his despotic system; he simply broke them up and crushed them. The lives and properties of the Sikh population were committed to the farmers of the revenues appointed by Ranjit. Anarchy, famine, and rapine were common in the land. Ranjit's invasions and usurpations on the east and south banks

of the Sutlej alarmed the Sikh chiefs situated between that river and the Jamna; they therefore begged for protection from the British Resident at Delhi in 1808. At this time the fear of a French invasion of India induced Lord Minto to send embassies to the intervening countries, Persia, Afghanistan, and the Panjab. Metcalfe was the British Envoy to Ranjit Singh, who claimed the Jamna as the boundary between the British and Sikh possessions. But he was required by the Amritsar Treaty of April 1809 to regard the Sutlej as the boundary of British territory, and not to increase the territory held by him to east of the Sutlej. Thus the Sikh States of Patiala, Jind, and Nabha came under British protection. During these negotiations with Metcalfe, Ranjit Singh was so impressed by the discipline and order maintained by the envoy's native soldiers in an attack of Akalis on the camp that he acknowledged his inability to contend with the British, and ever afterwards made it the cardinal feature of his policy to maintain peace and friendship with them. He commenced to form regular battalions on the British model. The ex-French officers, Ventura, Allard, Court, Avitabile and others, received employment in his army. He established diplomatic relations with the Governor-General, Lord Amherst, and subsequently improved them at a meeting with Lord William Bentinck. He extended his supremacy over Kangra, Jammu, Hazara, Kashmir, Ladakh, and the whole Panjab, Hindu and Muhammadan, between the Indus and the Sutlej; he acquired Peshawar and some lands beyond those rivers, but was excluded from Sind. His military monarchy, which constituted a barrier between British India and Afghanistan, was consolidated in 1820. His rule was absolutely autocratic, with a standing army ever ready to enforce his control over his subordinates, and his resources were estimated at above two and a half millions sterling a year, while his accumulations in the Govindghar fortress were said to amount to ten millions. The regular troops, both horse and foot, which he maintained, have been recorded by one authority as numbering 27,752, with a gross total, including contingents, of 82,000, besides artillerymen for 376 guns and 370 swivels. Sir Lepel Griffin states his regular army in 1839 at 29,168 with 192 guns.

Though entirely devoid of education, unable to read or write, Ranjit Singh attended, with marvellous ability and perseverance to every detail of the administration, especially the formation and improvement of his military forces. He changed the Khalsa army by making the infantry the most important branch of the service. He introduced discipline and efficiency, by employing deserters from the English army. By these and other means he made his army a formidable fighting machine. Nothing escaped his eye; he was a born ruler of men. He excelled in physique, vigour of will, and driving power. His conduct through life showed him to be superstitious, selfish, sensual, licentious, devoid in fact of all ordinary virtues; he occasionally drank to excess, but though passionate, was not ferocious or cruel. He scrupulously performed all the prescribed observances of the Sikh faith, and for certain hours every day had the Granth read before him. He also celebrated a Hindu festival at Lahore, and bathed in the Ganges at Hardwar. To the British Government he always behaved with marked sagacity; having satisfied himself that they had no desire to enlarge their territories at his expense, he professed friendship and gained strength from the profession. He never wholly loved the British, as they curbed his desires for territorial extension. Powerful as he was, his dominion was unstable, being based upon military force, rapacity, and ambition. It was generally foreseen that confusion must arise on his death, unless some unexpected successor should appear. His personal rule took no heed for the future, but he must have had some apprehensions, for, on observing that so much of a map of India was coloured red, and being told that it marked British territory, he said with a sigh, 'It will soon be all red.'

The Sikhs were in Ranjit Singh's time, and still are, divided into (1) those of the Manjha country, that is, the area about Amritsar and Lahore, of the Bari Doab, between the Beas and Ravi rivers, including the Sikhs North of the Sutlej; and (2) the Malwa chiefs, south of that river, the protected States of the great Phulkian house. The nation inhabited chiefly the districts now comprised in the Ambala, Jalandhar, Amritsar, and Lahore civil divisions of the Panjab. They belonged

then, as now, mostly to the agricultural class of Jat descent, forming a sturdy, patient, and independent peasantry. The origin of the Jats is much disputed; by some they have been identified with the ancient Getæ, a portion of the early Scythic invaders of India; traditions also assign to the Panjab Jats a Rajput descent, and emigration to the Panjab from Central India. Whatever their origin, they have inherited a hardy strain, physical superiority, and strong character.

When the English decided in 1838 to invade Afghanistan for the purpose of restoring Shah Shuja to the throne, Ranjit Singh, though averse to the project which was likely, he saw, to have the effect of limiting his acquisition of territory beyond Peshawar, entered into the tripartite Treaty with the English and Shah Shuja. By this, at any rate, his conquests, including Kashmir and Peshawar, from the Afghans were guaranteed to him by the English. Nevertheless he subsequently refused passage through the Panjab to the English army invading Afghanistan.

When Ranjit Singh died in 1839 the Sikh nation was at its zenith. A religious quietist sect had developed into a military State. But its dissolution was inevitable, from want of a continuity of capable rulers. Six years of anarchy followed. After his death the soldiers demanded a largess; when it was refused they plundered the capital. The only legitimate son, Khurruk Singh, of weak intellect, succeeded, but was poisoned on November 5, 1840. Khurruk's son, Nao Nihal, was killed when returning from his father's funeral. Ranjit Singh's illegitimate son, Sher Singh, was assassinated in 1843 by the Sindhanwalia chiefs. The Prime Ministers also, Dhian Singh and Hira Singh, father and son, were both murdered. The infant Dhulip Singh, a reputed son of Ranjit and the dancing girl Jindan, was only six years old when he was put on the throne, with his mother as Queen Regent.

In a period of anarchy Jindan and her paramour Raja Lal Singh played leading parts, conspicuous in their misconduct, and were largely the causes of the war of 1845-6, and the disruption of the Sikh kingdom. The Khalsa army, which in 1844 numbered 92,000 infantry, 31,000 cavalry and 384 guns, became, like the Pretorian

Guards in the Roman Empire, the predominant power, ruling the Panjab under their *panchayats*, or regimental committees. Mutinous and uncontrollable, the army insisted on the dismissal of its European officers, and must have caused internal disturbances if it had not been guided to foreign aggression. Receiving no pay, the soldiers plundered right and left; influenced by female intrigues, they clamoured to be let loose against the English. Jindan and Lal Singh, alarmed for their own lives, sanctioned the crossing of the Sutlej; the strain of military insubordination was thus relieved. The disasters in Afghanistan in 1841-2 had doubtless given rise to the belief that the English were no longer insuperable. During Pollock's relieving march to Kabul in 1842 the Sikhs had caused him much annoyance. As early as February 1844 Sir Charles Napier, with his peculiar sagacity and foresight, had pronounced peace to be impossible, prophesying the dawn of a bloody day upon the Panjab, and that the Sikhs, not the English, would make the war. The British Government reinforced the frontier posts and moved up troops in the same direction; still the Governor-General was confident of preserving peace. But the Sikhs regarded these defensive measures as indicative of a policy of aggression.

Early in December 1845 the Sikh army, commanded by Lal Singh and Tej Singh, acting, it was alleged, under the orders of the Sikh Darbar, crossed the Sutlej near Firozpur, thus invading British territory. Sir George Campbell, in his 'Memoirs,' recorded that the Sikhs were provoked by Major Broadfoot, the frontier Agent. 'In irritation they crossed the river and defied us to turn them out, and so war came.' The invading force comprised 60,000 men and 200 guns. The fiercely contested battles of Mudki, Firozshahr, Aliwal, and Sobraon were won by Gough and Hardinge. On the defeat of the Sikhs, Lahore was occupied in February 1846, and a treaty was made with the Sikhs, by which the British Government annexed certain territory, regulated the strength and constitution of the Sikh army, and arranged for the exercise of political control. Subsequently a British Resident at Lahore was appointed, with a Council of Regency, and the country was occupied by a British force. The extension of the British Empire

to the Indus was considered impossible on military grounds. But the Panjab did not settle down. Napier predicted, as before, that there would be another war. Many Sikh chiefs objected to the pacification of the country; a wide conspiracy existed in the army for the recovery of the independence of the Khalsa. Two British officers were murdered. The standard of rebellion was raised. A religious war was proclaimed. The great body of the Sikh army and population joined in the rising, which the Darbar was powerless to control. At the end of 1848 the actions at Ramnagar and Sadulapur were fought with the English; and on January 13, 1849, was the indecisive battle of Chilianwala. A great outcry arose against Gough's generalship; a panic seized the public in England, there was a general demand for the appointment of the conqueror of Sind. The Duke of Wellington sent for Sir Charles Napier, who still hesitated to accept the offer, and the Duke replied, 'If you don't go, I must.' The Duke was in his eightieth year, and Napier in his sixty-seventh. The latter subordinated his personal views to the public demand, and went, but, on reaching India, found the struggle over. Gough had won the decisive victory of Gujarat on February 22, 1849. The Sikh generals and entire army surrendered. The Panjab was annexed on March 29. The army was disbanded. The independence of the Sikhs ceased. 'Brave men as they are,' writes Sir John Gordon, 'they submitted to the decree of war.'

The annexation marks another period in the history of the Sikhs. Since then they have merged in the ordinary population of the Panjab, pursuing for the most part quiet lives as agriculturists, traders, and mechanics. Their military instincts have found employment in the Indian army. Only once in sixty years has there been any threatening of trouble with a people once so turbulent. In 1872 the fanatical authors of a religious movement attempted to reform the modern practice and restore the cult of Guru Gobind Singh. These sectarians, called Kukas, ended in preaching a revival of the Khalsa Government and the downfall of the British. The revolt was suppressed with great severity. The sect has become disreputable, and is generally held to be disloyal.

It is difficult to estimate the total Sikh population. In 1849 Captain Joseph Cunningham placed it at over a million and a quarter. But before the annexation there were no trustworthy statistics; even in the days of scientific census-taking there has been uncertainty in the enumeration, from want of a definition of a Sikh. Moreover, Sikhism has fluctuated according to temporary estimates of the advantages or drawbacks in joining the sect. Even with these cautions firm ground is hardly touched before the census of 1881, which showed 1,853,426 Sikhs in India; in 1891 there were 1,907,833; and 2,195,339 in 1901.

Of the total population of twenty millions in the Panjab (British territory) in 1901, a million and a half were Sikhs, besides nearly 600,000 in the Panjab Native States. The supposed increase of 341,913 in the twenty years 1881-1901 depends on the meaning of the word Sikh in each case. Census officers have found the line between Sikhism and Hinduism very vague. The practical definition adopted on the last two occasions—that a Sikh (male) is one who wears the hair long and refrains from smoking—is said to have resulted in the exclusion of many who cut their hair but are generally regarded as Sikhs.

‘There seems to be a tendency at the present time (1901) for Sikhs to regard themselves as a sect of Hindus and to divest themselves of the distinctive character which was so sedulously fostered by Guru Gobind and his successors, and, in particular, to neglect the ceremony of initiation by baptism. . . . This tendency, however, is largely counteracted by the martial spirit fostered by military service in the Sikh regiments, and the first care of the commandants, in the case of new recruits, is to send for initiation all who have not already gone through the rites in question.’

Thus, as Mr Macauliffe states, the military, ignoring or despising the restraints imposed by the civil policy of what is called ‘religious neutrality,’ have practically become the main hierophants and guardians of the Sikh religion.

These words invite attention to the reasons why the Sikhs and their religion have a special interest for the British Government at the present day. Briefly, the

reasons are that the Sikhs furnish a large proportion of the soldiers of the Indian army, and their religion is the basis of their separate nationality.

After the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6, some Sikh regiments were raised from the disbanded Sikh army for the British service, and at the annexation Sikhs were enlisted largely in the Frontier Force and in some regiments of the Bengal army. A Sikh battalion was sent to the Burma war of 1852; the Sikhs have always been forward to volunteer for service over the seas. In the mutiny of 1857 the Sikh protected Chiefs proved their loyalty, and materially aided with their contingents. The spirit of the Khalsa sent crowds of Sikh recruits to the British standards; old warriors vied with the raw levies in their zeal. Guru Gobind had enrolled and honoured, as Mazhabis (religious), low-caste Sikhs who had shown great courage in recovering Teg Bahadur's body from a Muhammadan jail where it had been flung; 1200 such men served before Delhi, and Sikh artillerymen, who had fought as our foes, worked the guns in our trenches. Sikhs were in the Residency at Lucknow and in Havelock's relieving force; fifty of Rattray's Sikh Police battalion helped to defend the house at Arrah, where, as Herewald Wake reported officially, they resisted the bribes offered them, 'treating every offer with derision, showing perfect obedience and discipline.' Brasyer's Sikhs, as the sole garrison, held the fortress of Allahabad at a critical time; Sikhs raced with Scotchmen for the breach at the Secundrabagh; only at Banaras and Jaunpur some of their number sided with the mutineers. Sikhs have been employed in China, Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Chitral, and Africa. In the Tirah campaign twenty-one Sikhs of the 36th regiment, garrisoning the Saragarhi post on the Samana ridge, were overwhelmed by numbers; a detachment of 200 Sikhs fell in Somaliland. In proportion to their total numbers there are more Sikhs than men of any other class in India in the Indian army and reserve. They are enlisted in 80 regiments, horse and foot, including those wholly and those partly Sikh. At Mr Macauliffe's lecture at Simla in 1903, before the United Service Institution, Lord Kitchener, presiding, said:

'At the present time we have 39 squadrons and 204 companies in the regular army, besides 4000 men in the Burma military

police, making a total of some 30,000 Sikhs serving in military capacities. During the same period some 10,000 Sikhs must have passed to the reserve. These figures, I think, show that the Government have not failed to encourage Sikhism, which has been further fostered by the improved organisation of forming the Sikhs into separate class regiments, squadrons, and companies, thus helping them to keep up the purity of their religion.'

He mentioned also, as a form of encouragement appealing to the whole Sikh people, that land on the Jhelum and Chenab canal was being liberally granted to pensioned Sikh soldiers.

Of the value of the Sikhs as soldiers, Sir Lepel Griffin, who had ample opportunities of forming an unprejudiced opinion, wrote:

'The Sikhs, infantry and cavalry, are, when well and efficiently led by English officers, equal to any troops in the world, and superior to any with whom they are likely to come in contact. . . . The Sikh is a fighting man, and his fine qualities are best shown in the army, which is his natural profession. Hardy, brave, and of intelligence too slow to understand when he is beaten, obedient to discipline, devotedly attached to his officers, and careless of the caste prohibitions which render so many Hindu troops difficult to control and to feed on active service, he is unsurpassed as a soldier in the East. There are many warlike races, subjects of the Queen in India, and of these the Sikhs indisputably take the first place as thoroughly reliable useful soldiers. . . . The Sikh is always the same; in peace, in war, in barracks or in the field, ever genial, good-tempered and uncomplaining; a fair horseman, a stubborn infantry soldier, as steady under fire as he is eager for a charge. The Sikhs, alone of our native troops, can be taken in large numbers and for long periods on foreign service, on the condition that they be well paid, for they have as keen a knowledge of the value of money, and as great a love of saving it, as the Scotch.'

The late Sir John Gordon, who had commanded Sikh troops, wrote of 'their high reputation for steadfast fidelity, dogged tenacity, and dauntless courage—the undying heritage of the Sikhs.' They consider dying in battle a means of salvation. Such testimonials might easily be multiplied.

There is a Granthi, or Scripture-reader, attached to

every regiment containing many Sikhs, and supported by them. The connexion between their military service and religion is thus maintained. Their loyalty has hitherto been unquestioned, though it is notorious that of recent years endeavours have been made, by letters posted in London and elsewhere, to tamper with their fidelity. Documentary evidence on the point has come to hand. And though Lord Kitchener was able to state, in his farewell order of September 1909 to the Army in India, that these attempts had failed, the trouble with the 10th Jats at Calcutta last January has shown the necessity for constant vigilance.

These pages have, it is hoped, made clear the dependence of the Sikhs' separate nationality on religion rather than on race. That religion avowedly progressed from the quietism of Nanak, the founder, to the militant and political creed of Gobind Singh, the last Guru. Its tenets have not since changed, though traditions of miraculous acts and supernatural conversations have encrusted them; the practice has admittedly degenerated. Mr Macauliffe is the first person who has studied the Sikh religion exhaustively and published the results of his labours, reproducing the doctrines of the Gurus at first hand. After thirty years in the Civil service in the Panjab, he has devoted sixteen years to this special study, living mostly in India to collaborate with competent Sikh *gyánis*, or learned men, who alone understand the languages of the Granth which he had to learn. They have certified that his translations are perfectly accurate and his work entirely satisfactory to them. This is a tardy reparation to the Sikhs. In the early seventies Dr Trumpp, who had been in India for the Church Missionary Society, was employed by the Secretary of State to translate the Adi Granth. He translated about an eighth of it, which he published in 1877. The Sikhs have always repudiated that work, stigmatising it as inaccurate—through Dr Trumpp's ignorance of their languages—slandorous, and insulting to their religion; they charged it with showing *odium theologicum*. Professor Max Müller wrote of Dr Trumpp as by no means a trustworthy translator. The Sikhs were undoubtedly prejudiced against Dr Trumpp, because he smoked in the presence of their holy Granth; for orthodox Sikhism objects to

tobacco and wine, though not to bhang and opium. They petitioned Viceroy's to have a fresh translation made. This has now been effected by private enterprise.

The Granth, collectively, is the Sikh Bible. The Adi, or first Granth, contains, besides the compositions of Nanak and his successors down to Arjan, some little additions, panegyrics of bards who attended on the Gurus, and hymns of medieval saints. The cardinal principle of all these compositions is the unity of God. The hymns are not arranged according to their authors, but according to the thirty-one musical measures to which they were set; the Granth is likened to a city, and the hymns of each writer to a ward or division thereof. The hymns are all metrical. The Adi Granth contains the divine services instituted by Nanak and other Gurus for morning, sunset, and bedtime. The first of these, the Japji, is considered by the Sikhs a key to the Granth, and an epitome of its doctrines. Every Sikh must know it by heart and repeat it silently. Though Mr Macauliffe has only published selections—nothing necessary to faith or morals being omitted—the Granth is voluminous. It rings every conceivable change of expression on the main notes, the unity of God and the duties of a good Sikh; the moral sentiments resemble those of Buddhism, the mystic ideas are suggestive of Sufism. Its merits, as a composition, have sometimes been unfavourably criticised. Pantheism is found in the Granth, coexisting with Theism. Nanak preached a religion of the heart, as distinguished from a religion of external forms and useless ritual. Nirvan, or absorption in God—the dwelling of the soul with God after expiatory transmigrations—was approved as the supreme object of human attainment, possibly much as heaven is also promised to the blest.

The second Granth, called Guru Gobind's, but compiled after his death, contains his compositions, and a somewhat miscellaneous collection of religious hymns, among them, for instance, praise of Durga, the goddess of war. They are naturally of a more warlike character than those of the Adi Granth. They contain the Guru's commands for all affairs of life and conduct; the Singhs are to preserve their separation from all other sects. No change is made in the teachings of Nanak, the additions

are mainly regarding the duties of the Khalsa which Gobind Singh established.

Besides the Granths, Mr Macauliffe reproduces an analysis of the Sikh religion by Bhai Gur Das, a learned Sikh, who died in 1629, half-way between Nanak and Gobind. This translation runs to thirty-two pages, and contains religious and moral teachings on the same lines as above explained. Altogether the Sikh Bible and its commentaries, as they may be called, contain ample material for a religion in which the unity of God, the brotherhood of man, and purity of life are the main principles; of life, that is, in the world, not a life of seclusion or asceticism. They contain a comprehensive ethical system. There is no single creed or code of dogma which can be quoted; but Mr Macauliffe has thus summed up some of the moral and political merits of the Sikh religion:

'It prohibits idolatry, hypocrisy, caste exclusiveness, the con-
cremation of widows, the immurement of women, the use of
wine and other intoxicants, tobacco smoking, infanticide,
slander, pilgrimages to the sacred rivers and tanks of the
Hindus; and it inculcates loyalty, gratitude for all favours
received, philanthropy, justice, impartiality, truth, honesty,
and all the moral and domestic virtues known to the holiest
citizens of any country.'

At the present day the centre of the religion and orthodox worship is at the Golden Temple at Amritsar, though Hindus dominate that city. There the Granth Sahib is preserved and treated with the greatest reverence. Orthodox teachers are more stringently enforcing its principles. Congregational service can take place anywhere. The initiatory rite is performed when the Sikh youth attains the age of discretion. An injunction is added nowadays to this baptismal rite, to be loyal to the British Government, which the neophytes solemnly promise. Though every Sikh is required to repeat daily prayers and a portion of the Granth, the uneducated classes neglect this duty, and only visit a temple occasionally. The cow is not worshipped by orthodox Sikhs. The two Granths are absolutely silent on this subject. Only the Hinduising Sikhs worship the cow. All flesh may be eaten so long as the animal's head has been cut

off by a Sikh with a single sword stroke. Though all Sikhs are regarded as equal in religion, this principle does not extend to social life. The Sikhs have never completely abandoned, in practice, the caste system of Hinduism. They may not intermarry out of their caste, or receive food and drink from the lowest classes. Like the Hindus they burn their dead and maintain many of their social customs. There would be no difficulty in exhibiting in parallel columns the points in which Hindus and Sikhs agree and differ. Guru Gobind's rules for ceremonial rites are still generally observed; but in various matters of conduct and opinion laxity has crept in; the practice of the religion differs from the precepts. Even in Sikhism itself numerous orders of ascetics or devotees are found. Sikhism has always been very attractive to the lowest castes.

The tendency of the Sikhs to relapse into Hinduism has long been noticed. In August 1844 Sir Henry Lawrence wrote of the Sikhs as 'daily more closely assimilating to Hinduism.' Clearly the retrograde movement has not been very rapid. Various circumstances have contributed to the tendency mentioned. In a peaceful age there is not the same necessity for cohesion of reformers as in times of storm and stress. The dialects and languages of the Gurus are now largely forgotten. The *gyānis*, or interpreters of the Granth, are already few, perhaps less than ten, and their number is diminishing. Brahmanical influence is too strong to be resisted. 'The Sikh,' wrote Sir Lepel Griffin, 'although he will not smoke or cut his hair or beard, pays revenue to Brahmans and visits the temples and shrines of the old faith, and observes the superstitious practices of other Hindus.' The women find Hindu polytheism more attractive than Nanak's theism or Gobind Singh's political teaching. Mr Macauliffe mentions the present idolatrous practices of many ignorant Sikhs. He states that 100,000 Sikh pilgrims bathed at Hardwar, at the last Kumbh fair. He likens the strength and vitality of Hinduism to the boa-constrictor of the Indian forests, which envelopes, crushes, and absorbs its enemy. 'Hinduism has embraced Sikhism in its folds; the still comparatively young religion is making a vigorous struggle for life, but its ultimate destruction is, it is apprehended, inevitable

without State support.' This is surely a somewhat pessimistic view to take of the prospects of Sikhism, and appears to be hardly consistent with the increase in the Sikhs between 1881 and 1901. When, in a case before it, the Panjab Chief Court declared the Sikhs to be only a sect of Hindus, the Sikhs asserted the fundamental difference of Sikhism in doctrine from Hinduism, as they believe in the unity of God, not in the Hindu pantheon or rites.

Mr Macauliffe does not explain what he means exactly by State support. The expression would, in politics, ordinarily mean pecuniary assistance. Such support of an Indian religion is out of the question. Religious neutrality, whatever the term may be held to mean, is the settled policy of the Government of India. A concession of pecuniary support to one religion would lead to applications from others. Such a total reversal of previous policy is hardly thinkable, and, even if India were much more tranquil than it is, would not come within the range of practical politics. The obvious comment is that the maintenance of their separate religion is a matter for the Sikhs themselves.

But on other and secular grounds it is open to the Government to do what they fairly can for the Sikhs, whose loyalty deserves recognition. Their numbers show them to be in a minority in the Panjab, as compared either with the Hindus or the Muhammadans. The latter, all over India, have succeeded, though in a minority compared with the Hindus, in obtaining political concessions on the ground of their historical and potential importance. The Sikhs are in a smaller minority; but no community can be of more value to the Government than one which supplies so large a proportion of her loyal and best soldiers, a prosperous military colony, and a flourishing peasantry. Professor Weber, of Berlin, the illustrious Oriental scholar, once wrote thus of the Sikhs: 'They are the best soldiers in the Indian army; and if ever (*absit omen!*) British rule should really be endangered, the Sikhs will remain, let us hope, its firm supporters.' The Muhammadans have lately, as applicants for favours, very properly asserted their loyalty to the Government, but they were not always so loyal. It might in the future be of the utmost importance to the

Government to have a warlike community, like the Sikhs, on which they could depend against these hereditary foes of the Sikhs, or against a combination of the other creeds or races into which India is divided. In such an event the traditional hatred of the Sikhs for the Muhammadans would be a material factor. There is, it is well known, a movement on foot in India to arouse a feeling of common nationality of all Indians, to induce Muhammadans to amalgamate with Hindus, to undermine the allegiance of the Native Princes, to excite animosity against British rule with a view to ending it. The success of the Hindu movement is hardly conceivable—only foolish flies yield to the blandishments of the spider—but of its existence in the propaganda of the extremists there is no doubt; the moderates and best Indians keep the attack on British rule out of their programmes. The endeavour to absorb the Sikhs into Hinduism is part of this movement for nationalism; it is not merely the reassertion of Hinduism over sectarians, as when Brahmanism overwhelmed Buddhism centuries ago, it is also part of the political game. Unfortunately the Sikhs themselves, having the defects of their qualities, have, through their own *laches* failed to maintain the position which they held when the Panjab was annexed. Like the Muhammadans, they have neglected their education, and been distanced by the Hindus in the race of life. The consciousness of their deficiencies is coming home to them. There are, it hardly need be said, men of the highest culture among the Sikhs, but their number is small. As the Sikhs in general are backward in education, the Government can properly help them at the Khalsa College at Amritsar, and in their schools, and by recognising Panjabi as an alternative official language. The education of the young chiefs might be improved, as it has not always been successful. The Government can also protect the secular interests of the Sikhs, in the matter of appointments, whether in British territory or in the Sikh States; and it could by assignments of land or revenue, for distinguished gallantry in the field, afford such help as has been given to other institutions. The State, in its own interests, will utilise and encourage the military spirit of the Sikhs, and will doubtless enlist as many Sikhs as there is room for in the Indian army,

which, according to a return made in 1909, has a strength of 158,932 men, as compared with the 75,751 men of the European army in India.

Beyond such methods of assistance as these, it is difficult to see what can be done. The Sikhs must work out their own salvation as a community. Under the *Pax Britannica* their religion will have the fairest chances. In its civil aspect, it has been said, the Sikh religion connotes unquestioning loyalty, and in its military aspect the highest heroism and self-sacrifice. A late Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab expressed an opinion that the Government should take advantage of every legitimate opportunity offered to promote the cause of Sikhism. If the difficulties of the Gurumukhi and other languages of the Granths have hitherto proved obstacles to the spread of their religion, this impediment will no longer operate. Mr Macauliffe's elaborate and sympathetic work will supply an authorised translation, which should find its way into every Sikh school and family; it can easily be expounded to any one with a knowledge of English, which is not uncommon and will spread; the translation will facilitate the study of the original Granth. The existence of the Granth, the maintenance of the temple, the separate worship and ritual, will always be rallying points for the religion against Hinduism. It is a manly faith for which much sympathy may be felt. Whether Sikhism is increasing numerically or diminishing will be shown by the forthcoming census of 1911. It will be desirable that the census returns should carefully distinguish between Gobindi Sikhs, Nanaki, and other Sikhs, and Hindus respectively.

Art. 9.—THE FIRST CONTACT OF CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM.

1. *The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire.* By T. R. Glover. London: Methuen and Co., 1909.
2. *Zur Frage nach dem Ursprung des Gnostizismus* (in the 'Texte und Untersuchungen' of Gebhardt and Harnack, vol. xv). By W. Anz. Leipzig: J. C. Heinrichs, 1897.
3. *Poimandres.* By R. Reitzenstein. Leipzig: Teubner, 1904.
4. *Die hellenistisch-römische Kultur in ihren Beziehungen zu Judentum und Christentum.* By Paul Wendland. Tübingen: Mohr, 1907.
5. *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis.* By Wilhelm Bousset. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck, 1907.
6. *The Origins of Christianity.* By the late Charles Bigg, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909.

THE development during modern times of what is called the 'historical imagination,' the growth of descriptive psychology and accumulative anthropology, has made the task of the historian seem far more delicate and difficult than it was in former generations. What we now want to do with the documents of the past is something more ambitious than what our fathers attempted, and yet we must realise in a way they could not have done how hard that ambition is to satisfy. The 'facts' of history in the narrower sense of that word—the issue of a battle, the promulgation of a law, the establishment of a religion—have a rational interest, we perceive, only in connection with a larger context of human life, a life which was actually the experience of individuals, and involved a whole world of ideas, of emotions, of desires. What the battle, the law, the religion really were is events in such a life, in such a stream of experience; only as such have they any significance for us. We want to re-live that experience imaginatively ourselves, to feel how it was affected by the events, or the statement of them does not give us anything real. Even where history seems to occupy itself with statistics or naked 'facts' which can

have no imaginative content, it does so only because these things ultimately bear upon a life which we can more or less realise in imagination, because they serve to explain causes which made it what it was. And it is just this context of past events, this atmosphere of ideas, emotions and desires, that it is so hard to recapture. Not only because the millions of individuals in whom they existed have, with the exception of some one or two here and there, left no record of themselves at all. More than that, modern psychology has taught us to realise in truer measure the disconcerting variations between individuals in their inner life, and in a still greater degree the variations in the *mentality* (that is the convenient catch-word) of different races and different ages. We can never completely understand the person closest to us. And what are we to say of an ambition to understand the buried world of a thousand or two thousand years ago from the scraps of writing, shreds merely of their life and thought, bequeathed us by some score or so of individuals? We must acknowledge at the outset that our end can never be more than very imperfectly attained. Probably, however intelligently anyone had read up modern India or Japan, he would find, on going there, a good deal to correct, a vast deal to supplement, in his impressions. But the accessible literature in England on India or Japan is far more extensive than the literary remains of any period of antiquity. The most finished modern scholar would, no doubt, find much to surprise him if he were dropped into the Athens of Euripides or the Rome of Augustus. And yet our ambition is not utterly vain. We may hope to achieve a measure of success. And that for the reason that these variations are, after all, variations in a common human nature, differences in the relative proportion of elements, none of which are wholly absent in ourselves. This feat of entering into another mentality than our own we have to achieve in studying both alien peoples of to-day and the men of old time. And in the case of the latter there is the added difficulty which comes from the niggardly amount of our data. We can hold intercourse of question and reply with living Indians and Japanese, but for the past we have to make what we can of the limited number of words set down in writing once

for all, whose inexorable silences no questioning of ours can ever fill. How often it is just where we want most to question that the silence comes! And yet even in reference to this there are considerations to encourage. For one personality is not always revealed to another according to the amount of speech. Often a single phrase of our friend has in it a world of revelation. It is not impossible that the broken speech which has come down to us from the men of old may bring kindred spirits into touch across the gulfs of time, may carry a real communication of personal life, quick and powerful, far beyond the dead letter. So to charge words with personality is indeed the magic of great literature.

At any time between eighteen and nineteen hundred years ago some millions of souls were going through the experience of life in the countries ruled by Cæsar round about the Mediterranean Sea. In some cases where the cities of to-day—Rome, Smyrna, Alexandria—are full of eager and various life, a life no less eager and various was being lived on the same soil, in sight of the same hills and seas. In other cases, Ephesus, for example, a place which was then covered with streets and market-places, a great hive of men, is now silent, marsh and field and barren hill, where the wild grasses grow among what is still left of marble colonnade and theatre. All that life is what lies behind the few volumes of written matter which the age has bequeathed to us; that life was the context of which they are torn fragments. To some extent the interests which made up that life need no special illumination in order to understand them. They were the same as in any other human society which is concentrated in great cities. Thousands of those generations also were mainly occupied, during the years allotted them, with the hopes and anxieties of industry and traffic, the state of the Roman or Alexandrian market, or the mood of the tumbling sea between Brindisi and Durazzo. Thousands lived for the excitement of loose adventure in the dark archways and lascivious lanes. For thousands the happiness of life lay just in the daily return from dull mechanic labour to the evening meal with wife and child. There were the periodic festivals when the cities kept holiday, days looked forward to by poor men and slaves, full of the

noise of flutes, of glittering processions with the city's idols, lewd buffooneries in the theatre and bloody fights in the arena—the abundant gaieties of the children of the South. There was little in all this to distinguish the men of nineteen hundred years ago from the populations of Southern Europe to-day.

These things made up a great part of the world into which the men of that day found themselves born, a world large and shining and manifold. But for us this particular world round about the Mediterranean nineteen centuries ago has an interest of an altogether peculiar kind. Something happened in it so momentous, it is believed, that it marks a new beginning in human history. Our popular reckoning, looking back upon the past, divides it into the years before and the years after an event which took place at that moment of time. Into the stream of the passing generations there entered just then, there was seen for about thirty years, Someone who has been ever since the great problem. He was not among those who, while they were here, wrote down words which men may still read. He wrote nothing. All we know of what he was, of what he said, is from the memories of his friends. But what was written in those memories was of such a sort that the world has never since been able to escape from the personal force which grasped it through that reflection.

This is why men to-day take up more intently than ever the scraps of writing through which we can get broken glimpses into the past, trying whether a more determined concentration of mind upon the old phrases, a more minute analysis and classification of the contents, a fresh straining of the imagination to read between the lines, may not enlarge, even if ever so little, the opening through which we look into the world where the name "Christians" was first heard. We know, for instance, with fair assurance, that in one of the years of the Emperor Claudius, some nameless person in the harbour-town which is now Salonica received a letter, to be read aloud in the little religious association of which he was one of the presidents, beginning 'Paulus and Silvanus and Timotheus to the Assembly of the Thessalonians in God the Father and the Lord Iesus Christus,' the first time that the Name appears in the literature of the world. We can

read the letter still, but what were the echoes its phrases awoke in the minds of those who first heard it? What body of ideas did it presuppose as already there, as its background, to use the common metaphor? The more that little assembly, gathered in the house of some well-to-do citizen or resident trader some morning when Olympus stood blue over against the sunrise, exactly as it does any morning now, becomes realised in our imagination, the more tantalising does it seem that those bowed heads, those strangely ardent faces, are for ever beyond the reach of our questioning. The Man, whom you call Lord—what do you know of Him? What words and actions do you connect with the name Jesus? What is the image of Him in your hearts that has made all the old objects of your worship seem to you vain idols? These are Christians with no New Testament; they are not troubled with any 'Synoptic Problem' or 'Johannine Question.' It does not seem worth while to write down a record of Him whose bodily presence they feel so palpable and urgent. It is only yesterday He was heard and seen and handled; and to-morrow He will be here again. Is it even worth while doing work of any sort in an interval so brief? Perhaps some of them will live long enough to have a little book one day put into their hands, whose author will begin by stating his purpose to write down a narrative of those epoch-making events, as he had learned them from those who had seen; but that cannot be for many years to come. It is hardly likely that any of them will live long enough to see another book, which speaks of the Logos become flesh. We may well believe indeed that when that book began to circulate, aged saints who unrolled it for the first time at the end of a long life spent in the fellowship of the Church may have asked somewhat dubiously whence it came, and whether the words written in it were ever actually spoken by the Lord. If so, their state of mind at the moment in regard to the new book must have resembled curiously that in which some good people find themselves again after eighteen hundred years.

But to go back to our first Christian document, the letter which was read one morning in the reign of Claudius to the Brethren of Thessalonica, we find here not only the first mention of Jesus, but a moment in a world-trans-

forming process, most of which is dark to us, or can only be guessed at. Of all the leading men of the Christian community in its first days, there is only one whose personality and course are illuminated for us by writings which are undoubtedly his own. The track of Paul shines singularly in the mists of primitive Christianity, but it was for the most part by persons whose names were soon forgotten in this world—undistinguished evangelists or itinerant traders or slaves—that the Good News was carried from city to city. 'Till the whole was leavened.' It is only as one moment or another in the process is revealed to us by some chance notice in a surviving document that we can form any idea of what its progress had been in the intervals—those intervals that were in fact so big with wrestlings and labours, with hopes and disappointments, with agonies and joys. It is in a field beyond our ken that the new thing in the world first meets with the old body of ideas, emotions, and desires which made up the mentality of the Greco-Roman world.

That contact, so far as it can be discerned, must be from any historian's point of view a fact of enormous interest. It suggests a variety of questions. What really was the character of the Greco-Roman civilization, what was its mental temper and outlook, as untouched by Christianity? How far did this lead it to repel, how far to welcome the new element? Where it entered into combination with it, how much of either persisted unchanged in the fusion? How far was the fusion a healthy development, how far a corruption, of either or both? Probably questions such as these involve considerations too deep for any merely historical argument to reconcile conflicting estimates. It is certain a man might spend his life in a study of the data and feel at the end of it that he could only give tentative answers. No more will be attempted here than some unmethodical reflections on certain aspects of the problem, or group of problems.

And, in the first place, one may remark that some difficulty arises from the distribution of our data. Regarding them as windows through which we want to look at a particular action passing outside, they show us separate parts of the field, which it is difficult to combine into a unity. The ordinary classical scholar constructs his picture of the ancient world (or did till recently) from works

which were composed for the ruling or the literary class. But society, then as now, was distributed in many strata and groups, and it is neither in the *salons* of Rome nor in the lecture-halls of Athens and Alexandria that we shall gain much knowledge of the New People. A Roman man of the world like Pliny had only the vaguest notion who the Christians were till he came across them as governor of an outlying province. In the middle of the second century the Emperor Marcus still only sees them, from his exalted seat far off, as an unhappy people who have a diseased love of dying in the arena. If any notable man, like Flavius Clemens, Domitian's cousin, was won to the new community, he withdrew from the world's eyes, and the world had little care to acquaint itself exactly with the nature of his 'contemptible inertia.' We should need to rub shoulders with the crowd on the harbour-quays, to stroll, like Horace, about the fraudulent Circus and stand by the fortune-tellers, to listen to the talk of the Syrian merchants at night behind the barred shutters of their shops, to accompany one of the groups of poor Asiatic Greeks who are drawn by some fascination on the Jews' Sabbath to the worship of the synagogue, before we could know the field in which Christianity made its first conquests.

It might not have mattered so much that the literature at our disposal was composed for circles which stood above a certain level of culture or social prestige, whilst Christianity was operating mainly below that level, if that literature had known the 'realistic' note which distinguishes the literary ideals of our own day. From George Eliot to Mr Galsworthy, it has been the ambition of many writers, whilst writing for the literary class, to render with photographic adherence to fact the life of the unlettered. But the standards of the literary class in the first century A.D. had been strongly conventionalized. The Greeks felt themselves in literature as much tied and bound to the traditions of a creative epoch which lay behind them, as we do in the matter of church architecture. Their minds, as they took up the pen, turned away from the vulgar present to the great days of Pericles and Demosthenes. The very language they wrote in was in process of becoming artificial, bound to much closer conformity with the old Attic idiom than was the living

speech of the day. The enormous place taken by the study of rhetoric in all the education of the time tended further to widen the distance between literature and life. As a window for looking into the past, literature of this kind must suffer from a certain opacity.

And meanwhile we may, of course, without straining to see exactly the point where Christianity and the old civilization come into touch, content ourselves with looking out of various windows, one by one. This is very much what Mr Glover does in the book which stands at the head of this article. He does all that humanity (*litterae humaniores* combined with human insight) can do, to read the heart of Virgil, to restore the feelings which led men to hang upon the words of Epictetus, or go repeating the strained phrases of Seneca, or converse with Plutarch in his sleepy, sunny old Boeotian town. And then he will lead us to another window and we see Justin, the philosopher turned Christian, arguing with a Jewish rabbi in a colonnade at Ephesus; and through another Celsus scanning gloomily the dark barbarian cloud on the northern horizon; and through yet another the decorous Christian *bourgeoisie* which is controlled by the beautiful and earnest, if somewhat rambling and bedazzled, spirit of Clement of Alexandria. As a series of individual studies, a sort of spiritual iconography, of the first century, Mr Glover's work is a contribution of a very valuable kind to the study of the field. So far as his representation involves questions of ultimate values, there are, of course, bound to be divergent opinions as to its truth. We shall hear it said on the one side that his estimate of the value of Christianity is excessive. And Mr Glover might perhaps reply that his book is not intended to be an argument of mathematical cogency, but simply a piece of personal testimony as to what he, looking at the matter as steadily and completely as he can, sees in Christ. On the other hand, Mr Glover will come at some points into conflict with those who hold the Catholic view as to the origin of the ecclesiastical and sacramental system which is admittedly found to prevail in later generations. And here again we may see that neither view can be established like a mathematical proposition, that historical data only yield conclusions of varying probability, and that in the estimate of probabilities, personal feeling and

considerations other than historical must necessarily come into play. All we can ask of any one attempting the task which Mr Glover set himself is that he shall give the data as comprehensive and candid an attention as he can and tell us what impression they make upon him. We should be grateful to any one who does this—especially to any one who does it with so large an apparatus of scholarship as Mr Glover's—whether we agree with him or not. Ultimately the only way in which such impressions can be checked is by other people studying the same data as a whole for themselves and giving an honest report of what they find.

It would, no doubt, be a mistake to suppose that the stratum of society in which Christianity first spread was uninfluenced by the ideas and estimates which obtained in circles of a more fastidious classical culture. In all ages the ideas and estimates of the upper class have worked powerfully upon the classes below. We have to think of the people which was first gathered into the Church from among the Gentiles as shaped in large part by those influences. The rhetoric which was cultivated in the schools made—we may see by our authorities—a wide popular appeal. If only a limited number of people, specially instructed, could produce the elegant phrases and cunningly modulated periods, there would seem to have been a large multitude sufficiently educated to appreciate the finished product. Language, as a fine art, provoked much warmer general interest than it does now. Professional orators wandered from city to city side by side with strolling musicians and athletes. The celebrated ones drew crowds, and their coming was as the coming of Paderewski or Duse to a European town to-day. The more trivial the subject they chose for their theme, the more admirable was the display of their powers. It was no question of original thought or new ideas or natural passion. The demand they had to meet was for phrases only, phrases which should give smooth delight to the ear and play upon that body of subtle reminiscences which constitute the charm of a literary diction. Yet in this way the commonplaces of the schools, the old platitudes dressed out as profundities, became an enduring element in the consciousness of the crowd—platitudes which had, after all, at the outset represented a genuine discovery in

human experience and which carried in a stereotyped form some of the intellectual gains inherited from the greater days of Hellenism.

Even a spirit like St Paul's was not insensible to the standards likely to be applied to him by a Greek audience. Charged as he felt himself with something of immense moment, something wonderful and new to say, he was aware that their attention would rather be directed to observe whether the manner in which he said it corresponded with certain conventional norms. And in regard to that demand he had a consciousness of incapacity which—it is interesting to learn it from himself—almost paralysed him with nervousness. He rose above that weakness by determining to fling all the rules of the fashionable rhetoric to the winds. He would say what he had to say in the directest, simplest way possible, his marvellous story about a Man who had been put to the death of a slave. He would speak, not according to the artifices of the school, but as carried along by the Power that mastered and lifted him (1 Cor. ii, 1-5). We see now, looking back after so many centuries, that the preachers of the New Life, in breaking through the traditional literary conventions, in disregarding Atticism, prohibition of hiatus, and all the rest, were not sinking to a lower level, even from a literary point of view, but rising to a higher. The things which we seek in great literature—sincerity, originality, life—were just what those conventions stifled. In respect of sincerity, originality, and life, the written or spoken word of the Christian left the learned phrase-making far behind. It is significant that in the sketch of Greek literature which the great Hellenist whom we have recently lost, Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, contributed not long before his death to 'Die Kultur der Gegenwart,' Paul of Tarsus is given an eminent place. 'That this Greek of his has no connexion with any school or with any model, that it streams as best it may from the heart in an impetuous torrent, and yet is real Greek, not translated Aramaic (like the sayings of Jesus), makes him a classic of Hellenism. Now at last, at last one can again hear in Greek the utterance of an inner experience, fresh and living.' It is only judging by very false and artificial standards that Paul can appear, as Bossuet represented him, a speaker destitute of power and charm,

effective only by a transcendent miracle. Simply as eloquence or literature 1 Corinthians xiii is superior to anything in Dio Chrysostom.

It would be unfair to say that all those who mediated between the schools and the crowd sought simply to enchant by goodly phrases. The figure of Epictetus would rise up to confute such a statement. The audience indeed which gathered round Epictetus seems to have been drawn from the upper classes, but in his own person Epictetus linked them to the class of Asiatic slaves, from which he came. As a slave, he had first found his stay in the severe formulas of the Stoics; and he was not the only one of his class, we may be sure, to whom those formulas brought strength and self-respect. If we were to consider those elements in the environment of early Christianity which belonged to the classical tradition of Greek civilization, to the tradition cultivated in literary circles and in the schools, the tradition which the old-fashioned scholar was apt to take as completely representative of the first century world, Stoicism would unquestionably be the element of prime importance for the Christian church. For in Stoicism the mind of antiquity had not only reached in some respects its highest expression, but that expression had become popular in a way unparalleled in the history of any other school. The Stoic missionary, preaching the self-sufficiency of virtue in a threadbare cloak at the street-corners, had been one of the typical figures of a Greek town for many generations before St Paul. But, after all, the classical tradition only supplied some of the elements in that world. For our present purpose we will rather turn our attention to certain other influences shaping its mentality, influences much more powerful probably than any of the strictly classical elements among the classes of lower social standing—petty traders, freedmen, slaves—which in the first instance offered a field to Christianity.

Scholars, it would seem, are beginning to hold that Greek literature all through, beginning with Homer, had tended to be governed by a certain artistic instinct of elimination in its picture of life. All the time, it is thought, there was a substratum of primitive superstition, of unsatisfied religious cravings breaking out in wild or grotesque ways, which it was not 'the thing' to touch

on more than very slightly in literature. It is probable, for instance, that there were various animal or semi-animal deities worshipped among the Greeks at the time the Homeric poems were composed, but Homer knows nothing of any gods save human ones. Primitive rites, again, intended to propitiate the ghosts dwelling in old graves, Homer, according to this view, knew of and ignored. And the same instinct continued to work in greater or less measure throughout the successive phases of Hellenism. In our day, of course, when the study of anthropology and comparative religion has come in with a flood, it is just the traces of every savage survival and the cults reaching out fervently into the unknown, upon which avid researchers fling themselves. By catching at every hint dropped by our authorities, and piecing them out by analogies and imagination, we can to some extent get behind their reticences. And sometimes the earth is kind enough to yield a broken tablet with the formulæ of a forgotten sect. Probably the dominance of ideas of this order was actually smaller during the two centuries of intense political life which were the classical age of Greek literature. Interest ran too strongly in other channels, and active minds found the daylight preferable to mysteries. But the traditions of primitive magic, the Dionysiac and Orphic and Pythagorean confraternities, continued to find their votaries, and then when the city-state and its official religion, under the shadow of the Macedonian and Roman world-powers, ceased to satisfy the needs of the individual, all the rites over which hung some veil of mystery exerted a new attraction in a world ill at ease.

But by that time other influences had begun to come in; elements of the older civilizations of the East had begun to penetrate the Hellenic world in a volume impossible before the conquests of Alexander. In magic, it is the strange and unfamiliar which is imposing, and now the Greek townsman was given his choice of numberless varieties of magic with all the prestige of barbaric names and unintelligible formulæ. Worships of Isis and Osiris and Serapis spread from city to city. Chaldaean astrologers came into universal request. Between the occult religions already rife on Greek soil, the Orphics and others, and the new influences from the East there was

a natural affinity. Anthropology has revealed a great family resemblance between the myths and superstitions of primitive people all the world over, and the stories told in New Zealand or among the Zulus to explain the genesis of the world are not much more childish than the cosmologies of the old Babylonians or Egyptians or Indians. In India, in Egypt, in Greece, as civilization matured, men found occult meanings for the bits of primitive practice which had come to look uncouth to them, and the naïve stories of their fathers they turned into philosophical allegories. The conceptions of the Greek occult sects and many of the ideas contributed by Babylon and Egypt were akin, partly because at the back of both lay the same fund of primitive superstition, partly because both represented essential tendencies of the human spirit struggling from primitive superstition towards something dimly understood. The propagators of these beliefs regarded them as the sacred deposit of some god or god-sent sage in a remote divine past; they were wisdom, profound because very ancient, like the 'secret doctrine' still believed in by dabblers in the occult. To-day most of us would say that the old times were in fact the childish times, and the revelation lay rather in the goal which an inner impulse was driving men on to find.

As a result of all this mixture—Greek philosophical dogmas, Orphic and Pythagorean beliefs, ideas from Egypt, ideas from Babylonia, ideas from Persia, ideas from Judaea, with a plentiful dose of crude old magic—we seem to get a floating, ill-defined body of popular belief, which Reitzenstein has named 'Hellenistic theology.' It lay, before the modern zeal for anthropology and comparative religion, outside the purview of the ordinary scholar. One of its principal documents, the little collection of writings under the name of Hermes Trismegistus, still waits for a critical edition, though Reitzenstein has prepared the way in his interesting book 'Poimandres.' It is, indeed (except for some stout-hearted member of the Theosophical Society whose faith boggles not at the wildest products of the human imagination), a rather joyless study. And yet of all the constituents in the atmosphere breathed by the infant Church, this is the one which will probably present

Christian theologians in the near future with their most delicate problem. We may say, indeed, that the study of all that mass of things denoted by Reitzenstein's 'Hellenistic theology' on modern lines has only just begun, although the standards of scientific research have been set up in the field by a number of illustrious scholars, Usener, Dieterich, Reitzenstein, Bousset, Cumont, and others.* The material by which that dim world can now be disclosed to us is no doubt scanty. And we should have even less than we have at present, had it not been for the large infiltration of elements from 'Hellenistic theology' into the Christian Church with the result that they came to exercise the pens of its leaders, largely in a polemical sense. For even the view that supposes the most extensive absorption of Hellenistic elements by primitive Christianity admits that at a certain point the line was drawn. The Church after a struggle expelled from its body a kind of doctrine which its leaders pronounced to be an alien poison. This was the Gnostic Crisis of the second century. The Gnostic teachers, as we see them now, were not a set of men who gratuitously, or for the mere pleasure of indulging their fancy, or from a morbid rage for speculation, spun a web of arbitrary nonsense. They simply drew from the current tradition of the heathen world. It was inevitable that many persons steeped in that world of ideas and coming under the influence of the Gospel should try to combine the two things. Behind this Christian or semi-Christian Gnosticism presented to us in patristic literature there lay a great volume of purely pagan Gnosticism whose documents have almost entirely perished. But the Christian Gnosticism, studied in connexion with such things as the Hermetic writings and what we know of the old Babylonian, Egyptian, and Persian religions, helps us to understand the character of that obscure background.

The Gnostics (this point has been well put by Anz) were not primarily moved by a speculative interest, but by an essentially practical one. We must try to throw ourselves into the feeling as to life which seems to have

* In this connexion one may mention the chapter on 'Christianity and the Thiasi' in Prof. Percy Gardner's 'Exploratio Evangelica.'

prevailed among the great masses of people in the Greco-Roman world. When men looked up to the stars, they shuddered to see there the powers whose mysterious influence held them in the mechanism of an iron necessity. There were the World-rulers (κοσμοκράτορες) who fixed men's destiny without any regard to human will and human tears. Effort, shrewdness, long-laid design could bring no liberation from the predestined law. And especially it was the Seven who bore rule, the five Wandering Stars with the Sun and Moon. Long ago watchers had marked their courses from the towers of Ur and Erech, and now when the old Babylonian religion was come to its dying phase in the lowland of the Euphrates, the astrological element in it had grown at the expense of all the rest. It was from Babylon that this fear of the stars, and especially of the Seven, had spread through the Roman Empire. It became an obsession. This earth, the sphere of their tyranny, took on a sinister and dreadful aspect: even after death, the disembodied ghost would be hemmed in by the demons of the air; the unknown spaces above, the Unknown on the other side of death, were full of terrors. But Hellenistic theology could point out a path of deliverance—for some men, at any rate. Sphere rose above sphere, shutting men in, but beyond all, far, far away, the Great Father abode in a realm of bliss, above fate and death and evil gods. And the wonderful thing was that in men (*some* men, the Gnostics said) in men creeping on the low earth, in bondage under the Elements, there was something, a spark, a seed, a breath, which belonged by origin to that far-off divine world. Platonism came in here to fill out the conception, Platonism with its doctrine of a world of real Being beside the base world of matter and change, a world of pure eternal Reason to which the soul in virtue of the reason in it could win its way. This made men feel that the evil of the earth consisted in its material substance, and that the divine element in man was just his mind (*νοῦς*). But how was a man to escape from the prison-house, to get through all those enveloping spheres that rose one above the other, the realm of the Seven, and regain the natural home of his spirit beyond them all? How else than by mastering the celestial topography, by knowing the order of the gates he would have

to pass, by knowing what god or demon would confront him at each gate, and the proper password for each? It was all-important, for instance, that when his soul was confronted by the god with the lion's head, he should be able to say instantly, 'I know thee for Jaldabaoth,' or whatever the name might be; for it was an old idea that to *know* a demon, to name his name to him, was to deprive him of power to thwart. All this *knowing* was *gnosis*. The interminable lists of uncouth barbaric names which Irenaeus tells us the Gnostic had to learn by heart had thus as practical a bearing as the names of streets in Chicago would have for me, if I expected to be stranded there, dreary as a list of them might appear to me here and now.

With this general idea at the basis of them all, the countless sects showed considerable varieties in the way they elaborated it. In some—those in whom the Greek strain predominated—the speculative interest did, no doubt, come to take a large place. Their interest was to some extent directed to the questions, 'What is the world, and how has it come to be?' apart from the individual concern for salvation. And then we get the picture of the Upper World (the *plerōma*) filled in with a plurality of divine beings, we get schemes of successive emanations, more and more complicated, or beside the Father the figure of the Mother becomes prominent. Bousset has given ground for thinking that in the Mother we have the old Semitic Ishtar (Astarte), who had been at once in strange fashion the virgin-goddess and the goddess of lust and prostitution. Her double character in tradition explains how in the different forms of Gnosticism the Female Power is sometimes associated with the Father, sometimes with the malignant Seven, and sometimes is a Power who belonged originally to the Upper World but has fallen to the lower region. To the Syrians an amalgamation of such conceptions with Christian belief was rendered easier by the fact that the word for *Spirit* is feminine in the Semitic languages. The Mother and Holy Spirit coalesced, even in such a case as that of the anti-Christian Mandaïte sect (still lingering on in a small way about the Euphrates region), among whom the dark aspect of the Mother prevailed, with the strange result that the 'Holy Spirit' is here an Evil Power. There were again various ways of

explaining how this anomalous condition of things—an evil world beside the good one, imprisoning an element which did not belong to it—came to be. Sometimes the fall of a Divine Power was itself the explanation, sometimes the evil world had been created by the lower powers, by an inferior Demiurge or by the Seven themselves, and then various explanations had to be found how the element from the Upper World had come into it. With some sects greater stress was laid on ritual and practice, various sorts of baptisms and markings and sacraments; these were held necessary to liberate the divine element from its material entanglement. Some insisted upon abstinence from flesh or from wine. Most attention was, of course, drawn to a force, whose working is as wide as humanity, and which has in itself an ever-fresh potency for provoking curiosity—the sexual impulse. It could not fail to preoccupy the thoughts of the Gnostics in a special way. It seemed to be the very force by which the World-ruler secured the continuance of his kingdom, and those who were set to break his bonds must frustrate him here, if anywhere. Some sects took the high ascetic line; the impulse was to be altogether suppressed. With some the end seemed to be gained in obscene sacraments, which gave vent to the impulse, and yet disappointed the World-ruler of his desire to see new generations born under his yoke. Asceticism and lubricity are often plants springing from the same soil.

All this to a modern man may appear intolerably unreal and fantastic. The daylight levels of ordinary classical literature, the cheerful philosophy of a Horace, even the tragic mood that is induced by the palpable evils of the world—pain and injustice and separation—these things have meaning for him, but he will perhaps feel grateful that the feverish nightmares of antiquity have left as scanty record as they have. For him the skies, as far as the utmost star, are clear of any malignant Intelligences, and even the untoward accidents of life are due to forces comfortably impersonal. We have never been thoroughly frightened; the ancient world was frightened; there is the great difference. The possibility that the Unknown contains powers deliberately hostile to him is one the ordinary modern can hardly entertain even in imagination, though why, if it contains conscious beings

of any sort, these should necessarily be friendly rather than hostile it would perhaps be difficult to prove from the fragment of the universe accessible to our senses. And till the Unknown has been realized as something terrible, till we have had the feeling of helplessness and ignorance in the face of an immense Universe, the feeling of a lost child in a huge strange city, we can hardly understand the mood which led men so eagerly to seek for 'knowledge' and catch at anything which seemed to promise them light and safety. Speaking generally, indeed, of the ancient world about the Christian era, it has often appeared to the present writer—I do not know whether others have got the same impression from the documents—that the fear of death was much more powerful and more widely diffused than it is among ourselves. When the Gnostics spoke of the world as 'evil,' they seem, for one thing, to have had prominently in mind the subjection of men to death. A New Testament writing speaks of men as being 'through fear of death all their lifetime subject to bondage' (Hebrews ii, 15). The phrase is striking: one could hardly use it with regard to our contemporaries. We probably know a number of people who stand apart from the Christian hope and yet do not seem to be in bondage to any continuous fear. If we suppose this element in the mentality of the ancient world, various things acquire new meaning. The philosophic writers, for instance, labour with what seems to us unnecessary persistence to fortify men against this fear. Possibly what makes us find a writer like Seneca theatrical and wearisome is that in this respect he no longer 'speaks to our condition.' Perhaps the finest part of the poem of Lucretius is his passionate argument why men should not fear death—but would a modern materialistic poet have thought it necessary? To such a mood the announcement of the Resurrection of Jesus must have brought a thrill difficult for us to realize—the supreme Dread not only met, but actually defeated within the world men knew! We can understand, too, why the side of the new teaching which soon became pre-eminent with the Greeks was its promise of immortality (*ἀφθαρσία*).

But it is not only the historical impulse, the desire to enter imaginatively into the life of a bygone age, which may induce us to give our attention even to

something so repellent as the Gnostic phantasmagoria. For the questions such a study raises touch us at a vital point—those of us, at any rate, who hold by the Christian hope. For Christianity has always involved a number of assertions as to the supersensible world; Christianity has claimed to give an interpretation of the significance of Jesus in relation, not only to human history, but to the transcendent Reality behind the world. A Christian cannot, therefore, brush aside assertions relating to that region, simply because they venture beyond the limits of sensible observation, with the same immediate decision as an Agnostic. He is in the more delicate position of having to show the assertions of the Gnostic to be fantastic without compromising the soundness of his own. More than this, Christianity and Gnosticism are not only alike in overleaping the bounds of sensible experience; they both came into the world in the same age, under the same intellectual and spiritual conditions. If, then, Gnosticism is to be rejected as an unprofitable play of the imagination, the question naturally suggests itself, what part belongs to imagination in traditional Christianity? Nor is this question merely an abstract possibility. Christians are confronted to-day with a formidable body of opinion which actually maintains that a great part of Christian belief was formed of notions current in the Hellenistic world, and has no greater validity than the Gnostic conception of the Mother and the Plerōma. This is the view to which Continental Protestantism has in large part rallied; Harnack has explained in detail how Christian belief, as it appears by the end of the second century, represents a 'Hellenization' of the original Gospel, the process beginning already in the New Testament.

Perhaps of all the floating ideas which entered into the composite 'Hellenistic theology,' that which interests the Christian theologian most closely is the one treated by Bousset in the fourth chapter of his 'Hauptprobleme der Gnosis'—the idea of the Primal Man. The figure of Man was projected into the depths of the Godhead. One who bore the name *Anthropos* was the Son, who was with the Father, and was a god. The Primal Man played a part in the very origin of the universe. The world process was begun by a descent or

fall of the Man, not, as in the Christian idea, by an act of sovereign creation.* And here two varying conceptions seem to have prevailed. According to one, the Man, fallen into the realm of matter, was thought of as distributed through all things; a Soul of the World, in the phraseology of Greek writers, the nobler elements being actually his limbs. Bousset finds a parallel in the Indian legend of the Primal Man (Purusha). The origin of the world was there a sacrificial act in which the Primal Man was victim, and from his parts all the constituents of the world were made—the moon from his spirit, the sun from his eye, the wind from his breath, and so on. This takes us back into the region of childish myth, where the course of fancy cannot always be tracked by reason. Bousset suggests that in a society familiar with the sacrifice of human or animal victims in order to promote the fertility of herds or of corn, the idea that a similar sacrifice on a gigantic scale initiated the whole world-process was fairly natural. If his view is right we are dealing with a bit of old Aryan folk-lore. Then the alternative conception of the rôle of the Anthropos may be a refinement under later influence. According to this other conception it was not the world-process as a whole which originated by his fall, but exclusively the human race. This is the view represented in the writing which stands first in the Hermetic collection mentioned above. Here the Supreme God, Mind (*Noûs*), does not beget the Primal Man till the material world is already in working, and the lower power, Nature, has produced the various kinds of irrational creatures. Then 'Nûs, the Father of all, being Life and Light, begat the Man, equal to Himself, of whom he was enamoured as of his own Son; for he was beautiful exceedingly, having the image of his Father, for of a truth God was enamoured of his own form. And he gave all his creations into his hand.' . . . Afterwards Nature beholds the glory of the heavenly Man that falls upon the dark waters of the world and is stricken with love. Her love would be vain; only the Man himself beholds his own reflection and stoops. In a moment Nature has him fast in her

* In Christian theology the *new* Creation is initiated by a descent of the Son of Man from heaven.

arms, and the fatal union is brought about. There is presently an anomalous race upon the earth, double-natured, 'mortal by reason of the body, immortal by reason of the true-essential Man. For though he is immortal and hath authority over all things, man endureth mortality and is subject to Fate.' It is very important in this connexion to note that already, before the rise of Christianity, the notion of the Heavenly Man had penetrated into the sphere of Judaism. In a part of the Book of Enoch, which Dr Charles puts between 95 and 64 B.C., the visionary sees in Heaven with God a Divine Being, 'the Righteous One,' 'the Elect One,' who is also the Son of Man. He had been 'chosen and hidden before God before the creation of the world and for evermore.' Only the wisdom of God had revealed him mysteriously throughout human history to the holy and righteous (Enoch xlviii. 6, 7). The influence of the Jewish Messianic hope, however, caused the great intervention of the Heavenly Man to be put, not at the beginning, but at the end of the world-process. It is then that the Son of Man in Enoch is to be revealed in glory as the Judge of the world.

The fact cannot be denied that when the early preachers of Christianity explained the position of Jesus in the totality of things, they did so in terms which bore a close resemblance to conceptions already current in the heathen and Jewish worlds. To explain this fact will perhaps be the great problem of Christian theology for some time to come. To throw Christianity and Gnosticism alike overboard, as creations of unregulated fancy, is, of course, one way of dealing with it, the way of writers like Salomon Reinach, a rough-and-ready way, which soon leaves us face to face with all the philosophical difficulties involved in a view of human life exclusive of the transcendent. There is the way of Liberal Protestantism, which excises everything transcendent but the belief in God the Father and the survival of the human soul. But it seems to be increasingly evident how difficult it is to maintain these two beliefs in isolation from what has been their living context; for trench they undoubtedly do upon the transcendent sphere. Nor is the idea of maintaining Christianity as a system of emotional morals practicable—if by morals we mean

something which excludes an outlook beyond this present world—since of such morals we can find much purer exponents than Him, who came to bring a sword upon the earth and trouble men with far-stretched hopes and gratuitous agonies. The pain, for which Jesus is directly responsible in the world, can only be justified if man is really in his eternal being what Christians believe; it is useless pretending that the transcendent in the character and teaching of Jesus is something easily detachable, without which the rest holds good all the same. But if we maintain the transcendent beliefs of Christianity, what are we to make of the Hellenistic parallels? It does not, of course, follow that because an idea formed part of the current mental stock of the age before the advent of Christianity, it was destitute of validity; theologians may urge the universal working of the Divine Spirit and the principle of Inspiration by Selection. The present writer would not wish to deny that such answers point in the right direction. At the same time, it may be that all the difficulties of the problem have not yet been fully faced. The plain man, it is true, need not be troubled by finding that an idea he has acquired from the teaching of the Church or of his Bible had already been made public by earlier teachers, if the idea is independently verifiable in experience. If, however, he believes it simply on the authority of Church or Bible, as a divine announcement, there would be perhaps some reason in his disquiet at discovering that the idea could have been familiar by the most ordinary human channels to those whom he supposed to speak directly from God. Or again, granting that both outside the Christian Church and within, one Divine Light shone with varying radiance, the task of deciding what is actually the eternal element and what the ephemeral, of distinguishing the Real from the Symbolic, the essential Idea from the outworn vesture, is one for which the Christian Church may need in the time to come the most strenuous exercise of its thought, the closest experimental converse with spiritual realities.

We have dwelt on the points where Christianity is alleged to have assimilated elements from its Hellenistic environment. But there is also the other side; an inspiration for selection implies an inspiration for rejection.

And it is obvious that Christianity was something with a very positive life of its own, which rejected vigorously much with which it came in contact. It would, of course, be absurd to suppose that the Hellenistic theology as a whole which, under the guise of Christian Gnosticism, tried to establish itself within the Church, was compatible with the principles of the Christian life. At many points the antagonism was profound, but it is perhaps the less necessary to insist upon this as the contrasts have been forcibly put by the writers of Church history. Dr Bigg's chapter on 'Gnosticism' in his posthumous 'Origins of Christianity' is taken up entirely with insisting upon the contrasts. To his fine and true spiritual frame the elements of baser superstition in Gnosticism were particularly repulsive and, it may be, deserve the contemptuous abhorrence with which he handles them. It is certainly something of a disappointment when he raises the question, 'How far did Gnosticism affect the Church?' to find that he means only, 'How far did the Gnosticism which was ultimately rejected by the Church obtain a temporary footing?' It is, of course, plain that Gnosticism, definitely marked as such, had a very limited vogue in apocryphal gospels and pious romances. Only two elements does Dr Bigg point to in passing as having struck root in the Church—asceticism and worship of the Virgin; it is interesting to note that the Anglican writer is in a position to stamp these elements of Roman Catholic Christianity as alien accretions with no more compunction than Harnack shows in doing the same thing for various parts of the theology which Anglican and Roman have in common.

Even at first sight the Gospel must have presented in some ways a striking contrast to 'Hellenistic theology.' It must have seemed such a simplification. Instead of the enormous apparatus of mystical words and ceremonial practices, to believe that in order to conquer all possible terrors of the Unknown, the whole range of ghostly enemies, one needed only to know Jesus! It must have been like the lifting off of a burden to say, 'I believe in One God, Maker of heaven and earth.' Christ had left his community indissolubly attached to its spiritual progenitors of the old Israel. There was something in the Hebraic element, the specially Synoptic element, in

Christianity—so far all may find a truth in Harnack's view—which saved it from being carried away by the Hellenistic current. The Christian could never look with the Gnostic's abhorrence upon the earth and all the conditions of bodily life; to pray continually, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven'—that alone set him on the side of the Hebrew prophets and at variance with a theology for which the earth was incurably bad, and escape from it the whole of salvation. Perhaps few books seem less ethereal than *Ecclesiasticus* in its sober-going morality, its pattern of ordered family life, the strong earth-treading family tradition of the Hebrews. And it may seem surprising that a Christian mystic like Clement of Alexandria should draw his quotations from this very book with notable frequency. We may see, however, that while the Gnostic was wishing to fly forthwith above the stars, it was just such a tradition of domestic pieties which kept the Christian (who also regarded himself as a stranger and pilgrim) content to discharge meantime the business of life and submit himself to laws which were not the Devil's, but God's. The distance which the Christian Church swung in the direction of asceticism after a few generations shows how strong the pull of contemporary forces was; but there was always something which held it back from the Gnostic extreme, no less than from the opposite Gnostic extreme of lawless indulgence. The Christian, like the Gnostic, might feel that there were spheres of hostile or obstructive power surrounding him. Indeed many of the phrases of St Paul, 'the Prince of the Power of the Air,' 'the World-rulers of this darkness,' 'angels and principalities and powers,' have obvious affinity with contemporary Pagan and Jewish Gnosticism. And St Paul seems to have conceived of these powers as opposing themselves to intercourse between God and man. But all that opposition—here was the difference—all barriers, all distance were annihilated by the love which, reaching down from the highest, held the redeemed man in an immediate grasp. 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor Height, nor Depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

EDWYN BEVAN.

Art. 10.—TWO CHAMBERS OR ONE.

1. *The Government of England.* By A. L. Lowell. Two vols. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1908.
2. *The Governance of England.* By Sidney Low, M.A. London: Unwin, 1904.
3. *The Reform of the House of Lords.* By W. S. McKechnie, M.A., LL.B., D.Phil. Glasgow: MacLehose, 1909.
4. *Second Chambers, an Inductive Study in Political Science.* By J. A. R. Marriott, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1910.
5. *The Union of South Africa.* By the Hon. R. H. Brand, Secretary to the Transvaal Delegates at the South African National Convention. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909.
6. *A Bill to make provision with respect to the Powers of the House of Lords in relation to those of the House of Commons, and to limit the duration of Parliaments.* London: Wyman, 1910.
7. *Report from the Select Committee on the House of Lords.* London: Wyman, 1908.

IN his 'Governance of England' Mr Low gives a striking illustration of the great change which has taken place in the public estimation of the House of Commons. In 1901 Lord Hugh Cecil said in Parliament, 'Why is it that nobody cares, outside these walls, about the rights of private members? Because there is a deep-seated feeling that the House is an institution which has ceased to have much authority or much repute, and that when a better institution, the Cabinet, encroaches upon the rights of a worse one, it is a matter of small concern to the country.' As Mr Low observes, a hundred years earlier those who used such language were prosecuted for sedition at the instance of the affronted Commons; nobody proposes now to prosecute or even reprimand Lord Hugh Cecil. These symptoms are not confined to the British Parliament. In the most democratic of all countries, the Western States of the United States, it is not uncommon to forbid the Legislature from meeting more than once in two years, in order to reduce, so far as possible, its capacity for mischief. It is curious that this moment, when representative assemblies throughout

the world are admittedly on their trial, should have been chosen by the Liberal party for the purpose of concentrating all power in a single House of the British Parliament.

The House of Commons has lost the right which it once had of claiming to be the sole organ for the expression of the public will. In former days things were different. The Cabinet was not tempted to look beyond the Commons to the people; the people, being inarticulate except at a General Election, were content to trust the Commons. Now, however, new competitors have sprung up to claim the right of interpreting to the executive the will of the people. By means of the press and the platform, powerful influences are brought to bear on the Cabinet over which the House of Commons has no control. The House is being squeezed out between the Cabinet and the electorate.

At the same time the more rapidly and effectively the voice of the people is heard, the more difficult it is to interpret its language. Greater experience has taught us that 'the country's will,' 'the sense of the community,' and so forth, are themselves very uncertain quantities and rarely expressed at a General Election in a manner so authoritative as to require unquestioning obedience. We have learnt from our party managers that public opinion is a semi-manufactured article, and requires to be worked up by every possible process of suggestion. And yet it is common knowledge that this uncertain quantity, even for what it is worth, is generally misrepresented by the Commons. A large majority in Parliament often represents only a small majority in the country. Party managers know that there is a floating mass at the top which can be turned with comparative ease this way or that, according to all sorts of adventitious circumstances. For all these reasons the claim of Parliament to represent an opinion which is comparatively fixed and unchanging impresses no one.

But the weakness of Parliament is not solely due to the fact that it can no longer draw strength from a claim to be the sole representative of the deliberate will of the country. The very growth of democracy itself has sapped its energies by destroying its independence. As Mr Lowell remarks, the House of Commons

no longer legislates; the Cabinet legislates 'by and with the consent of the House of Commons.' Mr Lowell gives some remarkable figures demonstrating the continuous growth of rigidity in the party system, figures which prove the causes of this tendency to be permanent and deep-seated. There has been a marked development of the domination of the Cabinet and the party caucus. It is said that in Australia the Labour caucus now meets and discusses in secret all public measures and decides upon their fate. The proceedings in the Federal Parliament will be quite unimportant and will 'merely embrace the formal registration of the decrees of the Labour caucus.' In South Australia the Labour caucus now elects its Ministry by ballot. Is this the direction in which we also are tending?

The liberty of the Commons has been further restricted by another marked tendency of the time, namely, the growth of public business. Bagehot points out that in the early part of the nineteenth century a Government was supposed not to legislate, but to administer. Legislation was as much the function of the private member as of the Government. In modern days both the administrative and the legislative duties of a Government have increased a thousandfold, owing partly to the great extension of the Empire, but mainly to the huge growth of Government activities in Great Britain itself. The complexity of modern civilisation is so great, the extension of State control so marked, and the belief in the efficacy of legislation so widespread, that the demand for it, and, in truth, the need for it, has enormously increased. For many reasons the work can only be undertaken by the Government. The ordinary member of Parliament has practically no part in it. To Englishmen who have lived in one of the great dominions it seems astonishing that the people of Great Britain and Ireland should attempt to govern not only themselves, but a vast Empire, by one Parliament. Canada has ten Parliaments to govern some seven million people; Australia six Parliaments to govern some four and a half million people; South Africa five Parliaments to govern one million white people and five million Kaffirs. The single British Parliament governs forty-five million people and the whole Empire. Subjected as it is

to so great a strain, the parliamentary machine at times seems likely to come to a full stop. It can only go on at all by surrendering the substance of its power to the Cabinet.

But what of the Cabinet itself? Does not the same disease afflict it? The responsibilities cast on the British Cabinet are greater than any that have been ever undertaken by a single body of men. The relations of Great Britain to the Great Powers of the world, her relations with the dominions, the government of India, the government of Egypt, the administration of countless Crown colonies, great and small, the problems of the defence of the Empire, the vast work of administration in Great Britain and Ireland, the preparation of all important legislation, constant attendance in Parliament, constant speech-making in the country, and many social engagements, these are duties too multifarious and too burdensome to be performed, as they ought to be performed, by even the ablest Cabinet. How much time is it likely that the Cabinet as a whole can give to the consideration of its great measures? Are we to think that Sir Edward Grey gave much thought to the Budget or Lord Morley to the Licensing Bill? There can be little cohesion or unity left in a modern Cabinet. A Minister who is overwhelmed with the work of his department, and who devotes what spare moments he has to Parliament and the platform, can have no time to keep an eye on his colleagues. This disintegration of the Cabinet perhaps adds to the power of the Prime Minister, who may still supervise the doings of his subordinates, but it will not be found consistent with the central doctrine of joint responsibility. At the least it must lead to ill-digested and reckless legislation—legislation which, after being hastily drafted, may very likely be closed and guillotined through the House of Commons. In the face of these facts, is it wise to add to the responsibility of these harassed and over-burdened men, and to free them from all restraints by concentrating the whole authority of the State in the House of Commons?

Notwithstanding these weaknesses in the constitution of the representative House, it might carry on its work with comparative efficiency in practice if it were composed of two parties, and two alone. Common sense and

experience both point clearly to a two party system as a necessity of our present form of government. The Irish party has done nothing but harm to the parliamentary form of government, and the shifts and compromises of the present Ministry, dependent as it is both on the Irish and Labour sections, are an eloquent witness to the extent to which our parliamentary machine is thrown out of gear by the intrusion of strange elements. Consider, for instance, the probable effect of the existing group system on domestic politics. There are some grounds for believing that the capricious oscillations of public opinion since the extension of the franchise in 1867 are caused by voters who belong in the main to the poorer classes. If this is so, then, as Prof. Lowell observes, 'the result is unfortunate, for it means that the parties will be tempted more and more to outbid each other for the favour of these voters. Such a temptation is a danger in any State, but above all in a parliamentary government, where the control of party over legislation is strong enough to enable the leaders to carry out their promises, and to make them effectively responsible at the polls for a failure to do so.'

But mistakes in domestic policy may be redeemed. Not so with the Empire at large. A false step in that field is irretrievable—there was no recovering the United States when once we had lost them. Those who look upon the future union of the Empire as the greatest and certainly the most difficult task of constructive statesmanship ever committed to the Anglo-Saxon race may well view with misgivings tendencies in parliamentary government already manifesting themselves. They may well be disturbed at the prospect of the House of Commons being elevated into the position of a Single Chamber, supreme over the whole Empire.

It is this aspect of the problem which is ignored by the Liberal party and its allies. 'Can any one find,' asked Lord Milner, 'in the arguments and policy of those who are engaged in trying to destroy the House of Lords, the slightest recognition of, the slightest interest in, the effect of such a revolution upon the British Parliament as the central organ of a great imperial system?' Justly does he deplore 'the terrible defect of the Constitution of this Empire, that one and the same Assembly has not

only to deal with all the local affairs of these islands, but with defence, with foreign affairs, with India, with the relations with the self-governing dominions, and with their relations with one another and the outside world.' The dangers are indeed manifest. The government of the Empire requires the widest knowledge and the greatest prudence. The most varied forms of government are to be found within it; problems must be handled arising from the clash of races, of differing social, economic and political systems, of rival religions, of foreign rivalries and ambitions. And these problems, difficult and delicate beyond comparison, we are asked to hand over to the undisputed control of a body already staggering beneath its burden and harassed by contending factions, a body which at this very moment is dominated by a party animated, as its members do not cease to avow, by the profoundest hostility to the Empire and its welfare. And, while the Irish are hostile, the Labour party is unfortunately ignorant and therefore indifferent. It has the crudest notions of the Empire and its problems, particularly of those which arise from the conflict of races. A Kaffir, a Hindoo, a native Egyptian are all viewed by it impartially as simply the British working man with a coloured skin. It has realised still less than the Liberal party that, for the class which it represents as well as for every other, all questions fade into insignificance besides that of a true imperial union.

It will be said that all this hostility and ignorance and indifference do not matter, since the House of Commons now leaves the Empire alone as much as possible, either to govern itself or to be governed by pro-consuls. But ignorance and rashness are companions, and it is well to remember that Parliament has the power, if only it has the will. It may find great difficulties in interfering with the self-governing colonies, though legally there is no law or constitution which it may not repeal, and racial troubles may yet tempt it to intervene. But in the case of the dependencies there are not the same obstacles, and our work in Egypt and even in India may easily be undone. And in the long run the policy of 'laissez faire' in the case of the dominions must perforce be abandoned. The day will come—it may be before very long—when the British

Parliament may be called upon either to take or to sanction definite action towards the union of the Empire. Its composition then will be a matter of vital moment.

Let us remember finally that anything approaching to Single Chamber government would for another reason be doubly dangerous in Great Britain. For the very merits of the British Constitution might then prove its undoing. Its elasticity has long provoked the admiration and despair of foreign observers. Provided that those who control it are animated by that spirit of moderation and compromise which hitherto has been so conspicuous throughout British history, the readiness with which any law, no matter how sacrosanct, can be altered, may continue to work steadily for good. Yet other democracies, more distrustful of themselves, have guarded against their own excesses, and there are few countries which do not protect by peculiar safeguards those laws which they deem to be fundamental in their importance. No alteration in them is possible except after long deliberation, and unless it has become abundantly clear that the great majority of the people is in favour of a change. It may almost be said that the longer is a nation's experience of extreme democracy, the more securely does it entrench the fundamental bases of its constitution. Australia and many of the States of America are instances. In Great Britain no such checks exist. Parliament and the Cabinet are omnipotent.

Before the nation reduces its Second Chamber to impotence, it should reflect upon the tendencies in parliamentary government which have been indicated. The democratic movement has not improved the quality of our House of Commons. The plain man is haunted by a well-founded suspicion that party profit too easily takes precedence over national welfare, and that the weaknesses of the Lower House if unrestrained may subject the Empire to grave dangers.

Yet even if one admits the imperfections of the House of Commons, does it follow that matters are improved by the existence of the House of Lords? Is a Parliament consisting of two imperfect Chambers better than a single imperfect Chamber? It does not much matter, it is argued, what are your forms of government, or whether you have one or two Houses, since all autho-

rities, whether Cabinet or Commons, are now subject to the constant control of the public will, and will be steadied by the knowledge that they must soon again seek fresh authority from this ultimate source. You may therefore safely abandon all your checks and safeguards and commit yourself without fear to the sober judgment and just instincts of the nation. Moreover in Parliament itself the increased strength of party has brought with it its own remedy. The true check on revolutionary legislation is not a Second Chamber, but the existence of a strong Opposition in the Lower House ready at any time to carry on the government of the country. By insisting on a Second Chamber you are merely placing in the hands of all the obscurantist and selfish interests in the country an effective instrument of obstruction, without creating a bulwark strong enough to withstand any real revolutionary impulse.

These arguments would be sound if they were based on true premisses. Unfortunately, while no one denies the preponderant force of public opinion, there is no guarantee that a particular House of Commons properly represents it, or will in respect of any particular measure be controlled by it. The dying Commons of 1905 did not represent the people, but neither did the new Commons of 1906. Indeed, an ardent reformer pays less heed than any one to public opinion. To him the obstacles in his way, whether they arise from public opinion or constitutional safeguards, are wholly evil. If the people do not know what is good for them, they must be taught it. The fear of public opinion did not prevent the Commons from passing the Home Rule Bill of 1893, or the Licensing Bill of 1907, both of them admittedly unpopular. And a great measure like Home Rule, once carried through, cannot simply be undone, if it is discovered to be contrary to the popular will. For good or evil the nation must make the best of it.

A Government may think it its duty and also have the power to pass an unpopular measure, but it cannot then be argued that the Commons can never act in contravention of popular feeling. It may be said that a democracy must learn by its mistakes. If a Government acts foolishly, it will be swept away, and its follies remedied. But the British democracy has not only to

think of its own local interests. It is the heart of a great Empire, and for the delicate organism of that Empire to trust to cure rather than prevention is a risky game. Some check upon an uncontrolled House of Commons is required stronger than that supplied by an Opposition, more immediate than that of public opinion. In the past that check has been found in the existence of an independent Upper House.

An Upper House may—almost certainly it will—fail to carry out perfectly the functions which it is intended to fulfil. Sometimes it will delay needed reforms; at all times, unless the Upper House is so radically altered in character as to change the whole nature of British government, its power will be strictly limited by the preponderant authority of a Ministry 'responsible to the popular Chamber and working through highly developed parties.' Its influence may have to be reinforced by a more frequent and direct appeal to the nation itself. And yet in respect of great constitutional questions it will be able to perform the indispensable function of giving the nation time to think twice before it ventures on a path from which there is no return.

And there are other more commonplace but very cogent reasons for an Upper House.

'Under the House of Commons conditions' (says Mr Low), 'Bills are hustled through with half their clauses undiscussed and the other half a mass of contradictions, absurdities, and inconsistencies. These ragged amorphous measures may be cut and trimmed into shape in the House of Lords, and sent back again shorn of the excrescences fastened upon them by embarrassed Ministers overwhelmed with work and distracted by the necessity of conciliating one or other section of their miscellaneous following.'

Essential as is this function of amendment, the Lords perform another equally important. Parliament is not always engaged in debating matters of first class importance. There is a mass of private legislation with which it is bound to deal.

'In the case of this legislation' (writes Lowell), 'the action of the Lords is, if anything, even more important than that of the Commons; and, in fact, the Private Bill Committees of the Upper House inspire in general a greater confidence

because the members are men of greater experience. . . . In private and local legislation, which in England is of great importance, its activity is constant and highly useful.'

Overburdened as the Commons are, it would seem absurd even to suggest that they should be deprived of the valuable assistance which they now get from the Upper House.

Much of the confusion now existing in the public mind springs from a failure to discern the fact that two separate problems have to be settled. The nation is being asked to decide at the same moment what are to be the powers of the Upper House and how it is to be composed. The Liberal party seek primarily to reduce the power of the House of Lords and only secondarily to alter its composition; the Unionists seek to amend its composition and not its power. The one party, looking chiefly to the immediate present, subordinate everything to diminishing the powers of the body which presents an obstacle to the legislative changes which they desire; the other aim at such a reform in the machinery of government as will make further repairs unnecessary for many years. But different as these two projects are, they are not independent of one another. For you may compose your Upper House as you will, but, unless you give it such powers as will invest it with dignity and authority, you will never make it efficient, since men of influence and weight will not sit in it. Unduly to diminish its powers must therefore in the end undermine its constitution. There are eminent statesmen in the present Government who profess their determination to create an efficient Second Chamber after they have reduced the powers of the House of Lords. They refuse to recognise that their declared policy is fatal not only to the Lords, but to any other Second Chamber which may take its place. They can hardly be credited with believing that against the unyielding opposition of the Irish, the Labour, and the Radical parties they will be able to re-invest a brand-new assembly with those powers of which they propose to strip the Lords.

The 'Parliament Bill' itself, in which the Government have embodied their scheme, reveals the contradictory aims of the two wings of the party. It is probably not unfair to assume that the unsatisfactoriness of the Bill is

one reason which has induced the Government to suggest a Conference. And though every one will hope for the success of that Conference, there is no less need than before for examining narrowly the plan which still holds the field.

The preamble of the Bill which so strangely announces the coming destruction of the House of Lords and the substitution therefor of a popular chamber with undefined powers, which 'substitution cannot be immediately brought into operation,' is entirely out of harmony with the Bill itself. For what are the main outlines of the plan? First of all, the Second Chamber is to be excluded from the sphere of finance altogether. In the second place a Bill passed by the Commons three times in three successive sessions, whether a dissolution has intervened or not, is to become law without the consent of the Upper House, so long as a period of two years has elapsed between its first introduction and its final third reading in the Lower House. Finally Parliaments are to be restricted in duration to five years.

Few competent judges will be found to deny that the effect of these proposals is to render for ever impossible the creation by the Liberal party of any such efficient Second Chamber as the preamble of the Bill declares to be desirable. They involve a departure which is without parallel or precedent in history. There is not, and there never has been, a legislative Second Chamber which has not had a power of legislation concurrent with that of the more popular House. There is no law, in any country possessing two Chambers, which is valid without the assent of both Chambers. The limitation of the veto is unknown. There is no country, not even the most democratic, which does not invest its Second Chamber with ampler powers than those with which Mr Asquith proposes to endow the most ancient and famous Second Chamber in the world.

Mr Asquith has in fact frankly admitted the unprecedented nature of the step. 'We are told,' he has said, 'and told with truth that the machinery we here present is without precedent. So it is. But where else do you find a Second Chamber like the House of Lords?' In other words the Government has pitched upon the plan, not because it is fitting for a Second Chamber as it might be,

but as a means of coercing the House of Lords as it is. The British Constitution is to be permanently wrecked to meet a temporary difficulty. For the present character of the House of Lords is only a temporary difficulty which must be overcome by its reform. The most superficial examination of the Government's plan shows that its main end is not to pave the way for a lasting reform, but simply to reconcile the inconsistent views of all the sections on which the Cabinet depends for support.

Having mistaken party fortunes for the interests of the nation, and surrendered the better judgment of their more far-seeing supporters to the determination of the majority of their followers never to create an efficient Second Chamber, the Government were inevitably forced to abandon all attempt at reform and to choose some such plan as the one they have adopted. If the House of Lords was to be left unreformed, then some method of reconciling differences of opinion between the two existing Houses had to be devised. The possible methods are few. You may do as Englishmen have done for centuries, and nearly every other nation does now, and trust to moderation and compromise, aided perhaps by the device of joint conferences between Committees of the two Houses. Or you may follow the example of Australia and South Africa and meet the difficulty either by the simultaneous dissolution of both Houses or by a joint sitting in which a majority is decisive. Or you may make one House so subordinate to the other that a deadlock cannot arise. The first alternative was in the circumstances clearly unthinkable to the Radicals. The possibility of compromise with the present House of Lords is scouted as out of the question if not actually degrading to the true representatives of the people. Equally impossible, with the Upper House as it is, was the joint sitting. Even the Liberal majority of 1906 would have stood no chance against the serried ranks of Unionist peers. The Liberal party were therefore driven to the third and last plan, that of making the Upper House directly subordinate to the Lower. It has decided that it is better to have no deadlocks at all, and that an effective though novel way of securing so happy a consummation is by the simple expedient of enabling the Lower House

to legislate without the concurrence and against the will of the Upper.

Some members of the Government have fallen back on the curious and paradoxical apology in defence of their proposals that they will not really do what they are intended to do. They even profess to be alarmed at their own magnanimity. So far, it is argued, are their proposals from injuring the Second Chamber that they actually increase its powers. Mr Birrell and Mr Churchill have both laid stress on the great powers of the Lords during the first two years of a new Parliament, and on the increase of authority that will follow the statutory definition of their powers. To a very limited extent the argument is sound. If the powers of the Lords are clearly defined by statute, they cannot very well be blamed if they try to exercise them. If they are told they may reject a Bill twice, but not a third time, they will naturally reject or amend Bills they dislike on the chance that the third time may never come. Lord Rosebery credits the scheme with affording the Lords 'petty opportunities of nagging.' Mr Balfour justly apprehends the possibility of many more disagreements between the two Houses in the future than in the past, and perhaps much more interference with the legislation brought up from the Commons.

But this should not blind us to the ultimate result of the measure, which must be entirely to undermine the authority of the Upper House. At first it might display some strength and independence, but it must quickly realise that it does so on sufferance.

Writing four years ago, Mr Lowell referred to the proposal that the Lords should not have power to reject a Bill passed by the Lower House in two successive sessions (a plan differing only in degree from the Government's). He said, 'This would be almost equivalent to an entire abolition of the Second Chamber, so far as Government measures are concerned, because the shred of authority left would amount to little more than that of requiring Ministers to reconsider their position, which they could hardly do without stultifying themselves.' In fact, parties being what they are, the rejection of a Bill by the Lords would merely hallow its most insignificant comma.

The cardinal virtue of a bicameral system is that, since neither House can ride rough-shod over the opinions of the other, each is driven to find a middle way for the solution of its difficulties. The very opposite is the case when one House is so impotent that laws can be passed over its head and against its will. A premium is then put on obstinacy, and the tendency towards extreme courses will be doubly exaggerated by the strength of party divisions. The Lower House, knowing that it must finally subdue its opponent by the simple efflux of time, will prefer war to peace; the Upper will be in two minds. It may think that, since it will be hanged in any case, it may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. It may be tempted to use such powers as are left to it with recklessness, and having no permanent power it may feel itself relieved of responsibility. Or more likely, when it has had time to realise its true position, it may prefer discretion to valour, and become habituated to 'taking it lying down.' For the consequences of irritating or thwarting the Lower House may be serious to it. The House of Commons has only to decree its abolition in three successive sessions and it ceases to exist. Even if so drastic a step is unlikely, a resolute opposition to the Commons may well provoke the latter to curtail its powers and still further to humiliate it. The Lords will be continually reminded that only by a soft answer can they turn away wrath.

This is a humiliation to which no Upper House in the world has been subjected. Nor can a House so placed maintain any authority worth the name. If it becomes obstreperous, the Lower House has merely to 'stick its toes into the ground.' In order to win, it has only to refuse to 'alter a comma' and hold three sessions in rapid succession. Sometimes, of course, a General Election may intervene to test the opinion of the country. But that will be largely a matter of chance. Astute party management will set itself to avoid so disagreeable a necessity as often as possible. But the impotence of the Lords will not be greater than the demoralisation of the Commons. The chief concern of the party caucus will not be the free discussion of legislation on its merits, but the pace at which legislation can be forced through. If several first-class Bills can be

closed and guillotined through in the first session of a new Parliament, they will have a very good chance of automatically becoming law. And the mischief goes further than this. The Parliament Bill practically deprives the Lower House of the power to reconsider its own measures. If a Bill has once been rejected by the Upper House, no amendments may thereafter be made to it in the Lower. Amendments voted by the Lords may indeed be inserted. But no freedom is left to the Commons. They may 'suggest' amendments to the Lords, but they can go no further. However much they may have come to dislike their original Bill, they must obstinately retain it unchanged with all its admitted errors. Take a concrete example. In 1906 a Liberal majority passed an Education Bill, which was amended by the Lords. The Liberal Government refused to accept the amendments. If the Parliament Bill had been in force, the Government would presumably have again re-introduced the Bill, and it would again have been rejected by the Lords. Suppose, then, that the General Election of 1910 had intervened. The new Liberal majority would not have passed the Education Bill of 1906. But if the Government were not to lose the fruits of their past labours, they must pass that Bill through once more unaltered. All they could do would be to suggest amendments to the House of Lords. The Lords would then have the alternative of accepting the suggested amendments, or, supposing they did not like them, of rejecting both them and the Bill of 1906. This latter Bill, disliked by both Houses, would then automatically become law. Surely this is a *reductio ad absurdum* of legislation. It is true that the Lords would be in the dilemma of having either to accept the suggested amendments or to see the unamended and probably more extreme Bill become law. But it might well be prepared to face the latter alternative in order to bring complete discredit on the new method of legislation.

Are not other absurd consequences possible? Would not an Opposition concentrate all its energies on amending the Bill in dispute by hook or by crook in its second or third session? The concealment of members on the Terrace or in the precincts of the House, in order that

they might unexpectedly be rushed in to carry a *coup d'état*, might be brought to a fine art. The serious business of legislation might become almost farcical.

Moreover, even if we ignore these crudities, we shall have in future, as Mr Balfour has said, the absurdity of a piebald Government. In ordinary circumstances the power of the Upper House to alter or amend during the first two years of a Parliament will disappear altogether in the last two. For two years you will have a bicameral government; for the next two a unicameral government.

But even if the results of the Government's plan in the sphere of general legislation would certainly be bad and might be disastrous, are we to conclude that they are wrong in their determination to exclude the Upper House altogether from the sphere of finance? It is mere foolishness no doubt to talk of an attack on the people's liberties. Every one knows that is nonsense. But there is another and a much better reason against the interference of the Lords in finance except in the gravest emergency. The late Lord Salisbury saw clearly the danger. He pointed out to the Lords that if they deprived the executive, by the rejection of a Budget, of the means of carrying on the government, while they were powerless to change that executive, a dangerous crisis must at once arise. This is the reason which makes the rejection of a Budget on the part of the Upper House a step which must always be fraught with serious consequences to the working of parliamentary government as it is known in Great Britain. It inevitably throws out of gear the whole administrative machinery. None the less is it true, though the proposition seems a paradox, that while the power of rejection is a weapon which should be reserved for the gravest emergencies, it is not one of which an Upper House can beneficially be deprived, unless some means of preventing tacking is discovered more satisfactory than that put forward by the Government.

To define a Finance Bill passes the wit of man. Finance runs inextricably through the tissue of human affairs. The very shifts to which the Government have been driven to overcome this difficulty are sufficient evidence. Recognising the necessity of determining

in some way or other what is and what is not a Money Bill, they propose to make the Speaker of the House of Commons the arbiter of this most delicate and difficult question. His office, renowned through the world for its unrivalled traditions of impartiality and dignity, is to be tumbled into the dust of party conflict. He will at critical times wield powers greater than those which have ever been entrusted to any subject of the Crown in British history. For not only will he be the arbiter between warring parties in matters vital to them, but he will be able to curtail or enlarge the powers of the Upper House, as he likes. The person wielding these unparalleled powers may have been elevated to so commanding a post by the majority in the Lower House, whose party fortunes he may either make or mar. The danger is not that men will not always be found who will do their best to carry out these onerous duties with strict impartiality. Rather it is that such men will not be elected. The strength of party spirit will drive the electors to justify the means by the end. They will choose men, not because of their impartiality, but because they hold the proper opinions. It is hardly conceivable that a Speaker endowed with these powers and elected in this manner can remain long in remote aloofness from the party conflict. He will be called upon to decide a question of supreme moment, and yet it may be one of a subtle and difficult character, on which differences of opinion may exist even among unprejudiced minds. These are powers which cannot safely be entrusted to any one man. In the past the great position of the Speaker has been due to his elevation above party conflicts. In the future he will be their very storm centre. Bad as this plan is, the only alternative suggestion yet made is that the decision should rest with a joint committee of both Houses. It is possible that some feasible plan in this direction will be devised. But would the Liberal party be content with any plan which did not give the casting vote to the Lower House?

The truth is that the Government have taken the wrong road. It is not the respective powers of the two Houses which require alteration but their faulty composition. Mr Balfour has defined with his usual sagacity

the essential qualities of a good Upper House. It must be strong and yet not strong enough to suck away the power of the Lower House. Therefore it must not be a copy of the Lower House. Its members must not be amenable to the passing passion of the moment or to the pressure of the 'machine.' It must be powerful enough to resist temporary gusts of popular feeling. In a word we require a House which, while it is not directly representative of the people as are the Commons, is yet qualified to supply the deficiencies of the Lower House. The Commons are in the grip of the party machine; the Lords must be free from the tyranny of party. The Commons debate under shadow of the guillotine and the closure: the Lords must be able to debate without constraint. The Commons are the slaves of their constituents; the Lords should be free to express the sound judgment of the country, which is often very different from the voices of the people, as they are bawled down the party megaphones; the decisions of the Commons must, it would seem, not seldom in the future be the result of undesirable bargains between groups; the Upper House should look to the good of the nation and the Empire, and not to the immediate interests of party.

The House of Lords has many of the qualities required. If it is measured by the renown of its members in every sphere of human activity, it is unequalled. Nor would any unprejudiced man deny that the hundred best Peers are at least equal, in political value and as leaders of the nation, to the hundred best Commoners. Where are the administrators in the Commons equal to Lord Cromer and Lord Curzon and Lord Milner, or soldiers and sailors equal to Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher, or orators to compare with Lord Rosebery? If you want skill in party management, you must indeed go to the Commons. But if you want qualities, useless perhaps to party, but useful to the nation, you will have at least an equal chance of finding them in the House of Lords. It brings to the councils of the nation a kind of experience which is often almost wholly lacking in the Lower House. It is far more competent to deal with foreign affairs and matters affecting the great dependencies of the Empire. Its debates, which are known

to express the real opinions of eminent men, compare favourably with the party-manufactured dialectics in the Commons, and they probably carry far greater weight in the country.

But the House of Lords suffers from certain serious defects, which spring from its too exclusive character. In former times, before the industrial revolution had changed the character of England, the rural landlords, with the Peers at their head, were the natural rulers of the country. They were an aristocracy, not an oligarchy. They represented not a class, but the political community. Indeed, a large part of the Commons sat as nominees of the Lords, and the country was quite content that it should be so. But the profound alteration in national life which began in the eighteenth century changed all that. The demand by the new populations of the great towns for some part in the choice of their rulers was not to be denied; and since then the political history of Great Britain has been simply a story of further and further advance on the road to extreme democracy. And the results of that process are by no means complete. But as power in the Commons has been transferred, first from aristocracy to commerce, and then from commerce to labour, so has the gulf widened between Commons and Lords. For while on great questions the Lords often interpret the feelings of the ordinary Englishman with greater fidelity than the Commons, they represent for ordinary purposes the rural and landed interests much too exclusively.

They and the industrial classes are lamentably ignorant of each other, and in this mutual ignorance lies a danger to political stability. The artisan of the towns sees, and has been deliberately encouraged by those who know better to see, in a Peer merely a rapacious landlord who grinds the faces of the poor; in the House of Lords the authority which interprets the laws to the prejudice of labour. The Peers, on the other hand, are out of touch with great masses of their countrymen. There is truth in Lord Morley's words that the House of Lords is a 'land-locked pool.' The field of selection, confined as it now is to men of wealth, is too narrow.

And the exclusive character of the Upper House has led to other unfortunate consequences. It is natural that

an Upper House should be conservative. But, as Mr Lowell acutely remarks, 'the word "conservative" has two meanings in England according as it is spelled with a small or a capital "C." The first signifies aversion to change; the second one of the two great political parties in the State.' For a generation after the Reform Bill, as he points out, these two meanings of the word were not far apart. But now the Conservative party has abandoned its attitude of resistance to change. It recognises that changes are inevitable and welcomes many of them. The House of Lords is quite clearly Conservative with a big C. It does not object to great changes, but it feels no confidence in them unless they are proposed by a Conservative Government. It cannot be acquitted of partisanship and of dealing with certain Bills not according to their merits but with an eye to their effect on the party fortunes. 'The House of Lords,' Mr Lowell remarks, 'without ceasing to have an opinion of its own on other matters, has become for party purposes an instrument in the hands of the Tory leaders, who use it as a bishop or knight of their own colour on the chess-board of party politics.' 'A power to provoke a referendum or appeal to the people, which is always used in favour of one party against the other, however popular it may be at a given moment, and however much it may be permanently satisfactory to the party that it helps, cannot fail in the long run to be exceedingly annoying to its rivals, nor is it likely to commend itself to the great mass of thinking men as a just and statesmanlike institution.'

The impartial onlooker must agree with this American critic. The overwhelming party strength of the House is certain to produce *intransigence* in the other side. The more eager the Lords are to embarrass a Radical Government, the more certain is that Government to provoke conflict by extreme measures. These defects in the House of Lords are generally recognised throughout the country, and even its best friends desire its reform. If the Unionist party is wise, it will make up its mind that reform must come. The proper duties of a Second Chamber cannot be performed adequately by the House of Lords as it now is. It may be that Liberal measures of late have been extreme enough to justify the strong

stand made against them in the Upper House. But what is all-important to note is that, whether justified or not, it can only be temporary. A purely hereditary Upper House is too weak to perform such feats of strength. The Lords are always faced by a dilemma. Unless they use their powers they cease to fulfil the functions of a Second Chamber; if they use them they imperil their own existence. They are in the position of a man suffering from heart-disease, who is never safe unless he keeps perfectly still.

The possible schemes of reform in their broad outlines are few. The House of Lords may either be replaced by a brand-new assembly or it may be strengthened by the inclusion of new elements. The latter alternative involves the retention in greater or less degree of the hereditary principle, and the grafting upon it of other elements, whether found by election or nomination or some other process. If we are to have a brand-new assembly, then the hereditary principle and probably the nominative principle will go by the board, and we shall come down to election pure and simple. Revolutionary as such a course would be, the fact that Sir Edward Grey and other prominent Liberals appear to contemplate it with a light heart makes a serious consideration of it necessary.

The abolition of the House of Lords would be a break with the past, for a parallel to which it would be necessary to go back to the Cromwellian period. In England, as Mr Lowell writes, there has always been a disposition to make as little change in the Constitution as is compatible with changing times. 'The result is a constant tinkering, rather than remodelling of outworn institutions.' 'The very fact that' the system 'has grown up by a continual series of adaptations to existing needs has made it on the whole more consistent with itself, has brought each part more into harmony with the rest than is the case in any other Government. In this it is like a living organism.' It is proposed now to abandon this salutary habit and to take a leap in the dark. And this despite the profound hostility of half the electorate. But the evil will not end with the violent imposition of so radical an alteration upon the nation or with the consequent shock to the stability of the venerable constitu-

tional edifice. Not only will it mark the introduction of an era of alternate party action and reaction after the Continental style, but will almost certainly bring far-reaching changes to the whole form of our government, as we and our fathers have known it. As long ago as 1835 Disraeli had a glimpse of the difficulty. 'Assuredly,' he said, 'I cannot understand how an efficient Senate is to be secured by merely instituting another elective chamber, the members of which will merely be the echoes of the Lower House.' But that is not the whole difficulty. A House thus elected would either be so subordinate to the Lower House as to be useless as a check, or it would be a dangerous rival. The first result might be brought about in more ways than one. If the elected Upper House were given only such powers as the Government propose for the Lords, it would undoubtedly be useless as an efficient Second Chamber. It would possess neither the veneration that comes from a great past, nor the respect which is given to authority. But it might be given adequate powers and yet be either useless or injurious, unless its members were free from party control. That they could only be if they were elected for longer periods than our democrats will care to contemplate. If elections were frequent, the octopus of party would grip an elected Upper House tightly in its tentacles. Voting would take place strictly on party lines, and so long as its majority were of the same colour as that of the Lower House, it would acquiesce without demur in any course upon which the latter might determine. If the minority in the Lower House were in a majority in the Upper, deadlocks, requiring to be solved by a joint sitting or in some other manner, would be frequent. In short, we should have an Upper House with all the defects and none of the virtues of the House of Commons. If, on the other hand, its members, chosen in large constituencies, were to be elected for long periods, they would put forward a claim, which experience might well establish, to represent far better than the fluctuating majorities of the Lower House the stable opinion of the country. Nor is it easy to see on what ground this claim could be rebutted by the Commons.

The power of the Commons over the Cabinet would no doubt act as an obstacle to the transference of author-

ity from the Lower to an elected Upper House. But while this would retard, it would not be able to prevent, the change. In the long run the relative influence of the two Houses of Parliament depends on the opinion which the electorate has of them. If an elected Upper House became more popular and respected than a discredited House of Commons, the Cabinet would have to conform to the national sentiment.

It is likely therefore that a wholly elected Chamber would be either too weak or too strong for the peculiar requirements of our system. And this conclusion applies equally to direct as well as indirect election. It is true that in France the Senate, which is indirectly elected, is said to be a dignified and impressive body. But in a country where party lines are so strictly drawn as they are in England indirect election would be wholly controlled by the 'machines.' There is no reason whatever to suppose that it would lead to the choice of a higher class of men than direct election, and there is every reason to think that if the county councils were to form the electorate they would rapidly be perverted from their proper functions.

For another reason, which only its blindest assailants will find unconvincing, the total destruction of the House of Lords would be an act of incredible folly. By what other means, except that of an hereditary or nominated peerage, would you secure the services of those eminent men who now adorn the House of Lords? The great difficulty which every country has to face with regard to its Second Chamber is to find men of judgment and capacity who are willing to devote themselves without reward to the public service. We are fortunate in possessing at our hand a means of securing for our Upper House the services of a large number of men pre-eminent in the very qualities which are needed. These men would not be found in an elective Upper House. Is it likely that an eminent public servant such as Lord Cromer, at the end of an arduous career, would be ready to face the fatigues and indignities of popular election? And if such men would scarcely care to go through the trouble of gaining a seat even in the best constituted elective Second Chamber, is it even conceivable that they would ever think of seeking election in such a House as the

Government propose, a House shorn of all dignity and of all real power? You cannot destroy an ancient assembly without destroying what is precious in it as well as what is obsolete. 'The King of England,' said Disraeli, 'may make Peers, but he cannot make a House of Lords. The order of men, of whom such an assembly is formed, is the creation of ages.'

The hereditary principle needs no elaborate theoretical defence. That shallow demagogues can prove to their satisfaction the absurdity of an hereditary legislature is beside the point. It is still easier to demonstrate the absurdity of a constitutional and hereditary monarchy.

Political institutions must be judged by their results. England has gained much in the past from the task of government being in the hands of a leisured and comparatively educated section of the community, the members of which devoted themselves to it as experts and yet not professionals. Perhaps almost all the peculiar merits of her system of government may be traced to the influence of this governing class. Its influence and its tradition of public service given freely in the interests of the State are waning before professionalism in the Commons; they are still powerful in the Lords. The experience of other countries, which have left their politics to those who can make a livelihood from it, should teach us not to underestimate its value.

If sober reflection leads the nation, as no doubt it will, to determine on the reform rather than the destruction of its historic House, it will find that the main alternatives before it are strictly limited. It will be able to supplement the hereditary element in the Second Chamber only by three processes, either by nomination, or by election from outside, direct or indirect, or by some process of *ex officio* membership on the basis of qualification. All these methods it will discover in force elsewhere in the world. It will learn the striking lesson that if we except Greece and one or two obscure South American republics, every civilised country has deliberately retained a Second Chamber, possessing at least equal authority with the Lower House in all matters, and that in nearly all an effort is made to assure a conservative bias to the Upper House, whether by indirect election or by property or age qualifications or by the

maintenance of hereditary and nominative elements. If there is any sign of change it is in the direction of increasing the power of the Upper House. The Prime Minister of Italy has recently indicated his desire to strengthen the Italian Senate; in France the Senate's authority is admitted to be on the increase. Nowhere is there any attempt to diminish the powers of the Upper House.

Yet although these are significant and important facts, there is not much to be gained by a close study of the composition of foreign or even of colonial Second Chambers. In their actual composition there is the greatest variety. Most of them possess an elective element, but in not one important country with the exception of Switzerland is the whole Senate elected directly. In several of the great European States there is a large admixture of the hereditary element. The chief lessons to be learnt from such a comparative study are perhaps that an Upper House should be different in character from and more conservative than the Lower; and that in the means to secure this end each country must be guided by its own history and circumstances.

In considering the alternatives, reformers must not be frightened of suggesting that the reformed House shall be 'undemocratic.' If it is to be useful, it must, as Sir Robert Peel insisted, be 'undemocratic.' If an elected element is thought to be necessary for the popularity and effectiveness of a reformed Upper House, then let a certain number of members be elected in large constituencies by means of proportional representation. Let us, in any case, make short work of the fantastic proposal that a large section of the Upper House should be elected by the Lower. If the nation could be induced to make the experiment, experience would probably show that a House of Lords consisting of the most eminent of the hereditary Peers, and other members nominated by the Crown on the advice of the Prime Minister, could be made sufficiently representative of all sections of the nation without any elective element. No doubt there are disadvantages in this as in every possible proposal. But in a country like Great Britain, where the tradition of gratuitous public service still continues, and where there are many men

who combine intelligence and education with comparative leisure, a proper use of the power of nomination might yield very satisfactory results. And since nominations may be made from every section of the community, it is a simple way of securing the independence of the members of the Upper House, and yet preventing their isolation from the life of the country.

It is probable, therefore, that the reform of the Lords will ultimately take one of two forms. It will consist of an amalgam either of hereditary and nominated members alone, or of hereditary, nominated and elected members. In both cases there is likely to be a small number of Peers sitting *ex officio* and by virtue of their services to the state or their high office, whether as lawyers, or soldiers, or sailors, or administrators, or ministers of religion. And in no case should the House exceed 300 in number. If the House is composed of all three classes of hereditary, nominated and elected members, then it would be well that each denomination should be equal in number, each class being represented by one hundred members. If the elected element is absent, then there should be one hundred and fifty members of both the hereditary and nominated classes.

A word may be said as to the possible methods by which both the hereditary and the nominated Peers should be chosen.

The only method of choosing the requisite number of hereditary Peers which is likely to find favour is that they should be elected by the whole body of hereditary Peers themselves, without any condition as to qualifications. But they must not be chosen in the manner hopelessly unfair to minorities in which the Scotch and Irish Peers are chosen; some means must be found for the proper representation of the minority. A similar problem confronted the South African Convention in the case of the election of their Senate, and, notwithstanding certain difficulties in its application to small elections, proportional representation was found to be the only solution. Again, the hereditary Peers might vote either as a whole, or the Scotch, Irish and English Peers might each vote separately. For the nominated members no qualifications ought to be required. It is best that complete freedom should be left to the Government of the day to appoint whom they

wish. If the Prime Ministers of the future are guided by the honourable tradition of English public life, they will appoint good men; if they are not, then no paper restrictions will prevent them abusing their power.

A difficulty would arise with regard to the members to be nominated in the first instance. If the whole number were to be nominated at once, the party which was in opposition might be unfairly treated. If it is impossible here also to trust to the honour and sense of the Government in power, then it might be provided that only a certain number of nominations should be made in the first instance, the remainder being made over a series of years. But, since it is impossible to devise a plan which will be certain to secure fair play between the parties, much must in any case be left to the good feeling of the party leaders.

Since the whole merit of a Second Chamber has disappeared if its members are not independent, their tenure of office, whatever may be the manner in which they are chosen, must be secure. Nominated members clearly can hardly be appointed for any period of years. They must sit for life or till a fixed age of superannuation, say seventy. Re-nomination after a certain period would be a most invidious task for the Prime Minister of the day, and would indeed open the door to a very great abuse of power.

For many reasons it would seem advisable also that the elected hereditary Peers should sit for life. But there is one strong argument on the other side. Vacancies would then occur sporadically on the death of an hereditary Peer. The customary course would be to fill a vacancy at once by election. Unfortunately this would mean, just as it does in the case of Irish Peers now, that the minority would be invariably outvoted. It might be provided that no election should be held until there were several vacancies, not less than five or more than ten. If they were then filled by means of proportional representation, the minority would secure its proper share of members. Otherwise it would be necessary that after a certain period the hereditary Peers should seek re-election by their fellows, no vacancies meanwhile being filled. If a reformed House included a number of members elected from outside, they should in no case sit for less than ten years.

Only the very barest outline of a plan has been indicated. It is certain, as indeed is any plan which does not involve a brand-new elected assembly, to be met with the objection that so far as the Liberal party is concerned it is no improvement, but rather the contrary. But this is a short-sighted view. Of course, if no Upper House is conceived to be satisfactory in which there is not a Liberal majority or which does not change with the changing complexion of the Lower House, then such a reform as has been outlined will certainly not meet the test. But if an Upper House is wanted which will be influenced, yet only slowly and indirectly influenced, by popular feeling, which will reflect permanent but not transitory changes of public opinion, and which will also be a weighty and influential assembly, we shall best secure it by adding to the pick of the present House members nominated by the Prime Ministers or elected for a long period.

A further objection of no little weight, which reformers will have to meet, will be and already has been made to any scheme of reform which does not involve the total abolition of the present House of Lords. 'Any scheme of reform,' it will be said, 'means definitely restricting the size of the new House. The Crown's prerogative of creating Peers depends on its power to add indefinitely to the number of the House. You will therefore destroy it by your reform. How are you going to replace it? How do you meet the difficulty of deadlocks?' It is quite true that reform means the disappearance of this prerogative power. It is hardly possible that the numbers of a reformed House should not be limited. But it should be remembered, in the first place, that the power of creating Peers to a number sufficient to override a decision of the House is already obsolete. It has only once been used in all English history, and its use now means not the coercion but the destruction of the Upper House. Nor can it be employed as a threat without the utmost danger to the commonwealth unless the nation is overwhelmingly behind the Ministry of the day. And if the nation is overwhelmingly behind the Ministry, the Upper House, reformed or unreformed, will certainly give in, whether it can or cannot be threatened with the addition of new members. The moral is that some proper means should be available of

discovering what is the opinion of the nation on the question at issue. Radical orators will no doubt lash themselves into fury over this 'invasion of the Crown's prerogative.' The wiser course is to examine the practice of other countries, remembering at the same time that deadlocks are of the rarest occurrence in our parliamentary history.

Some countries, e.g. Australia, South Africa and France, provide that in certain cases the two Houses shall sit as one, and a majority of the whole shall decide. This device might be employed in conjunction with a brand-new elective Upper House. It is more doubtful whether its use to settle the differences between the House of Commons and an hereditary and nominated Upper House would be generally acceptable. We have moreover little experience to guide us as to the merits of the scheme. Everything depends upon the conditions under which it is put into force. Is our pattern to be Australia, where no joint sitting can be held until after a General Election has endorsed the judgment of the Lower House? Or South Africa, where the joint sitting is held in the second session after the disagreement becomes manifest, without any recourse to a General Election, and in the case of a Finance Bill even in the same session? Or France, where it is restricted to the settlement of questions relating to the fundamental Constitution? The particular circumstances of each of these countries have led them to adopt different methods. In Australia the Senate was given great power as the guardian of State rights; in South Africa it was felt that the true safeguard against unnecessary change was the intense conservatism of the mass of the population; in France problems of a kind happily unknown to us dictated the form of the constitution. And even if the plan were adopted in a form believed to protect the rights of both Houses, would it be any advance on the present custom of the Constitution, by which the Upper House yields after the people have decided against it at a General Election?

Most other countries leave the two Houses to find their own way out of a deadlock, and there is much to be said for this course. Some middle way will be found much sooner, if compromise is necessary, than when one House can ignore the other. In all questions of minor

importance the two Houses may well be left to harmonise their differences, while in matters of great moment a deadlock will only last so long as the country has not expressed a decided will one way or the other. Unfortunately the difficulty is growing greater of discerning what the voice of the country means as it gives out its uncertain sound from the confused babel of a General Election. Thus once more we are led to conclude that the core of the problems discussed in these pages is to be found in ascertaining what the will of the people really is. That will we all of us must nowadays accept as the supreme arbiter of our fate, if we can only discover what it is. But few of us are ready to accept blindly the will of a temporary party majority in Parliament on questions of fundamental importance.

The creed of political philosophers of the school of Lord Morley has ever been that the representatives must govern for the people, and that the part played by the people must remain an indirect one. But some of us are beginning to doubt whether a creed applicable enough to the nineteenth century is not becoming outworn in the twentieth. 'The fatal and insuperable defect,' as a Liberal writer has said, of the Parliament Bill 'is that in over-riding the House of Lords it in effect abolishes the British people,' and while we are not yet so 'democratic' as to insist that our Parliament should not meet oftener than once in two years, most of us would rather abolish Parliament than the people. In all ordinary seasons the check of a Second Chamber may be sufficient. But in a critical struggle between the two Houses themselves the bicameral system may require to be reinforced by an appeal to the nation more direct in its character than that of a General Election. Much may be said against the Referendum, but little that is not equally directed against democracy. It would entail great changes in our parliamentary system, and Cabinets might have to accustom themselves to accepting a rebuff at the hands of the nation without necessarily resigning. But clumsy contrivance though it is, it would have the supreme merit of settling beyond question the matter in dispute—a consummation not likely to be secured without prolonged friction by any other means.

Art. 11.—JOHN STUART MILL.

1. *The Letters of John Stuart Mill*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Hugh S. R. Elliot, with a note on Mill's private life by Mary Taylor. London : Longmans, 1910.
2. *Autobiography*. By John Stuart Mill. London : Longmans, 1908.
3. *John Stuart Mill. A Criticism*. By Alexander Bain. London : Longmans, 1882.

SOME forty years ago or more two comments on John Stuart Mill used often to be quoted, made by the two men who were then the most prominent figures in the English world of politics. Mr Gladstone spoke of him (and, I think, also wrote of him) as the 'saint of Rationalism.' Mr Disraeli, when asked after a session's experience of the new member for Westminster what he thought of him, replied with a shrug of the shoulders, 'A political finishing governess.' Mr Gladstone's verdict, that of one who knew and valued Mill's work, was a profound and true one; Disraeli's—passed by one who probably knew nothing of Mill beyond his speeches in the House—was an obviously superficial one, indeed not a verdict at all. But taken as being what it was, a statement of the impression made by Mill upon an acute but superficial observer, who was all the more alive to mannerisms because the real man was beyond his purview, it suggests very truly the limitations of one who was in some respects a really great man, limitations apparent not in politics alone. They were in part the defects of those very qualities which won Gladstone's admiration. Mill had the educating mania, and it was largely inspired by that religious zeal for the improvement of mankind which formed part of his 'saintship.' From his father he had early learnt to think that if only people were thoroughly educated and freed from the dead hand of outworn institutions all would be well with the world. And greatly though his views eventually changed, this early way of looking at things left its stamp on him through life. His cult of education issued in a certain priggishness and preciseness, and a detestation of anything vague and not clearly communicable to those whom

he would instruct and help. It is to this side of his intellectual character that we may set down his admiration for the French intellect and his extraordinary undervaluing of such German metaphysicians as Hegel and Fichte. To this again must be ascribed his intense joy in distinct classification—which made Dumont's *rédaction* of Bentham (of which I shall speak later on) as inspiring and satisfying to him as Fichte and Hegel were almost physically distressing. It is the 'finishing governess' element again which made his own unique and precocious early education for years the sole matter of interest to him, and led him afterwards to analyse its results with such painful care. Every event in his life was regarded by him in its effect on his character and mind. He let nothing stand in memory as a mere fact, without a serious estimate of its educative consequences. Like a Jesuit confessor he regarded recreation only as a means to the accomplishment of the main purpose.

The truth is that there was in the nature of Mill from first to last a certain thinness of sympathy and a deficiency in geniality which contributed to the priggishness that struck Disraeli—though his sympathies were very intense in their own narrow groove. There was a lack of full humanity. He had no sense of the ludicrous. He did not enter into or understand the varieties of human character, and he was wanting in virility. These last two traits were evidenced in his believing that all men were like himself and like one another in the insignificant place which (as he maintained) the sexual instinct normally occupied in the life of mankind. He traced obvious exceptions to this rule to abnormal conditions. By a little management in education the propensity in question could, he considered, be reduced to an almost negligible quantity, and he once expressed to the present writer's father in conversation the opinion that the human race would come to an end by its ultimate complete disappearance. It is also, I think, a mark of the 'governess' side of Mill's character that these volumes of his letters, absorbing though they are, exert something of a strain on the logical faculty of the reader. There is little or no imagination in them. Of humour there is one gleam and only one—and it comes from no words of Mill, but from a suggestion of

Roebuck. Mill's speeches in the House of Commons were (it seems) weakened in their effect first by an impression of hesitation as to the sequence of topics and arguments, and secondly by his manner of delivery. He had a habit, in Roebuck's words, 'of joining his hands behind him and rolling from side to side like a schoolboy saying his lessons.' Possibly the general effect was somewhat similar to what many of us remember who have seen and heard another great writer, the late Mr Lecky, addressing the House of Commons. Roebuck prescribed as a remedy that he should write out the heads of his speech on a card, and should stand every day, card in hand, for some minutes before a large looking-glass and rehearse systematically the coming oration.

In point of fact the early hothouse forcing of the mind of one set by his father to learn Greek at four and Latin at eight, and encouraged in destructive analysis of those natural sources of enthusiasm which most men find in national institutions and in religion, killed much while it developed much. It developed in an extraordinary degree the reasoning powers, but it tended to depress vitality and imagination, and to make the logical faculty unduly predominant. Mill associated little with other boys. He was never able to achieve any success in games or sport, and soon gave up the attempt to cultivate such pastimes. He spoke of himself as being in early life little more than a logical machine, despising sentiment on Benthamite principles. He eventually desired to awaken the faculties he had despised, but they had become partially atrophied. Sentiment, when it came to him and was systematically developed, had always in it something thin, something hectic. He inhaled his oxygen not in the fields but artificially through an air pump. This is the general character of the limitations which were responsible for Disraeli's witty and unfair saying.

It is to be regretted that the editor of Mill's Letters, who has wisely included in his selection some which have already appeared in print, should have omitted to republish the very characteristic letters of his boyhood given to the world thirty years ago by Mr Bain in his 'Criticism' of Mill, but long since generally forgotten. One of these especially throws the vivid light of contemporary illustration on the unique story of his early

education. It is addressed to Jeremy Bentham's brother, Sir Samuel Bentham. The Benthams had known John Mill as a child. George Bentham had taken him at the age of five to see Lady Spencer—the wife of Lord Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty—and Mill had kept up an animated conversation with her on the comparative merits of Wellington and Marlborough. When he stayed with them at the age of eight they found that he had already read in Greek *Æsop's 'Fables,' Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' 'Cyropaedia' and 'Memorabilia,' Herodotus, part of Lucian and two speeches of Isocrates ; also in English the histories of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Burnet's 'History of his Own Time,' the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Don Quixote,' and quite as many more books whose names it would be tedious to enumerate. Curious to learn something of the further progress of this extraordinary experiment in education, Sir Samuel Bentham wrote, some years later, to ask him to send an account of his reading since they had last met. The solemn boy of thirteen consults his memory as to the events of his crowded life to ascertain how long ago that meeting was. He decides that it was six years earlier, and begins his reply as follows :*

'MY DEAR SIR,—It is so long since I last had the pleasure of seeing you that I have almost forgotten when it was, but I believe it was in the year 1814, the first year we were at Ford Abbey. I am very much obliged to you for your inquiries with respect to my progress in my studies ; and as nearly as I can remember I will endeavour to give an account of them from that year.

'In the year 1814 I read Thucydides and Anacreon and, I believe, the *Electra* of Sophocles, the *Phoenissæ* of Euripides, and the *Plutus* and the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. I also read the *Philippics* of Demosthenes.

'The Latin which I read was only the oration of Cicero for the poet Archias, and the (first or last) part of his pleading against Verres. And in mathematics, I was then reading Euclid ; I also began Euler's *Algebra*, and Bonnycastle's, principally for the sake of the examples to perform. I read likewise some of West's *Geometry*.

'Aet. 9.—The Greek which I read in the year 1815 was, I think, Homer's *Odyssey*. Theocritus, some of Pindar, and the two orations of *Æschines*, and Demosthenes on the Crown. In Latin I read the first six books, I believe, of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the first five books of Livy, the *Bucolics*,

and the six first books of the *Æneid* of Virgil, and part of Cicero's Orations. In mathematics, after finishing the first six books, with the eleventh and twelfth, of Euclid, and the Geometry of West, I studied Simpson's Conic Sections, and also West's Conic Sections, Mensuration and Spherics; and in algebra, Kersey's Algebra, and Newton's Universal Arithmetic, in which I performed all the problems without the book, and most of them without any help from the book.'

This extract is enough to recall the amazing length to which he willingly carried the education mania impressed on him in word and in action by his father.

The letters and brief diary now for the first time before us present to the reader very little of Mill's personality. There are no personal touches, no quaint or original phrases indicating the writer's moods or likes or dislikes, none of the elements of familiar conversation. It is, therefore, well before reading them to remind ourselves from other sources what the man was like.

At thirty-six Mill is described as tall and thin, with a somewhat bald head, fair hair and ruddy complexion. He was all through life a great reader, and he read either walking up and down his room in the East India Office (of which he was an official) or at the standing desk at which he wrote. His expression was sweet. His voice was thin, almost sharp. As he spoke there was a constant twitching of the eyebrows which arrested attention. His manner of conversation was cold and passionless as a rule. In his twenties he did not always impress people as a talker. 'Though powerful with a pen in his hand,' writes one witness, 'he has not the art of managing his ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism.' Even later some thought his conversation, 'though remarkable enough in argument, wholly didactic and controversial. He had no humour, no talk and, indeed, no interest in the minor concerns of life.' 'He had not much gesture, but it was all in keeping,' writes Mr Bain; 'his features were expressive without his aiming at strong effects. Everything about him had the cast of sobriety and reserve; he did no more than the end required.'

There was evidently no fullness, no vividness, no

volume, physically or mentally. Mill was 'wanting in momentum,' says Mr Bain. He could tell a good story, as of the two Frenchmen conversing, both of them by nature addicted to monologue. 'One was in full possession, but so intent was the other upon striking in that a third person exclaimed, "If he spits, he's done."' But such a story was told as an interlude. There was no humour qualifying his general conversation. He enjoyed the pleasures of botany and of scenery. He had a taste for music and devised tunes for some of Walter Scott's ballads. A few such pleasures, pale and restrained, did apparently make him smile. But on the whole the impression we get from the records available is of laboured and almost painful earnestness. Life was for him a most serious thing, and work and duty were all in all. His favourite quotation was 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Let it be added to the picture of him that for many years his habitual dress was the black swallow-tail coat worn in the fifties by clergymen of the Church of England.

To the present writer the pedantic or priggish side in Mill is especially visible in his letters of advice to those who consulted him. The following was written to a boy correspondent who asked his opinion on corporal punishment for boys. To most persons the subject suggests some genial entering into the ways and habits of the *genus* 'boy.' Not so to Mill, whose reply has the dry solemnity, the touch of pedantry which impressed Disraeli, though there is nothing to be said against the advice it contains.

'1. Severe punishments of some kind are often necessary for boys, but only when they have been negligently or ill brought up and allowed to acquire bad habits.

'2. Assuming severe punishments to be necessary, any other method of punishment that would be effectual is preferable to flogging. In the case, however, of certain grave moral delinquencies, chiefly those which are either of a cowardly or brutal character, corporal punishment in that or some equivalent form may be admissible.'

Of the physical distress wrought on him by German obscurity, the following expression—one out of many—must suffice. It is from a letter to Mr. Bain.

'I have been toiling through Stirling's "Secret of Hegel." It is right to learn what Hegel is, and one learns it only too well from Stirling's book. I say only too well, because I found by actual experience of Hegel that conversancy with him tends to deprave one's intellect. The attempt to unwind an apparently infinite series of self-contradictions not disguised but openly faced, really, if persisted in, impairs the acquired delicacy of perception of false reasoning and false thinking which has been gained by years of careful mental discipline with terms of real meaning. For some time after I had finished the book all such words as *reflection*, *development*, *evolution*, etc., gave me a sort of sickening feeling which I have not yet entirely got rid of.'

We may remember in this connexion that Mill's able contemporary, James Martineau, after a prolonged study of German metaphysics, came to much the same conclusion as Mill, a fact which seems to suggest that there was at that time something in the state of the intellectual atmosphere which made obscurity especially unwelcome. The old faiths had received a shock, and men were investigating the limits of human knowledge with very practical anxiety, and longing to help others and to be helped in turn by a clear statement whether of agreement or of divergence. The vague and indefinite were in such circumstances especially tantalising. Indeed it was the intellectual candour and reality characteristic of that time, ministering to a passionate desire for helping mankind to act better and to think more accurately, in which the 'saint of Rationalism' was almost without a rival. The following words from the diary of this Agnostic kept in the year 1854 read like a passage from St Ignatius Loyola or the 'Imitation of Christ.'

'When death draws near, how contemptibly little appears the good one has done! how gigantic that which one had the power and therefore the duty of doing! I seem to have frittered away the working years of my life in mere preparatory trifles, and now "the night when no one can work" has surprised me with the real duty of my life undone.'

And again:—

'There is no doctrine really worth labouring at, either to construct or to inculcate, except the Philosophy of Life. A Philosophy of Life, in harmony with the noblest feelings and cleared of superstition, is the great want of these times. . . .'

How little present reward he hoped for in the pursuit of his apostleship, how simple was his desire for the good of the race and not for his own fame or success in furthering it, is visible in many passages in the letters and diary. Sympathy from kindred spirits he did value, and while he courageously faced the loneliness which a thinker ahead of his time has (he considered) to endure he welcomed with intense thankfulness the appreciation of his work which he found in his own home. But to fame he was absolutely indifferent in the days of his maturity, having long outlived the never very great share of ambition he owns to having had in boyish days.

'I sympathise' (he writes to Maurice) 'with the feeling of (if I may so call it) mental loneliness, which shows itself in your letter and sometimes in your published writings. In our age and country every person with any mental power at all, who both thinks for himself and has a conscience, must feel himself, to a very great degree, alone. I should think you have decidedly more people who are in real communion of thoughts, feelings, and purposes with you than I have. I am in this supremely happy, that I have had, and even now have, that communion in the fullest degree where it is most valuable of all, in my own home. But I have it nowhere else; and if people did but know how much more precious to me is the faintest approach to it, than all the noisy eulogiums in the world! The sole value to me of these is that they dispose a greater number of people to listen to what I am able to say to them, and they are an admonition to me to make as much of that kind of hay as I can before the sun gives over shining.'

In the diary also we read:—

'The misfortune of having been born and being doomed to live in almost the infancy of human improvement, moral, intellectual, and even physical, can only be made less by the communion with those who are already what all well-organised human beings will one day be, and by the consciousness of oneself doing something, not altogether without value, towards helping on the slow but quickening progress towards that ultimate consummation.'

If ever there was a man whose temperament and views made a religion necessary to him as a support in his day's work it was one so profoundly pessimistic as to the present state and immediate future of the world, so little

inspired by the desire for fame, and yet so scornful of the bare idea of living for personal pleasure, so exclusively devoted to public duty. Yet by an irony of fate John Stuart Mill's early education was in the hands of one, the main passion of whose energetic and able intellect was directed not only against Christianity but against belief in God. James Mill's attitude is described by his son as Lucretian—one not of indifference but of hatred. He regarded the established forms of religion as the great enemies both of progress and of morality.

Brought up in this atmosphere it was long before John Mill contemplated the possibility of turning towards any form of Theism or of Christianity. Descartes supported himself while elaborating a philosophy of systematic doubt by a *morale par provision*—a temporary creed which included the acceptance of the current religion of his time and country. This was for Mill at first impossible. That as time went on he did in some degree turn towards some of the beliefs which he had been taught to despise, we see from the letters, which confirm in this respect what we already know from the posthumous essays on Religion. But at an earlier time he cast about in vain for any such inspiring motive as even this approximation to Theism supplied. He looked for inspiration at first in some ideal object for which he might live. Three episodes of quasi-religious inspiration are visible in the Autobiography. The first was his reading, in 1822, of Dumont's 'Traité de Législation,' containing a redaction of Bentham's principal speculations which made them come upon him with a new force and practicalness.

'It gave unity to my conception of things' (he writes). 'I now had opinions, a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one among the best senses of the word, a religion; the inculcation and diffusion of which could be made the principal outward purpose of a life.'

The second inspiring episode was his visit to France during the Revolution of 1830, which renewed his early dream of himself as a 'Girondist in an English Convention.' Of this he writes: 'It roused my utmost enthusiasm, and gave me, as it were, a new existence.'

But the third quasi-religious influence was by far the most potent, namely, the friendship with the lady who

became Mrs Mill, and his devotion to her memory after her death. The story is well known. He made Mrs Taylor's acquaintance in 1831. She was then but twenty-three, and he twenty-six. He tells us in the Autobiography that he used to compare her at that time to Shelley, 'but,' he adds, 'in thought and intellect, Shelley, so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child compared to what she ultimately became.' Their friendship ripened. It naturally led to difficulties. His father accused him of being in love with another man's wife. Mill replied that his sentiment towards her was only what he would have had towards a man equally able. However, he and Mrs Taylor did not always observe external conventionalities, with the result that they were criticised. Such criticism he did not brook. His breach with Roebuck, with Mrs Grote, with Mrs Austin, with Miss Martineau and with Lady Harriet Baring was in each case ascribed to their allusions to the subject.* Mr Taylor with great chivalry accepted the strange and very exceptional situation. Mill asked none of his friends to visit her. But he passed much time in her society and she became the absorbing interest of his life. He regarded all he wrote as an inadequate attempt to express her thoughts. She was probably a remarkable woman. Carlyle speaks of her as 'vivid' and 'iridescent,' and describes her as 'pale and passionate and sad-looking, a living romance heroine of the royalest volition and questionable destiny.' Mill's brother says, 'a clever and remarkable woman but nothing like what John took her for.' Mr Bain suggests that, in addition to the affinity which defies analysis, she attracted him intellectually by expressing ideas which she had really learnt from him. The thoughts he cherished came to him from the voice of the woman he loved, and he did not realise that it was from him that she had first learnt them. Twenty years after their first meeting her husband died and Mill married her. 'What I owe even intellectually to her,' he writes in the Autobiography, 'is in its detail almost infinite.' Whatever the explanation, his wife was to Mill the object of a passion religious in its purity and intensity.

When after the few years of their union Mrs Mill died

* In the case of Lady Harriet Baring Mr Bain is not quite confident.

at Avignon, being taken ill in the course of a journey through France, the remembrance of the friend he had lost became the dominating influence and inspiration of the remainder of his life. He bought a cottage near her grave. There he frequently resided, devoting himself to completing the labours she had shared with him.

'Since then' (he writes) 'I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her still near me. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried, and there her daughter (my fellow-sufferer and now my chief comfort) and I live constantly during a great portion of the year. My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared, or sympathised, and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavour to regulate my life.'

The inscription on her tomb at Avignon ends with the words: 'were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven.' And the dedication of his work on 'Liberty' to her memory thus concludes:—

'Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom.'

But while the memory of his wife was, as he says, a religion to him, while probably the thought of her was that which filled the purely emotional side of his religious nature, so enquiring a mind could not rest without a desire to give the intellect a larger share in his religion. And it is possible that the question of immortality took a new colour from the fact that one whom he so deeply yearned to meet again had passed from this earth. The feeling which he had expressed in reference to Sterling's death must have come yet more vividly when he lost one so far dearer than even Sterling.

There are many signs in his correspondence that Mill did, in the years following the death of his wife, earnestly desire to accept a form of Theism.

'It would be a great moral improvement to most persons,' (he writes to a friend in 1860) 'be they Christians, Deists or Atheists, if they firmly believed the world to be under the government of a Being, who, willing only good, leaves evil in the world solely in order to stimulate human faculties by an unremitting struggle against every form of it. In regard, however, to the effect on my own mind, will you forgive me for saying that your mode of reconciling the world as we see it with the government of a Perfect Being, though less sophistical than the common modes, and not having, as they have, the immoral effect of consecrating any forms of avoidable evil as the purposes of God, does not, to my apprehension, at all help to remove the difficulty? . . . I confess that no religious theory seems to me consistent with the facts of the universe except (in some form or other) the old one of two principles. There are many signs in the structure of the universe of an intelligent Power wishing well to men and other sentient creatures. I could, however, show, not so many perhaps, but quite as decided indications of an intelligent Power or Powers with the contrary propensity. But (not to insist on this) the will of the benevolent power must find, either in its own incompleteness or in some external circumstances, very decided obstacles to the fulfilment of the benevolent purpose. It may be that the world is a battlefield between a good and a bad power or powers, and that mankind may be capable, by sufficiently strenuous co-operation with the good power, of deciding, or at least accelerating, its final victory.'

What kept Mill from a nearer approach to Christianity appears to have been partly the insufficiency of such Christian apologetics as he could find.* Again, his moral sense revolted against the attitude of the so-called orthodox in regard to honest unbelievers. This enlisted the sentiment of moral approbation, which is with so many a potent force in favour of Christian belief, on the opposite side. He considered that the best men he knew were among the conscientious unbelievers. It was a time when the anti-Christian fanaticism of the eighteenth century had given place to something very different. The

* So far as Theism is concerned, the 'Essays' show this. On Immortality we have a pregnant note in the 'Letters' (ii, 381) on the 'bitter disappointment' which the alleged proof brings as being based on the assumption that 'the facts of the universe bear some necessary relation to the fancies of our own mind.'

sentiment expressed in *écrasez l'infâme* was diametrically opposed to the feelings of one who had so strong a wish to believe. The orgies of the mob which placed a prostitute on the altar at Notre Dame were the vulgar reflection and exaggeration of an attitude, existing then even among the intellectual, but strangely at variance with Mill's dream of perfect purity to be obtained by man through philosophy. He himself had a passion not against Christianity but for truth wherever it could be found. All his wishes were on the side of definite religious belief. Doubt was the sad necessity of the twilight of human life. He preached in prose what Tennyson celebrated in poetry—the moral superiority of honestly avowed doubt to the shallow profession of creeds not profoundly or intelligently—in some cases not even sincerely—believed in. Moreover he regarded the ideal theism which he and many of his friends held to—the duty of conforming one's actions to a rule approved of by an ideal God whose actual existence was at best uncertain—as superior morally to the actual theism of many professors of Christianity whose conception of God was not moral, who conceived of Him as a Being revengeful and unjust, whom they nevertheless flattered, in the fear that otherwise He should punish them, by crediting Him in general terms with an infinite and absolute goodness which in particular actions they denied Him. It was in this connexion that he passed his well-known comment on Mansel's analysis of the character of the Deity, which Mill regarded as belief in a non-moral God.*

This passage made an immense stir, and the approach

* 'If,' wrote Mill in answer to a criticism of Dean Mansel, 'instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving" does not sanction them—convince me of it and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do: he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to Hell for not so calling him, to Hell I will go.' ('On Hamilton,' pp. 123, 124.)

of Christian thinkers to understanding Mill's views was signalised by the fact that, although some were shocked, several, including well-known Roman Catholics, wrote to congratulate him on his protest against such depravations of theism as extreme Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation were calculated to bring about.

J. S. Mill had none of that natural antagonism to the deepest principles of Christianity which his father and so many others have had. He had nothing of the pagan in him. To many some degree of emancipation from the strict Christian doctrines on purity and on humility seems necessary to make one's view of life really adequate to the length and breadth of human nature. Christian asceticism appears in both these matters one-sided. The ideal of such men is Greek, and they regard Christianity as savouring of Oriental asceticism. To Mill, on the other hand, the morality of Christianity did appeal—though its external evidences did not. He carried the principle of self-denial very far. As to purity his ideal was far more Christian than Greek. His intellectual modesty had in it much in common with Christian humility. Self was nothing; the great cause of working for mankind everything. He cared nothing (as I have said) for mere fame. He would not have his portrait painted. He declined the honour of a visit at Avignon from the Princess Royal (the future German Empress). He shunned society which would have *fêted* him gladly. He had, indeed, very deep down a dislike of the luxuries and the flattery attending on social position. He had something of the saint in his unworldliness as in his asceticism. 'We, like you,' he wrote to Mazzini, 'feel that those who would either make their lives useful to noble ends or maintain any elevation of character within themselves must, in these days, have little to do with what is called society.'

I have dwelt somewhat fully on Mill's search for some source of inspiration to take the place of the old religions which he regarded as untenable, because the finding of a *Weltanschauung*, of a philosophy of life and adequate ideals of action, was clearly the chief object inspiring his own work and life. But his writings were not—except only the posthumous essays on religion—writings on the philosophy of life. They were contributions to the sciences or to the political problems of the day. The

'Logic' and the 'Political Economy' still hold their own as the best expositions of those sciences given us by any thinker belonging to his own school of thought. The 'Liberty' is the most persuasive and moderate existing exposition of a theory in its totality fallacious. The 'Examination of Hamilton' brings to an issue with unrivalled clearness the central points of debate between the schools of Experience and of Intuition. In virtue of the 'Logic,' the 'Examination of Hamilton' and the 'Liberty' he was the acknowledged leader of an important party in the world of thought. The 'Dissertations and Discussions' are carefully made selections from his contributions to periodical literature, and there are among them Essays such as those on Coleridge and Bentham which are of the highest value. The little book on Representative Government is a really powerful piece of political philosophy which has been weighed and not found wanting by thinkers of many different political creeds.

The letters now issued show all the candour and independence in treating of the secular questions discussed by his contemporaries which are visible in his published writings. The resolute honest individualism, the insistence on examining for himself and judging all traditional views, those of his own party as well as those of their opponents, which led Mill to such considerable concessions to the religious thinkers, made him also among the first to question and amend long-standing verdicts in history lazily acquiesced in by the majority. The process of historical reconstruction has, of course, been undertaken much more thoroughly in our own day. But Mill's estimates are often still worth reading.

Still, when all is said as to the value of Mill's actual contributions to the thought of his own day, we are brought back to Mr Gladstone's verdict. The man was greater than his writings. It is the mental and moral quality of the 'saint of Rationalism,' shown even in works on purely philosophical or technical subjects, his infinite candour and teachableness, which gave his reputation its unique character at the time and should make it lasting. The rare combination of assimilative power with independent criticism, and the justice of his estimates were a powerful talisman. When he thought that the 'Quarterly'

did not venture boldly to recognise at its worth the rising genius of Tennyson, he wrote in the 'London and Westminster' a courageous article which greatly helped to guide popular opinion on the subject. His appreciation of Darwin's 'Origin of Species'—given in one of the letters before us—is a masterpiece of balanced criticism which could hardly be improved upon now after all the subsequent ebb and flow of scientific opinion on the subject. His criticisms of Voltaire, Machiavelli, and many another have also the freedom of an absolutely fair and independent mind revising popular verdicts, not from a dislike of acquiescing in established views, but because justice obviously demanded their revision. He claims in the Autobiography to have been 'much superior to most of [his] contemporaries in willingness and ability to learn from everybody.' The strenuous conservative thinkers of that earnest day had the rare satisfaction of seeing their views appreciated by the 'rising hope of the stern unbending' Radicals. They witnessed the spectacle in all ages so rare of an almost professional partisan yielding to argument when it convinced him, and reforming his creed. This brought him into close touch with thinkers of many schools, and gave him great influence far outside the circle of his own direct followers.

Let us remind ourselves of the main stages of this intellectual growth and its determining influences.

He admits (as I have already noted) to having been during two or three years 'a mere reasoning machine.' Benthamism undervalued imagination as simply misleading. But the Benthamite creed he outgrew before he was twenty, and spoke of it as 'sectarian folly.' Plutarch's 'Lives,' Plato's pictures of Socrates, and still more Condorcet's 'Life of Turgot' made him realise a wider range of ideas. Turgot disclaimed solidarity with the Encyclopedists as sectarian. And John Mill, at the age of eighteen, ceased to call himself a Benthamite. His new sense of the value of the cultivation of the imagination and feelings came in the mental crisis (at the age of twenty) in which he was rescued from the slough of despond by a touching passage in Marmontel's 'Mémoires.' He suddenly felt that the realisation of all the objects for which he was working could not bring him happiness. 'The whole foundation on which my life was conducted,' he writes,

'fell down . . . I seemed to have nothing left to live for. After six months of misery, during which all zest, and all capacity for feeling, seemed to have left him, he was deeply affected by reading the sad scene in which Marmontel describes his father's death, the sadness of the family, and his own sudden inspiration to be all in all to them and to fill his father's place. The tears which his reading drew from him wrought a cure which reasoning had failed to effect. Life seemed once more worth living. He found 'enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky, in books, in conversation, in public affairs,' and 'excitement, though of a moderate kind,' in working for the public good. He took the lesson to heart. 'The cultivation of the feelings,' he tells us, 'became one of the cardinal points in my ethical and philosophical creed.'

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Maurice, Sterling were only a few of those whose views soon reacted on him. Of Sterling he says, 'He and I started from intellectual points almost as wide apart as the poles, but the distance between us was ever diminishing.' And new ideas were not allowed by him to remain isolated. They meant further labour, for they had to be worked out in their effects on Mill's own opinions as a whole.

'I found the fabric of my old and taught opinions giving way in many fresh places' (he writes), 'and I never allowed it to fall to pieces, but was incessantly occupied in weaving it anew. I never, in the course of my transition, was content to remain, for ever so short a time, confused and unsettled. When I had taken in any new idea, I could not rest till I had adjusted its relation to my old opinions, and ascertained exactly how far its effect ought to extend in modifying or superseding them.'

Sterling's own appreciation of the change in his friend has been left on record:

'He has made the sacrifice of being the undoubted leader of a powerful party for the higher glory of being a private in the army of Truth, ready to storm any of the strong places of Falsehood, even if defended by his late adherents.'

Mill thus exercised an immense influence on behalf of the intellectual candour which has distinguished the

nineteenth century from the eighteenth. This characteristic was handed down to a later generation by the late Mr Henry Sidgwick—but with the addition in the Cambridge thinker of a certain humorous pleasure in provisional demolition which Mill had not. To find wanting a theory which was seriously and ably advanced was ever I think to Mill a source of regret. For him, intellectual candour was so indispensable that the absence of it in such partisan writing as that of Macaulay made him almost blind to that writer's great talent. He can conceive nothing more damaging to the age in which he lived than that it should be 'estimated by posterity as the age which thought Macaulay a great writer.' It was, moreover, an age of conversions among the intellectual élite. Carlyle left the Calvinism of his youth. Martineau ceased to be an orthodox Unitarian. R. H. Hutton travelled from Unitarianism on the opposite road—to belief in the Trinity and orthodox Anglicanism. Newman joined the Catholic and Roman Church. Maurice was the pioneer of a new theology for the Church of England. Coleridge and Sterling both lived to hold very different views on life and religion from those with which they began. Mill was then the child of his time. But his changes not only evinced his supremacy in the intellectual virtue characteristic of the age, but had in them something of the special quality which attaches to the story of St Paul, for his inherited creed was not neutral but intolerant. It was probably the agreeable surprise he experienced when he found real intellectual greatness in the defenders of views which he had learnt from his father to regard as morally depraved and intellectually beneath contempt, which led him to do such ample justice to writers like Coleridge and Wordsworth. A reader of the article in the 'London and Westminster Review,' on Coleridge finds it hard to realise in fact that its writer was once a professed Benthamite, and still declared Bentham to be on important points nearer the truth than Coleridge. One of the most interesting episodes referred to in these volumes is Mill's interview with Wordsworth, described in a letter to Sterling of October 1831. It shows, for the time at least, an attitude of more distinct dissociation from Radical principles than readers of the Autobiography would expect to find :

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‘I went this summer to the lakes, where I saw much splendid scenery, and also a great deal both of Wordsworth and Southey; and I must tell you what I think of them both. In the case of Wordsworth, I was particularly struck by several things. One was the extensive range of his thoughts and the largeness and expansiveness of his feelings. This does not appear in his writings, especially his poetry, where the contemplative part of his mind is the only part of it that appears; and one would be tempted to infer from the peculiar character of his poetry that real life and the active pursuits of men (except of farmers and other country people) did not interest him. The fact, however, is that these very subjects occupy the greater part of his thoughts, and he talks on no subject more instructively than on states of society and forms of government. Those who best know him seem to be most impressed with the catholic character of his ability. I have been told that Lockhart has said of him that he would have been an admirable country attorney. Now a man who could have been either Wordsworth or a country attorney could certainly have been anything else which circumstances had led him to desire to be. The next thing that struck me was the extreme comprehensiveness and philosophic spirit which is in him. By these expressions I mean the direct antithesis of what the Germans most expressively call onesidedness. Wordsworth seems always to know the pros and the cons of every question; and when you think he strikes the balance wrong it is only because you think he estimates erroneously some matter of fact. Hence all my differences with him, or with any other philosophic Tory, would be differences of matter-of-fact or detail, while my differences with the Radicals and Utilitarians are differences of principle; for *these* see generally only one side of the subject, and in order to convince them you must put some entirely new idea into their heads, whereas Wordsworth has all the ideas there already, and you have only to discuss with him the “how much,” the more or less of weight which is to be attached to a certain cause or effect as compared with others; thus the difference with him turns upon a question of varying or fluctuating quantities, where what is *plus* in one age or country is *minus* in another, and the whole question is one of observation and testimony, and of the value of particular articles of evidence. I need hardly say to you that if one’s own conclusions and his were at variance on every question which a minister or a Parliament could to-morrow be called upon to solve, his is nevertheless the mind with which one would be really in communion; our principles would be the

same, and we should be like two travellers pursuing the same course on the opposite banks of a river. Then when you get Wordsworth on the subjects which are peculiarly his, such as the theory of his own art, if it be proper to call poetry an art (that is, if art is to be defined as the expression or embodying in words or forms of the highest and most refined parts of nature), no one can converse with him without feeling that he has advanced that great subject beyond any other man, being probably the first person who ever combined, with such eminent success in the practice of the art, such high powers of generalisation and habits of meditation on its principles. Besides all this, he seems to me the best talker I ever heard (and I have heard several first-rate ones); and there is a benignity and kindliness about his whole demeanour which confirms what his poetry would lead one to expect, along with a perfect simplicity of character which is delightful in any one, but most of all in a person of first-rate intellect. You see I am somewhat enthusiastic on the subject of Wordsworth, having found him still more admirable and delightful a person on a nearer view than I had figured to myself from his writings, which is so seldom the case that it is impossible to see it without having one's faith in man greatly increased and being made greatly happier in consequence.'

Of Southey he writes also in the same letter, with appreciation but with somewhat less of sympathy, as a man of 'gentle feeling and bitter opinions.'

Mill's general conclusion is that in reforming the world he could ill dispense with the greater minds among the 'speculative Tories.'

'If there were but a few dozens of persons safe (whom you and I could select) to be missionaries of the great truths in which alone there is any well-being for mankind individually or collectively, I should not care though a revolution were to exterminate every person in Great Britain and Ireland who has 500*l.* a year. Many very amiable persons would perish, but what is the world the better for such amiable persons? But among the missionaries whom I would reserve, a large proportion would consist of speculative Tories: for it is an ideal Toryism, an ideal King, Lords, and Commons that they venerate; it is old England as opposed to the new, but it is old England as she might be, not as she is. It seems to me that the Toryism of Wordsworth, of Coleridge (if he can be called a Tory), of Southey even, and of many others whom I

could mention, is *tout bonnement* a reverence for government in the abstract: it means that they are duly sensible that it is good for man to be ruled; to submit both his body and mind to the guidance of a high intelligence and virtue. It is, therefore, the direct antithesis of Liberalism, which is for making every man his own guide and sovereign-master, and letting him think for himself, and do exactly as he judges best for himself, giving other men leave to persuade him if they can by evidence, but forbidding him to give way to authority; and still less allowing them to constrain him more than the existence and tolerable necessity of every man's person and property renders indispensably necessary. It is difficult to conceive a more thorough ignorance of man's nature, and of what is necessary for his happiness, or what degree of happiness and virtue he is capable of attaining, than this system implies. But I cannot help regretting that the men who are best capable of struggling against those narrow views and mischievous heresies should chain themselves, full of life and vigour as they are, to the inanimate corpses of dead political and religious systems, never more to be revived. The same ends require altered means; we have no new principles, but we want new machines constructed on the old principles; those we had before are worn out. Instead of cutting a safe channel for the stream of events, these people would dam it up till it breaks down everything and spreads devastation over a whole region.'

One word must be said concerning Mr Mill's brief sojourn—between 1865 and 1868—in the House of Commons. In politics, as in the world of thought, it was his frankness, candour, and moral elevation that made a lasting impression. He was a bad speaker, 'cold as a statue,' it was said. Nor was he fluent—often pausing for a painfully long interval to find his appropriate word. Again the *bonhomie* and sympathetic manner that count for so much were wanting. 'The House listened to him with respect,' writes Mr W. L. Courtney, 'but he seemed like a man who was performing a difficult and disagreeable duty in addressing it.' Nor was the matter of his speeches always happy. He concentrated his main attention on questions too subtle to arouse the interest of a political party. In this he seemed to the average politician something of a faddist. He did not play the game of party popularity. In politics as in other matters he was severely individualist. Even before entering the

House he had discarded under the influence of patient thought some of his earlier Radical views. He eventually opposed voting by ballot. And while desiring an extension of the suffrage he deprecated the undue predominance of the working classes. He was optimistic as to the probable effects of education in fitting the British workman to use the suffrage wisely. But he was also apprehensive as to the probable evil which the political demagogues would work in corrupting him by flattery.

His independent attitude when first asked to stand for Westminster was very noteworthy. He declined to bear any of the expenses of election. Not Burke himself at Bristol was more emphatic in declining the very shadow of dictation from his constituents. He refused to concern himself with their local affairs. He did not consult them as to the measures they desired him to support in Parliament. He told them his views and said in effect, 'Elect me or not as you please. I am totally indifferent. These are the views which if elected I shall advocate.' For the moment the immense courage, honesty, and moral elevation of the man carried all before them. The working men voted for the candidate who publicly expressed his opinion that they were as a rule 'liars'; and Mr Odger declared that they desired to be told their faults and not to be flattered. And the House of Commons itself immensely respected the new member. Mr Gladstone's estimate of him is favourable to his tact as well as to his character. 'He had the good sense and practical tact of politics,' he writes, 'together with the high independent thought of a recluse. . . . We well knew his intellectual eminence before he entered Parliament. What his conduct there principally disclosed, at least to me, was his singular moral elevation. Of all the motives, stings and stimulants that reach men through their egoism in Parliament no part could move or even touch him. His conduct and language were in this respect a sermon.' Mill made some speeches that told, and used some phrases that stuck. It was he who coined the phrase 'the stupid party' as applied to the Conservatives and defended it in the House as successfully as he defended his criticism on the labouring classes outside of it: 'I never meant to say that Conservatives are generally stupid. I meant to say that

stupid people are generally Conservatives.' In the debate on the Irish Church he used the memorable sentence, 'Large and bold measures alone can save Ireland.'

But while his high character and startling candour struck at the outset a strong vibrating note of sympathy in and out of the House, such a line of action as his was not to play 'the game' of practical affairs. The public, like an individual man of the world, is liable to be intensely touched for the moment by nobility and quixotic heroism. It will accord to them a generous and impulsive recognition. But this attitude does not last. The novelty of the spectacle of the 'saint of Rationalism' in Parliament wore off. His speeches, long, technical, ill-delivered, bored the House. If his attitude was, as Mr Gladstone says, a sermon, prolonged sermons weary human nature. Again, he did not quite work with his party, while, as we have said, he largely ignored his constituents. An independent and solitary personality is out of place in the House of Commons. When the election of 1868 came Mill was defeated and returned to the more congenial surroundings of Avignon.

I think that his parliamentary career suggests as in a microcosm some important causes both of Mill's great influence in other fields and of the subsequent re-action against it. In the world of intellect, as in that of politics, 'the private in the army of Truth,' as Sterling called him, who for conscience' sake gave up the party of which he had been leader, aroused a degree of admiration which represented too high a standard of popular judgment to last, and he lost the more reliable support of avowed followers. The Deists, Anglicans and Roman Catholics who congratulated him on his candid admission of some of their arguments and sang his praises as a just man in whom there was no guile, could not be his thorough-going supporters. And although he was still the unquestioned leader of the empirical school in philosophy, his followers already suspected that his attitude was not so iconoclastic as they desired. Yet so long as he lived certain causes did prolong a popularity unusual in its nature. The high moral character and acknowledged eminence of the recluse who dwelt at Avignon got hold of the popular imagination. He was regarded as an oracle to be consulted by young thinkers

much as Carlyle was consulted by them. And men of all schools would ask his advice and opinion because he was felt to be open to considerations from every side. He was the great living philosopher who taught all men to think candidly. Apart from the views he represented he was, as Mr Morley has said, eminently one who helped others to think deeply and truly. To many even among the negative thinkers his arguments appeared all the more conclusive from his candour in recognising the views of opponents. If he was no longer an out-and-out Benthamite he still represented the philosophy of Hume. Thus he was at once a great living oracle, and still the leader of a powerful school of philosophy.

Both these sources of influence came to an end in 1874. His death in 1873 destroyed the first. The publication of the 'Essays on Religion' in 1874 destroyed the second. Perhaps the Essays recorded no fundamental change in Mill's views as they had been rumoured in private conversation. Indeed, Mill's letters enforce this fact. But there had hitherto been signs of vacillation; and while to some he had expressed his sense of the moral value of belief in Theism and Immortality, he had to others laid stress on the sufficiency for mankind of a religion of duty and humanity, akin to Positivism though divested of its extravagances. But now a clear note was publicly sounded expressing the insufficiency of a religion which did not contemplate the world beyond the veil. The pride of agnosticism was humbled. The jubilant note expected from a leader of the negative school was replaced by its opposite. It was in the third Essay that the matter for offence was found. He went no further in it than to admit a certain scientific value for reasons on behalf of the probability of that qualified Theism which I have already described, and of a survival of the spirit after death as its correlative. But two things were new; and these were decisive in their effect on his former followers. Firstly he encouraged a religion of hope and imagination in excess of the actual evidence. Was not this the familiar contrast between Faith and Reason? Secondly his language concerning Christ was in the highest degree startling to such men (hitherto largely his followers) as Mr Morley and Mr Bain, still more to Mr Huxley and Mr Spencer, who were pro-

foundly out of sympathy with Christianity and at war with its professed adherents.

On Theism and Immortality Mill wrote as follows :

'It appears to me that the indulgence of hope with regard to the government of the universe and the destiny of man after death, while we recognise as a clear truth that we have no ground for more than a hope, is legitimate and philosophically defensible. The beneficial effect of such a hope is far from trifling. It makes life and human nature a far greater thing to the feelings, and gives greater strength as well as greater solemnity to all the sentiments which are awakened in us by our fellow-creatures and by mankind at large. It allays the sense of that irony of Nature which is so painfully felt when we see the exertions and sacrifices of a life culminating in the formation of a wise and noble mind, only to disappear from the world when the time has just arrived at which the world seems about to begin reaping the benefit of it.'

The passage on Christ as possibly 'a man charged with a special express and unique message from God' is well known.

When this pre-eminent genius' (Mill wrote) 'is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer, and martyr to that mission, who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity ; nor, even now, would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life.'

These passages caused a great sensation. So long the acknowledged defender of a negative philosophy of the sufficiency of enlightened reason and reflexion on the world to supply the place of the old religions, Mill now appeared in a new light. The emancipated intellect of the nineteenth century was no longer in his pages proud and erect, jubilant as to its achievements and prospects ; it was prostrate and humbled at the recognition of an ignorance that could never be dispelled. He seemed to cast wistful and longing eyes at the ancient creed, towards which his followers were so supercilious. There was no note of confidence, of leadership. He was for the moment

'An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.'

Many of us still remember the shock which Mill's essay created. Mr Leslie Stephen was reported to have paced the room in indignation which could not be contained, while his wife yet further angered him by the poor consolation of 'I told you so. I always said John Mill was orthodox.' Mr John Morley, in the 'Fortnightly,' did not disguise his profound disappointment. Mr W. L. Courtney testifies to the 'consternation' caused 'among those of Mill's disciples who had fed themselves on his earlier work' by an essay which seemed to recommend the renunciation of reason in favour of the twilight of faith. The religious press was jubilant. And the religious party scored heavily in a long-standing combat.

Almost contemporaneously with the shock of 1874 came another cause of the declension of Mill's influence in the rapid growth in influence of the evolution philosophy. Mill had fully recognised historical evolution as formulated by Comte. But it was not one of his special subjects. And the application of the theory to philosophy proper was first made and with extraordinary thoroughness by Herbert Spencer. This was a second reason which led the negative thinkers to turn for guidance from the man who had betrayed them in the theological controversy to another. In the later seventies Herbert Spencer enjoyed much of the popularity which had once been Mill's.

Then came the new influence of German philosophy in England, especially of Hegel. Mill had on the whole despised Hegel and Fichte. And their followers now had full revenge. The thought of Oxford had been largely ruled by Mill in the sixties. In the eighties T. H. Green's alliance with his more orthodox Anglican pupils established the predominance of a philosophy based largely on the teaching of Hegel. And the Hegelians were quick to retaliate with the very note of contempt once sounded in their own regard by Mill. Hegel stood far more widely apart from Mill than from Spencer, with whom, indeed, as with Comte, the German has real points of affinity. With the change of dynasty came a great change in fashionable modes of thought. Mr Balfour

decried Mill's 'thin lucidity.' The passion for clearness in expression, which still remained unabated in Huxley and largely in Spencer himself, gave place in the disciples of Green to a certain reverence for obscurity. While in science proper and in historical criticism lucidity was still a virtue and men worked together to reach definite scientific results, in speculative thought a certain scepticism as to the value of rational analysis supervened with faith as its correlative. Dim, half-expressed intuitions of deep truths commanded respect. Clearness was supposed to mean that the mind moved on a plane far below the deepest problems. Philosophy itself became largely a faith though illustrated and developed by reason. The new attitude, which still largely survives, issued in its best exponents in some very suggestive and powerful thought. But in the rank and file it had grave disadvantages. The common measure of minds to which Mill and his contemporaries had appealed in their dialectics was disregarded, and no satisfactory test distinguishing seer from charlatan was substituted. Inferior critics often hid poverty of thought by technical phraseology, and assailed with contempt rather than with the frank debate of earlier days. Something startling, something new, or something indefinable, was needed to please the palate of a jaded generation. The antithesis to the ways and manners of Mill was complete. The old painstaking discussion in which you had first to show your own capacity by restating an opponent's case and thus proving that you understood it, was no longer thought of. The critics absolved themselves from a task for which they were often incompetent by disparaging its value.

It is this modern repudiation of really adequate analysis, this making professed analysis almost as obscure as what is analysed, which has been the *coup de grâce* of Mill's influence. It is this which makes his philosophy now so little read. Yet so exaggerated a depreciation of candid and clear and often penetrating thought cannot last. Already there are whispers that even the Germans are puzzled at the uncritical worship in England of what they have themselves found seriously wanting; and Oxford is spoken of as the place where good German philosophies go to when they are dead. Moreover, where the world of fact is concerned there is always a touch-

stone which brings thought back to reality. Thus while the 'Examination of Hamilton' and most of the 'Logic' have long been quite neglected, students of political economy have never wholly ceased to read Mill; and the wisdom of many of his political utterances has recently been brought back to us with new power by the circumstances of the time, just as Burke's speeches of one hundred and fifty years ago are being read with fresh interest. The 'Liberty' and the treatise on 'Representative Government' are nearly as valuable now as ever they were. When Mill comes to be again more widely read than he is at present I believe he will be permanently recognised not indeed as a great constructive thinker, but as a very great critical thinker, with the accompanying quality of rare sympathetic understanding. It is the individual's office (he held) to contribute the best he can to the general stream of criticism and re-criticism. And in this task a critical thinker almost without prejudices, of very penetrating mind, and of unexampled candour and power of profiting by the thoughts of others, is not one to be set aside as of little or no account. 'Who shall sum up Mill's collective influence as an instructor in Politics, Ethics, Logic and Metaphysics?' writes Mr Bain. 'A multitude of small impressions may have the accumulated effect of a mighty whole.'

The Autobiography will ever remain as a most pathetic human record, the story of an unnatural experiment in mental vivisection exercised on a little child, issuing in a somewhat maimed and impoverished nature, and of an heroic and partly successful attempt at recovery. The figure it presents to us in mature life is filled in by these letters. It is that of one endowed with an almost unique sense of public duty and indifference to personal motives, making the very best of the powers which had been unduly developed and of those which had been unduly stunted. Those who knew him best set hardly any limit to his selfless devotedness. And their testimony is on record. 'Like Howard in Bentham's felicitous eulogy,' writes an intimate friend, 'Mill might have lived an apostle and died a martyr.'

The saints are seldom universally popular, and the 'saint of Rationalism' will be no exception. The constant exhibition of devotion to duty is dull. And dullness is to

the present generation especially almost a crime. Indeed it was in part Mill's own living influence that kept alive the high moral standards of criticism which led to his full recognition. Unregenerate human nature will reassert itself when such guides disappear. Even candour will be assailed from time to time, as it was by Canning :

'Hail, most solemn sage,
Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age.'

But another generation as strenuous as Mill's own will place the moral virtues of his intellect very high and will reinstate his reputation, although his philosophy as a whole is not likely again to be a living force. Other and more personal drawbacks will no doubt also remain. I think that a certain want of virility and lack of imagination will always be felt by his readers. As one dwells on him one cannot conjure up the full picture of the hero or the great man who is born, not made. Much that was born was killed early by his one-sided training. Nearly all had to be made. But he was taught early how to make ; and one sees him taking infinite and pathetic pains to recover artificially much that was irretrievably lost. Yet as one can deeply reverence a Christian saint and owe much to his influence though one sees that he is not a boon companion or even a gentleman, so it is with such a unique intellectual and moral character as Mill's. One admires, though the æsthetic pleasure afforded by buoyancy, richness, spontaneousness, creativeness of mind, is absent. The ascetic sacrifices the realisation of the many-sided possibilities of life and human nature in order to accomplish the all-important tasks prescribed by duty. And something akin to the sentiment of admiration which we give to the persistent religious devotee will, I am convinced, be accorded by posterity to Mill, in spite of all he lacked whether by nature or in consequence of his early training. When told that he was dying he said four words, 'My work is done.'

WILFRID WARD.

Art. 12.—THE CONFERENCE AND THE COUNTRY.

THE country is at present engaged in trying a novel experiment; novel, that is, in recent political history and never very common in the business of politics. In commerce it is an everyday matter, and half the legal disputes which arise are settled amicably out of court. But, though we are a nation of business men, we have an odd dislike of business methods in our government. To compromise, to confer, even to hint at the possibility of conference, seems to our party stalwarts a confession of weakness, not, perhaps, without a hint of moral *défaillance*. The feeling, honourable enough in a sense, arises from our curious confusion of moral and political issues. Compromise in the sphere of ethics is a very different thing from the humdrum adjustments of the business world. To tamper with the stern categories of the moral law may be evidence of a perverted soul, and in any event is an intricate and heart-breaking enterprise. But to try to understand an adversary's point of view, to content ourselves, for the sake of an ultimate good, with less than we think we can lawfully claim, is surely a proof of good sense and good feeling. In these obscurantist days it is pleasant to contemplate a practice which recognises the importance of reason. The essence of compromise is that a man, instead of denouncing his neighbour's point of view, makes an effort to understand it. Knowing that a quiet life is worth a sacrifice, he forgoes for its sake something which, in spite of all the mutual enlightenment which conference gives, he may still think he has a right to. Every one knows that in private life a politician may be appreciative of his adversaries, and very candid in admitting their merits. It is only on the party platform that he draws the world as a device in snow and ink. Political compromise is in effect the resolve in some matter of great national concern to drop the party standpoint for a little, and look squarely at a question like reasonable men. It is a method with many successes in its record. The United States of America and a united South Africa are examples of what can be done in the way of sinking differences if opponents mean business and try to

understand each other. Settlement by conference is possible only for men who are sure of themselves, who are confident in their cause and their good intentions, and are not afraid of the arbitrament of reason. Those who write 'No compromise' on their banners are usually the feckless mercenaries in the wars of humanity.

But conference is impossible unless certain conditions are present. The first of these is that both parties to a conference should hold the same kind of general principles with regard to the matter in dispute. A Jacobite and a Jacobin would get no further forward in a discussion on the monarchy; their points of view would be circles never intersecting. Jack Sprat and his wife could never compromise upon a common diet. The conferring parties need not have the same creed, but their creeds must be based on the same kind of axiom and similar habits of mind. In the second place both parties must have certain free assets to bargain with, certain views which they value, but which for the sake of agreement they are willing to jettison. A stern Calvinist and a staunch Roman Catholic will never by conferring arrive at a common dogma, for neither has any dialectical small change with which to buy the other's assent. These bargaining assets must be of some intrinsic value, otherwise there is no sacrifice; and they must not be the most valued possessions of the parties, for in that case neither will part with them. Finally, the parties must enter a conference both with the honest intention of striving to reach a settlement, and with full powers to determine its nature. A conference where on one side or the other there is no desire for peace becomes, like the famous Bloemfontein Conference, only a form of political manifesto. Its success lies in its failure. And, again, a conference where the participants are not free is a waste of time. You cannot be expected to go very far in understanding an opponent's point of view if you begin the discussion under oath not to recognise it. As well might a simple clergyman, bound by the Thirty-nine Articles, attempt to settle with some Moslem dignitary a common religion for the world.

Let us briefly examine the antecedents of the present Conference to see if they fulfil the conditions we have sketched. We may take the third for granted, and

assume that the eight gentlemen now in session are honourably anxious for a settlement and free, so far as any formal obligation goes, to make their own terms. With regard to the first, it is reasonable to assume that the two traditional English parties share the same fundamental political creed. Liberal and Conservative differ not so much in principle as in details, in the emphasis which they put upon various problems, in their sense of relative values, and in temperament. All the greater names in our parliamentary history, Chatham and Burke, Canning and Peel, even Disraeli and Gladstone, are the classics of both parties. If we take the constitutional question alone we do not find any great difference in principle. With the exception of a few extremists, Liberals and Conservatives still believe in a Second Chamber with functions of revision and delay, as they admit the practical superiority in power of a Lower House. It is on the details that we are quarrelling—the right interpretation of the consequences of certain changes, the best way of remedying certain admitted defects. Here at any rate is a good basis for discussion.

As to the second condition—the free assets to bargain with—we can only judge after a short review of the actual situation. The Conservative admits that the House of Lords as it stands to-day might be a better revising body than it is. Its almost exclusively hereditary constitution, though he will not admit anything necessarily wrong with the hereditary principle, obviously makes it distrusted by that section of the people who consider popular election a *sine qua non* in democratic government. Further, ever since the Home Rule split it has been too much the preserve of one particular party. Before that a Liberal Prime Minister often commanded a majority in the Lords; now he can rarely muster more than a fifth of the House. Hence as a revising body it will be apt to be unduly severe on Liberal measures and unduly lax on Conservative ones. He is therefore perfectly willing to see it reformed, provided the reformers remember that our Constitution is the slow growth of time, and are careful to preserve what is of living value while pruning off the dead boughs. But he believes in an Upper House with full powers of revision in every department of adminis-

tration. Such revision is not final, since, if the people of Britain show themselves after a full consideration hostile to the revisers, the Lords must give way. They do no more than hold a watching brief for the country in case the Lower House, as it has done in the past, is prepared to override its commission. Such revising powers, the Conservative argues, must extend to every kind of legislation, including the finance of the year; though obviously, since the rejection of a Budget brings the services of the State to a standstill, and must drive a Ministry to resign or dissolve, it is a step to be taken only in the last emergency. To sum up, the Conservative's view is that we must have an Upper Chamber constitutionally co-ordinate with, though in general practice subordinate to, the House of Commons. Our present Second Chamber admittedly needs reform, and he is open to discuss ways and means.

It is less easy to summarise the Liberal argument, because the party has been apt to speak with divers tongues. Liberals emphasise the necessity for reform. At present, they say, the dice are loaded against Liberal policy. But reform is a slow and difficult business, and in the meantime Liberal schemes are hung up, and the country grows impatient. Let us begin, they argue, not by amending the constitution of the House of Lords, but by limiting its functions—a much simpler matter. Let us deprive it of all power over the Budget of the year, with due precautions against tacking; and let us limit its power of rejection to measures sent up no oftener than twice from the Commons. The sending up of a Bill a third time must mean its automatic passing into law. Now it should be noted that these provisions of this year's Parliament Bill do not with the majority of Liberals really represent a considered and final theory of a Second Chamber. The weightier members of the Cabinet have made no secret of their desire for a reformed Upper House—an Upper House which should be a revising body for Conservative as well as Liberal Bills. Under the Parliament Bill there is no real remedy for the chief Liberal grievance; for Conservative measures would still pass automatically and Liberal measures be delayed, and in certain cases, of course, rejected. During the last election in many staunch Radical constituencies

in Scotland and the North of England the so-called 'limited Veto' policy was scarcely argued; what appealed to the electors was the policy of reform. It may fairly be said that, apart from the small body of unicameral enthusiasts, there is no desire to regard the Parliament Bill as a settlement. It was a tactical measure, and there lay its strength. Reform is a slow and difficult business, capable of endlessly dividing opinion. But to limit the Veto is a thing any one can understand. If the alleged feeling against the Peers was to be properly exploited for party purposes, then some simple and speedy policy must be propounded. To confuse the popular mind with the intricacies of reform would be, in the words of a Radical weekly, 'selling the pass.'

So the battle stood arrayed in the early days of May. The Conservatives argued for the co-ordinate authority of the two Houses—the historical and constitutional point of view, the view which practically every civilised country has given effect to in the creation of Second Chambers. Like the Liberals, they admitted the necessity of reform and invited discussion. To their arguments the Liberals did not oppose a view *in pari materia*. They did not offer a considered theory of a Second Chamber. The majority of Liberals, we believe, certainly the most influential, held views on this subject which differed little (save in one respect which we shall consider later) from those of Conservatives. They opposed, instead, a scheme of tactics. Tactically as a party they thought it good business to demand a limitation of functions, a limitation which many of them flattered themselves would only be temporary. Reform would come later, but in the meantime they must cheer on their followers with some simple, tangible policy. Now we are far from saying that in so deciding the Liberal party were not well within their rights. Undoubtedly 'abolition of Veto' is a better popular battle-cry than Reform, and appeals more quickly to passions aroused by the anti-Peers campaign at the last election. The Liberal organisers understood their work.

But something has happened since the beginning of May which has altered the complexion of the case. The death of King Edward has compelled a *moratorium*, and has probably awakened in the British democracy a

certain sentiment for the historic side of our Constitution which, to put it at the lowest, weakens the Liberal crusade. Immediate action was of the essence of their bold frontal tactics, and they have been forced to wait. The enthusiasm of the General Election has waned, and by the time that an autumn crusade could begin the whole business would need to be started afresh. It would be a difficult task to blow into flame again the cold ashes of the Budget League. Purely on tactical grounds we should have thought it wise to look for some other way.

This enforced delay has made the Conference possible. We can now enquire whether our second condition is present—the free assets to bargain with. First, for the Liberal party. As we have seen, they have not advanced any final intelligible doctrine of the constitution of a Second Chamber. They have made a tactical move, designed to postpone reform till some more convenient season. Now it is an open question whether such tactics are any longer of much value. If persisted in, they will, of course, keep the country in a ferment for an indefinite time, but he would be a bold man who would prophesy the issue. Even if successful they would get us no step further in true reform. Indeed, they put the Liberal party in a false position, and commit it to a crude constitutional theory which the majority, as we believe, and certainly the ablest, of its members do not hold. The acceptance of the Conference by the Prime Minister is a virtual admission that the Parliament Bill is not the last word in Liberal policy. The free asset for the Liberal party to bargain with is the tactical measure of a 'limited Veto.'

The Conservatives have, in turn, that one point, already alluded to, in which their general doctrine differs from that of thoughtful Liberals—the right of veto over the finance of the year. We would not be thought to minimise the importance of this point. Finance is the most vital part of all legislation. It is the simplest and most effective medium for revolutionary changes. Any skilled draughtsman can frame a Finance Bill—without a suspicion of tacking—which would nationalise the land and the railways, equalise all fortunes, pauperise the population, give Home Rule to Ireland, and disendow the Church of England in a few clauses. The battles of the future, between

Socialism and Constitutionalism, are likely to be fought on the Budget alone. Can a Conservative, it may be asked, consent to give the exclusive use of this tremendous weapon to a House of Commons which a turn of the wheel may make both revolutionary and unrepresentative? We admit the danger, but we think it must be faced. If tacking in its grosser form (for some degree of tacking there must always be) is excluded by a competent tribunal, the Budget proper is alone left, and against a revolutionary Budget the safeguard must be the common sense of the nation. We believe that in such a case the pressure exercised from outside upon Minister and member would make such a measure impossible, assuming that the nation were disinclined for it. The Budget affects all classes and is far more keenly scrutinised than any other type of Bill, so that there is ample room for the exercise of such pressure. If the nation were really inclined for wild experiment, then no Second Chamber, though it spoke with the tongues of men and angels, could long dispute the popular will.

We conclude, then, that in the present Conference there are present the essential conditions of agreement. For the moment we are not concerned with the nature of any scheme of reform. We believe that Liberal statesmen, equally with Conservative, are alive to the necessity of conserving what is of value in the present system: of altering, where alteration is needed, in accordance with the spirit of our Constitution. We possess an Upper House which has been the admiration of foreign critics. If we foolishly destroy the work of centuries we cannot re-create it in a month or two. The House of Lords has one cardinal merit as an institution; on the whole it has worked well. It might be made to work better; that is the justification of the Reform policy; but you cannot improve a machine if you begin by scrapping it. Liberal in the party sense it can never be; but it might well be liberal. Conservative in the party sense it is, and should not be; but like all effective Second Chambers it should be conservative. We are concerned, however, with the justification of the Conference and not with any speculation on its result.

The critics of the experiment are not confined to one party. Heady Conservatives declare that they have

nothing to surrender, and talk valiantly of forcing their views on the enemy at the sword-point. The unicameral Radicals are naturally hostile, but their quarrel is not with the Conference but with the majority of their own party. A certain number of Liberals are doubtful about the tactics, and hark back longingly to the bluff unreason of the Parliament Bill. They are afraid of concession, because, as they argue, Liberal demands are always pared down unless they are clearly a minimum. 'If the first Reform Bill had not been made the Liberal minimum,' they say, 'there would have been no reform at all.' There was never a more misleading parallel. Constitutional reform is one thing and constitutional destruction another. At present we are all agreed upon the need for reform, and are waiting with open minds to discuss ways and means. Had the Liberals in 1832 declared that they would not talk about reform, but insisted on disfranchising the land-owning classes who had abused their power in the past, it would have been a fairly exact parallel to the attitude of the Liberal malcontents. Indeed, the opponents of the Conference, whether Liberal or Conservative, are only justified on the view that their respective parties are the repositories of some Divine revelation. If politics be a matter of human reason, there must be a good deal wrong on both sides, and a good deal right.

If the Conference is justified by the condition of its coming together, it is no less justified by an urgent public need. A war on the subject, if waged to the bitter end, would land all our institutions in the melting-pot. It would, we believe, destroy our party system, which in spite of groups and oddments is still very much alive and, as things stand, quite indispensable. It has succeeded in the past because the two great parties have been at one on the fundamentals of government, differing only in details, in emphasis, and in the kind of appeal they thought effective. We have had 'his Majesty's Government,' but no less, in Lord Broughton's phrase, 'his Majesty's Opposition.' A cleavage on an essential question, not of policy but of constitutional axiom, will make our traditional balance impossible. It would be only less dangerous than if one party were Monarchists and the other Republicans. There is no security for the ordinary citizen when a change of Ministry involves such violent

oscillations. A further ill effect would be the damage such a war would do to the Liberal party. Already that organisation comprises within itself some startling political divergences. If the Parliament Bill were proceeded with, after what has happened, it is difficult to believe that it would not strain the allegiance of the most valuable element in the party. It would in effect be a surrender to the unicameral Radicals, and a surrender not now justified, as it might have been in April, on tactical grounds.

But there is one reason more weighty than any other. No war, however bitterly fought, can be decisive. If the Conference breaks down, and the Parliament Bill is made the cry at a General Election and forced upon the House of Lords, it will be law only so long as the Conservatives are out of office. When the whirligig of time brings them back to power, it is impossible to believe that one of their first duties would not be that of restoring an authoritative Second Chamber. It is a commonplace that to make a great measure permanent you must convince the majority of your opponents. Such conviction may come slowly, as in the case of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, but come it must if the work is not to be undone. For ourselves we cannot conceive of the Conservative party ever acquiescing in a policy which strikes at the very foundations of their faith. This general assent is especially needful in the case of constitutional changes, for there can be no speedy adjustment of the national outlook to embrace them, as happens with a new financial policy. The pinch of the shoe would remain as a perpetual reminder. In altering the Constitution you touch, not the purposes of the machine, but the machine itself. No one can contemplate with pleasure the kind of strife which can never issue in victory. And the strife is the more foolish since both sides are so near agreement. In Mr Galsworthy's play the strikers after a desperate war get no better terms than they could have got weeks before without any suffering. 'That's where the fun comes in,' is the bitter comment of the Union secretary.

The admission that a Conference is possible and the fact that it is now in session are really admissions that it should be successful. There is no question of either side

being false to its principles. The co-ordinate authority of the two Houses is as much a Liberal as a Conservative tradition. Both parties are agreed on the necessity of reforming the Lords, and on the general lines which such a reform should take. No doubt there will be wide differences of opinion on the details, but these differences will cut across party lines, and will not involve the embittered disputes which arise when party loyalty is involved. The British people are good partisans, but they can get too much of party warfare, and they are not very tolerant of unnecessary squabbles. Only a few fanatics and election-agents are perpetually itching for battle. The side which sets the machinery of party in motion for a trivial cause is fairly certain to suffer for it in the long run. We have to-day a situation which above all things calls for reason and good sense. Our constitutional machinery is breaking down in many parts and needs overhauling. Reform of the House of Commons is, from the standpoint of national interest, at least as urgent as reform of the House of Lords. In the work of reconstruction, in which both parties are vitally interested and in which there is a growing agreement, success, as we have argued, is only possible by friendly co-operation. If the party trumpets are to sound over every detail we shall never get an inch forward. We wish to keep our Constitution intact, King, Lords, and Commons playing their due part in national policy. Of late years the Lower House has been changing its character, and becoming more and more the obedient tool of the Ministry and the party caucus. The crisis of last winter has probably done something to arrest the decline. It is well to emphasise the historic rights of the Commons, even though we may hold that they have often been lamentably overstated. But the cause of the Commons is not served by exalting it at the expense of the other House, and so attempting to break up the organic unity of an historic system. It is well to be a House of Commons man, but it is far better to be a Constitution man; for it is to the whole Constitution, and not to any one part of it, that has been entrusted the defence of the safety and liberties of the people.

